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CAUSES OF THE SUCCESS OF THE WHIGS.

THAT the Whigs have gained the election,—not by management or corruption, but by the effect of free discussion and of the moral sentiment and enthusiasm of the people; aided by a conviction that the interests not only of the manufacturing classes, but of all who live by honest industry, either of the hand or head, required a change of policy; that it is a victory not of one section of the country, or of one class or interest over another, but of an equalized majority; that it was achieved in the face of an executive faction, proposing, as party watchwords, “the glory of our arms,” “the extension of our empire,” “the freedom of trade,” “democracy,” and other great sayings, fine catch-words in the mouths of demagogues; how and by what causes this has come about—by the operation of what sentiments, motives and convictions, is indeed an inquiry well worth the attention of every serious man, of every lover of freedom, and (for a warning sign,) of every opposer of the great course of liberty.

It will not, perhaps, be regarded as a speech of mere presumption, or of affected wisdom, to say that this remarkable victory must be attributed first to the

PUBLIC SPIRIT, the sincere patriotism of the WHIGS—exhibited in their opposition to the grounds of the war, and their advocacy of a just system of national economy and policy; and, no less, to the character of their candidates, in whom appeared those traits most admired by a free people, the traits of honor, of truth and of courage, and the wisdom of moderation, of economy and of prudence. By the joint power of their *principles*, their *measures* and their *men*, together indicating a public spirit agreeable to the bias and enthusiasm of modern and Christian freedom, the Whig party have achieved this great and singular victory.

A people of more than eighteen millions, of a temper and courage unsurpassed, richer than the wealthiest monarchy of the old world, more laborious and more enterprising than any; a nation founded like Rome by refugees, but not like Rome by robbers and assassins, composed of exiles from all lands in search of liberty and lawful happiness; such a people, self-educated, self-governed; such a people, without agitation or civil tumult, have ejected from their seats, under the forms of their constitution, a set of rulers whose policy it has been to misemploy that noble temper and manly

courage; to waste that hard-earned wealth; to depress and deny its natural protection to that unequalled industry and enterprise; to imitate the policy of a nation founded by robbers and assassins, and to convert the exiles of freedom from all lands into a community of land pirates.

Those, on the other hand, who have been chosen in their places, are men who, with the greatest distrust in their own abilities, have abjured all speculations of their own; impressed with a wise and tempered respect for the wisdom of our ancestors, they have proposed to themselves, as guides of conduct, the maxims and the principles of those of their predecessors, by whose prudent care this great and flourishing empire has grown to its present height of glory.

When, with a manly and becoming modesty, the candidate professed himself unequal to the task of governing a great nation, and suggested that the people should be permitted, as their fathers had been, to legislate for themselves, our ears, accustomed so long to the bragging accents of demagogues, would hardly receive the sounds, and we seemed only to be listening to some new kind of deception, so totally had the style of heroism and forbearance passed out of our remembrance. Our faith in the honesty of rulers had languished by the absence of examples, and the idea of power had become separated and almost naturally opposed to that of honesty. Enough, however, was left, either of the tradition, or of the instinct, of greatness, to move the hearts of the people.

Nor was that true ambition, which preferred the choice of a people to the choice of a party, less a problem to us than the modesty that would not assume a function which it could not justly use; we mistook it for the low ambition of the intriguer, who rides into power on the back of confusion. Accustomed so long to disbelieve and to distrust, we had no ears for truth; our imaginations, occupied so long with rumors of plots and deceptions, would not receive a clear unbroken image of the truth. It was too simple and dignified; the cry was, "well acted," not "well done." We waited to observe the changes, the inconsistencies, the vacillations, the anxiety, but they did not ap-

pear; confidence and trust soon took the place of suspicion.

But who were they that elected honesty and consistency in place of falsehood and deceit? The Whigs; they saw it first, and preferred it.

Honor, says Montesquieu, is the principle of monarchies, virtue that of republics; but that is an imperfect distinction; for if virtue be in the people, honor will be in the rulers. A republic, therefore, may lay claim to both these principles, of which monarchy asks but one.

"During the reigns of the Kings of Spain, of the Austrian family, whenever they were at a loss in the Spanish councils it was common for their statesmen to say, that they ought to consult the genius of Philip the Second." With our statesmen, the genius of Washington presides over sincere and difficult deliberations; the genius of the Spanish conqueror misled and deceived, has almost destroyed his nation; but the genius of Washington has so far saved and sustained ours. But who, of all that have come after him, have so nearly, and with such a close communion of spirit, taken counsel from our great founder and guide, as the candidate who, modestly professed his unwillingness to attempt to do what the Congress alone should do, and who goes into office with but two pledges, the oath to maintain, and the promise not to usurp, the powers of the Constitution?

With a President elected upon grounds so important to the people, and so respectable to himself, let us now inquire with what views of policy and principles of legislation, the party who have elected him comes into power; deducing these from a survey of their past conduct and professions.

They have elected a candidate who would give no pledges; because, by giving them, he would be compelled, in carrying them into effect, to usurp the powers of legislation, to exercise a corrupting patronage, and to put his will and opinion, adopted or conceived, in place of that of the representatives and judges of the people.

If the election be a test of their principles, the first and most characteristic of these must be, that Congress, and not the Executive, shall exercise the legislative

power, in agreement with the Constitution; which appoints a House of Representatives, to express the opinion and the policy of the people, and a Senate, to stand for the interests and rights of the governments, or States. The success of the election shows, that the majority of the nation are resolved to maintain their old law, in its original purity, and will not allow legislation to proceed from a power appointed only to execute laws. Despotism, whatever be its name or shape, is one and the same thing with the union of executive, legislative, and judicial power in one man, or in one body of men. An executive forbidding laws, or suggesting them with authority, and at the same time, influencing their construction in the courts, is a despotic executive; be it a king, a representative body, an aristocracy, a committee of public safety, or a dictator. This, then, as proved by the late election, is the first doctrine of the Whigs, that the President shall not assume the functions of a legislator, nor affect to carry out the measures of his party. If the party which elected him prevails in Congress, in the natural and constitutional order of events, he shall execute their laws: if the other party prevail, he shall execute theirs; provided, in either case, they have not violated some direct and obvious provision of the Constitution; nor have not hurried through, with an indecent haste, a question that required time and deliberation.

The Whigs, by their late successes, have therefore, not only vindicated the Constitution, and established one of its most important and democratic features on a new foundation, namely, that of the approbation of the majority; whereas, before it was not known how far the spirit of the nation might not incline toward a despotic and monarchic construction of the laws;—but they have changed the character of the great election, and put it on a new footing. It will never again be necessary for a party to select a candidate for his skill in political intrigue, and his art of managing Congress and the people. The reasons of a party choice must now be found in the superior virtue of the candidate, in his dignity, his firmness, his weight of character, his personal and moral attributes; hereafter, we are to in-

quire not of the political skill, the finesse, the favor, the adroitness, the probable bias, or the theoretic views of our candidate, but only of his fame, his courage, his eminence of character, and his fitness to moderate in the affairs of a great and peaceful empire. We are to seek henceforth, for the qualities of an Alfred, a Franklin, a Madison, and not for those of a Walpole, a Van Buren, or a Peel. Schemers, theorists, and politicians of two faces, are struck from the list, by this election. The people have recovered their courage and their self-respect; and are resolved from this time forth to make their own laws, by their own agents, under the regular forms of their old government.

So much for the first principle and corner-stone of the Whig platform, which was not made over-night, by a circle of wire-pullers, heated with a heavy supper and flowing cups, and published in a morning, like the daily news, or the face of a sycophant, modelled to the time; but rather, by the simultaneous movement of millions, over the face of the continent.

The present generation, who had come into active life within the last age, under the influences of the Jackson dynasty, could not at first understand the merit of this renunciation. They insisted upon knowing the private and speculative opinions of the candidate, as, whether he believed in such or such a tariff, permitted by some President of the Dynasty,—whether he would, if elected, extend his royal favor to those humble and meritorious citizens who live by the labor of their hands, and would permit *his* Congress, if they desired, or force them if they did not desire, to pass laws against English and French interferences. The candidate replied merely, by reiterating the doctrine of the old Whigs, that the opinions of a President could not, in any case, have the force of laws, either to forbid or to compel the adoption of particular measures; and that they were consequently “of no importance to be known to the people.” Still, numbers were dissatisfied. Those who looked upon government as merely a board of commissioners for the suppression of nuisances, and who wished to convert the White House into an office of agency for Philanthropic Associations, did not approve of

a candidate whose theoretic opinions were to be of less consequence to the nation than those of Messrs. Orators Smith, or Jones. With all their protestations and declamations about liberty and the rights of man, they betrayed a fatal ignorance of the laws, and of the tendency of events, and showed no confidence in the people; for if they had possessed that confidence, they would not have looked to a President, but to a majority in Congress, to carry out their measures; and their first desire would have been to elect a President who would so far respect the people and the Constitution, as to suffer public opinion to do its proper work in Congress. Or if they did perceive all this, they were striving to effect good ends by evil means, and to make the vice of the government serve their virtue; a virtue, indeed, which draws great suspicion upon itself when it enters into so close a league with faction, and takes falsehood to be its leader.

So much, we repeat it, for the principle of the election; an election to which the name of expediency may be applied with the greatest justice; ours is, indeed, an expedient election. Partial elections, founded on factious schemes, or on the narrow basis of a single measure, are indeed *not* expedient, as the event has shown, though the odious stigma of "availability," in a bad sense, may be very justly set upon them.

But this doctrine of the Whigs, expressed by their candidate, was not the sole cause of their success, though it well might have been, had its importance been sufficiently known to the people. Other causes, of vast moment, each sufficient of itself to concentrate the action of the party, were in operation to produce the result.

Setting aside the formidable usurpations of power, the *twenty* vetoes, the corruption, and the intrigues, there were three great points of policy in which the character of the usurping dynasty had made itself odious to the nation. These were, in its maltreatment of Mexico, its neglect of the interests of labor, and its mismanagement of the revenue: the first betraying injustice, and a disregard of the law of nations and of conscience; the second discovering a disposition to separate the interests of government from those of the people; and the third showing either a

want of knowledge of the common principles of trade, or a determination to injure and impede the business of the country.

First, then, in considering the CAUSES OF THE SUCCESS OF THE WHIGS, in the late election, let us review in brief the course of conduct of the Administration, from the beginning of the war, which was at the instant of that precipitate and ill-considered measure which brought a new republic into the Union encumbered with a war with one of our natural allies.

After all that has been urged and argued against the admission of the State of Texas, there remains but one real and inevitable charge against the Administration in the conduct of that affair, and that is, that they neglected to *mediate* before they *annexed*. Previous to annexation they stood in the position of a mediator between Mexico and Texas, and might easily have adjusted all difficulties, by the payment, perhaps, of a less price than has been agreed upon for California and New Mexico.

By such a course of conduct they subjected themselves to the charge—either,

Of having committed a great error. And in the management of public affairs, where counsel is neglected, a blunder is a crime.

Or, if incapacity was not the reason of their fault, they fell next under the shame of a precipitate and hasty conduct; a want of foresight and deliberation, sufficient to render the friendship and the enmity of such a government equally undesirable.

Or, if neither of these charges hold good against them, then they must be condemned for a deliberate undertaking of the war, contrary to the system of our national policy, and contrary to the law of conscience.

It is not necessary here to enter upon any conjecture of the motives or influences which actuated the Administration, in taking this step. When the new State was annexed, its wars and the difficulties of its boundary were known to be annexed. It was the plain duty of the Administration to act as a mediator and pacificator in the first instance; and if they failed in that, and it was thought to be a point of duty and of honor to protect our citizens in Texas

against the invasion of Mexico, the next step might have been a remonstrance, to be followed, if necessary, by a display of force; as in aid of an ally, with whom we had concluded a treaty of offensive and defensive. And when, by lawful methods, an honorable peace had been concluded, and Mexico persuaded into a reasonable treaty, the annexation would have followed without the disaster and miseries of a war. But by forcing the annexation of the new State, engaged as it then was, in a quarrel with the parent republic, we embraced not only the responsibilities of a dangerous and costly alliance, but the shame and odium and enmity of a partnership in the quarrel itself; a course which brought upon us the hatred of the Mexican nation, with all its unhappy consequences. The nation did indeed partly rescue itself from the disgrace of this conduct by indemnifying Mexico at the close of the war, in a sufficient sum; receiving from her a range of territory which, there is little doubt, she would have gladly sold before the war. But for this we are to thank, not the Administration, whose entire line of policy was opposed to such a step, but the opposition in Congress, and the voice of the nation, both of whom demanded peace.

Thus it appears, that by a single instance either of neglect, or of maladministration—the neglect to mediate in a sufficiently dignified manner between Mexico and Texas, or the entrance into the petty quarrels of a neighbor—the Administration involved us in a great debt, sacrificed a considerable army, with many valuable officers, and obliged us, in mere defence of our honor, to pay for an acquisition which our neighbor would no doubt have sold us, had we applied for it at the proper time and in a proper spirit. To say that this is the most notorious instance either of incapacity, or of evil counsel, that has appeared in the history of this country, is to say nothing; there are not many instances to be found parallel with it in the history of our race.

Still, it cannot be denied that on the whole we have gained something. Not in the demonstration of our prowess, indeed; for we knew as well before the war as we do now, that we are descended from the most warlike races of the world, that the

history of our glory begins with the fall of Rome, and goes on brightening in a line of victories by land and sea, through a course of ten centuries; nor has our courage been called in question on this side the peace of 1812:—our gain lies in the wisdom of experience; in a demonstration of the soundness of the policy established by the fathers of the Revolution, and of the debts and disasters that are incurred by every departure from that policy. We have a clear evidence in the consequences of this war, that a single instance of neglect, dishonesty, or precipitation, on the part of our government, may do more mischief than an age can mend.

“We have discovered, that by an eternal law, Providence has decreed vexation to violence, and poverty to rapine. We have opened our eyes to the ill husbandry of injustice. We have found that the tyranny of a free people is of all tyrannies the most exasperating and the least to be endured.”

In estimating the causes of the late victory, it seems proper, therefore, to attribute as great weight to the one which we have just noticed, as to the one considered before it; these two, the necessity of restoring the people and their Congress a due influence in the affairs of the nation, and the odium of mal-administration in the affair of Mexico, might be deemed sufficient reasons for the change in public opinion. But there are others of perhaps equal importance.

Passing by the absurd conduct of the Administration party, in the affair of the Oregon boundary, when after insisting with a silly eagerness on the possession of an entire disputed territory, either through an ignorance of common decency, or a desire to embroil us in a quarrel with England, about wild lands, as in the Mexican business, losing to us all that superior credit of moderation and courage that would have been gained by a quiet adjustment of the difficulty in the first instance, and reflecting an irretrievable discredit upon our sense;—passing by that notoriously absurd affair, let us come to the third of those causes enumerated, namely, the separation of the interests of government from those of the nation in the system of the tariffs.

The election of the present Administration is known to have been brought about

by a deliberate deceit practised by the aspirants to office upon the people of Pennsylvania, who were assured that the candidate offered them was as great a friend to the protection of their manufactures, their mines, and their industry generally, as Mr. Clay. Now the well known doctrine and practice of the present Administration, elected by the Kane letter, is that tariffs should be merely for revenue, and if any protection comes by them, it is and must be incidental merely; that is to say, it must be *unintended*.

The doctrine of the party of that Administration is that government shall collect its revenue as is most convenient for itself, without regard to the well-being or the prosperity of the people. This doctrine applies of course to all classes of men, and all classes suffer by it; but consistent as it is with their great plan of raising the Executive Power to an independence of Congress and the People, it seems to have originated from the experience of the Jackson Administration, when those wise and far-sighted politicians distributed the treasures of the Empire in loans without security to the directors of a number of banks in various parts of the Union: telling them at the same time to make a patriotic use of the money, and on the strength of it to extend all the credit they thought fit to those who needed it. The directors fulfilled these instructions to the letter, and for every dollar of the public money issued six or seven in promissory notes of their own, based upon the private notes of a multitude of land and stock speculators in all parts of the new countries. It is a melancholy reflection, to think on the ingratitude and waste of these people, after the confidence shown them by the government; and so severe was the lesson, from that time forth, it became a maxim with the dynasty to place no confidence in the people, and never to let them finger a dollar of the public money on any account whatsoever. They resolved then, with a virtuous indignation, that the people did not deserve any help from the government, no, not if they starve for it. As their philosophy had been before in the extreme of generosity and goodness of heart, even, we regret to record, to a degree of weakness,—but who will not pardon so generous, so amiable a fault?—so, it now rose

on a sudden, Timon like, into the attitude of a dignified and stoical misanthropy. The people were no longer to be trusted; "Perish credit, perish commerce," cried an orator in the House, but let the government keep its money at all hazards. Accordingly, a great maxim began, from that day, to dignify the measures of the dynasty. This was, that the government should pay no regard to the business of the country while engaged in collecting its revenue.

This maxim led to two results; first, to a discarding of the doctrine of protection, and a refusal in general to take the interests of agriculture, manufactures, or commerce into the account, while adjusting the tariff for revenue; and secondly, to collect all duties whatsoever in specie, depositing these collections in the iron chests of the government.

The first of these acts arose apparently from a general distrust in the honesty of the laboring or poorer classes, who are most apt to borrow money on long credit, for the purchase of lands, the stocking of farms, &c.; and the second from a moral observation on the injurious effects of gold and silver on the disposition of the people.

Accordingly, all the gold and silver in the country began to be collected at the post offices and custom houses, and the people, properly punished for their immoralities, in pursuit of these idols, had to invent a paper currency, of sixpences, shillings, &c., as a substitute.

The philosophers of the Dynasty made also another discovery of great importance to humanity, turning upon the difference of race and climate. This was, that labor ought to be divided equally among the nations. They determined, from a great and profound study of the English character and climate, that that people were particularly fitted to be manufacturers, not only because of the situation of their island, and the propriety that the greatest maritime power should command the markets of the world, but that their moral superiority entitled them to that preference; whereas the grasping, money-getting, ambitious temper of the Americans, could never be kept in check, unless they were chained to the hoe and plough, and driven by a stern and independent government into such pursuits as were a proper check on their ambition.

These philosophers had observed that the surplus wealth accumulated by farmers serves only to demoralize them, being either invested in manufactures or shipping, or spent in idle pleasures and the useless luxuries of education. This cause of national deterioration chimed in happily with their observations of the English character, which they saw was not so injuriously affected by a superabundance of wealth. They therefore proposed, that the farmers of America should be restricted in their gains to such profits as might happen from time to time by a European famine; and if they should be led by such a circumstance to produce a surplus of corn and pork, and the price of their produce should so far fall as to give them no profit, that also would have a good effect in checking their unreasonable eagerness for gain.

Moreover, it was a part of this system, that the establishment of manufactories in the neighborhood of farms and villages affords too easy and rapid a means of accumulating wealth; for in that case the farmer, having a population of operatives directly at his door, eating his wheat and pork and potatoes, would become independent and insolent—set himself up to read newspapers, frequent political meetings, and criticise the conduct of the government; a condition which a stern and independent executive ought not to tolerate; for if things were to go on in that way, all dignity and power would be soon lost to the rulers, and the influence falling into the hands of the multitude, the country would be ruined.

In this way then they reasoned. "If we allow manufactures to increase in this country, they will prevail to that degree that a third if not a half of the population will by and by be interested in them, which would be a great calamity. For if the farmers have this immense market of ten millions of persons opened to them, their sons will stay at home and accumulate wealth, instead of going to the West to people the new territories which our glorious conquests will by and by add to the Union. We who know how important it is to keep farm labor low, and widely scattered, need no arguments to convince us of this. Population would double in the Northern States and would remain there, to the detriment of the newly

conquered territories. Where hamlets are, would by and by be villages. Where villages, manufacturing towns. Where towns, trading cities. Who knows too, whether the balance of power might not pass entirely out of our hands if we suffer these things?"

In conclusion, our philosophers resolved that England should do all our manufacturing, and that the surplus wealth of the farmer and small planter should be spent in the expenses of transporting grain and other raw material to England, or in the profits of English importing houses. They consequently agreed that trade ought to be free, in order that England might continue to supply us with manufactures, and we her with bread, whenever there happened to be a famine. And when there was no famine, we might buy English goods with gold and silver, and so diminish the quantity of those pernicious metals in the country. Besides, as some of these philosophers were cotton-growers, their scheme gave the wiser and more philosophic part of the community a just advantage over mere hoers and ploughers; for as England must have cotton, there would always be something to exchange with her for her manufactures, even when there was no famine.

If these philosophers did not reason in this manner, they at least advised the conclusions of such reasoning as rules of conduct. For in 1846, the Administration forced a tariff through Congress, by which the manufacturing interests were nearly destroyed, and the producing interests brought to a very low pitch. By the peculiar operation of this tariff, which is adjusted to rise or fall with the prices of the commodities taxed, that great disease of trade, fluctuation in price, is increased to an extraordinary degree. For not only is the price of *articles* variable, occasioning the usual distresses and hindrances of business incident to other disturbances, but the duty itself varies so as to augment the variation in the price. By this adjustment *ad valorem*, to the value, a fall in price is accompanied by a proportionate one in the duty. The consumer being thus tempted to the purchase of a foreign commodity by extraordinary cheapness, a competition by home products becomes impossible, and the

manufacturers of course are ruined. But when in the order of events the price rises, the duty rises with it, and an extraordinary cheapness is followed by an extraordinary dearness. By the first condition the home producer and by the second the consumer is oppressed. Confidence is impaired. Three fourths of the importations being at the risk and under the entire control of British exporting capitalists, no man can tell from month to month what to look for—when the market will be deluged, or when it will be scant, when foreign goods will be cheap or when they will be dear—the control over these circumstances being wholly in the breast of British merchants and manufacturers.

This system of subjecting our markets to the control of foreign traders works evil in such a number of ways, and disturbs and chokes up so many channels of prosperity, it would require a volume to contain their mere enumeration. Suffice then to mention a few only, of the most important.

The first effect of the lowness, but chiefly of the uncertainty, of the prices of foreign goods and their duties, is to destroy confidence in all investments in mines and manufactures. Capital, diverted from its natural channels, either lies unemployed or ceases to exist. The surplus population of the mining and agricultural districts, instead of engaging side by side with the farmer in fashioning their wool, cotton, and flax, and in that process consuming the surplus of the farmer's grain and pork, wanders off to the new regions of the West to contend there with poverty, ignorance, and disease, employed in the hard and profitless labor of pioneers; when in the natural order of events, they should be enjoying a comfortable life in villages and towns in the older States.

But that is not all. The farmers left behind are soon borne down and impoverished by the flood of produce poured over them from the West, where their sons and brothers have gone, to compete with and to destroy them. Could a large part of them engage in new occupations, in mines and manufactures, the remainder might be able to sustain themselves, with the assistance of the markets opened for them in the manufacturing towns. But the policy of the government forbids; and

they are compelled to struggle on oppressed with debt and misery, earning a miserable pittance from a soil which they have no means of improving, and which grows poorer and poorer by that want from year to year. Such is a true picture of the condition of vast numbers of small farmers and planters in the Atlantic States.

As far as these unfortunate agriculturists are aware of their own misery, and of its causes,—and it is hard to believe them ignorant of truths so simple and so obvious,—it is not difficult to account for their decision against the policy of the Administration. They knew that Western competition had destroyed, and must forever destroy their hopes of competency. They knew that European famines, even, could not benefit them much, since in the very year of the famine a surplus of food was produced more than double what was wanted to supply the foreign markets. They read in the newspapers, that England was constantly inclosing waste lands and improving her own agriculture. That famines would not often occur. That their only hope was either to establish a protective system, and by that means raise the price of food and provide a market at their own doors, or to sell out or give away their miserable farms and emigrate to the prairies, there to begin life anew, contending with all the miseries and discouragements of a recommencement. It was, therefore, not at all to be wondered at, that in casting their vote they should have cast it for a protective policy, with a view to provide a market for their products.

Nor is it at all remarkable that great numbers of the cotton-growers of the South should have shown by the results of this election how little they approved the policy of the government. The greatest good fortune that could happen to them, would be, to have a Manchester brought to them, or erected within reach of them; to which they could send their cotton, saving the cost of a shipment. Still more, if a second Manchester could be erected near them, and double the quantity of the produce be consumed by these *two* Manchesters. It was therefore very reasonable that such of them as knew this, should vote for the erection of several Manchesters, in Massachusetts, in New York, in Pennsylvania, in Georgia, in

the Carolinas and in Ohio. While the Manchesterers in New England were in operation, their cotton brought them ten cents; when these, as at present, were broken down, it brought them but six cents, and even less. This was a very solid and simple reason for giving the Whigs a victory.

But there were other arguments operating on the minds of cotton-growers.

The early substitution of negro for white slaves in the southern colonies, compelled them to confine their attention in a great measure to the cultivation of such products as are profitable only when cultivated by negroes, whose physical constitution and natural indolence enable them to endure the hot and unhealthy climate of the South. Though the negro requires less for his subsistence, he is notwithstanding a more expensive farm laborer than the free white man, though perhaps a better one than the white man enslaved. For while he consumes, it may be, a fourth less of food and clothing, he accomplishes at least a third less work. It is even very probable that a free white farm laborer working for wages, will accomplish double the work of a black slave. But by this very activity he is disqualified for the labor of rice, cane, and cotton fields; while the indolence and mental sluggishness of the negro enable him to live, performing moderate tasks, with abundance of sleep and rest.

This condition of things precludes the accumulation of wealth by the planter, excepting in the cultivation of such products as cannot be grown by the labor of free white men. The institution of slavery is not, however, confined to those districts where slave labor is profitable. Over wide regions of the South, where white labor would be far more profitable than that of slaves, as in Kentucky, the interior of Virginia, and the upland and table land of the continent generally, in the South and West, where the climate is free from miasma and is not visited with the alternate damps and heats of a sea-coast summer in the South, it has also an existence. In these regions the proportion of slaves to freemen is steadily diminishing, and the white population of poor laborers feel aggrieved by the presence of slaves among them, because it is repugnant to the natural pride of a free citizen to work side by side with slaves subject to the lash.

The honor and merit of industry is taken away by such a relation, and no free man of spirit will endure it. Slaves themselves are quick to see the dishonor of such a condition, and they do not pretend to conceal their contempt for white laborers. The poorer white population of the interior are therefore extremely desirous of a change. They wish by some means, either by the entire removal of the negro population, with whom, be they slave or free, they have in general too much natural pride to engage in gross labor; or by the introduction of new and more profitable occupations, such as those of mines and manufactures, in which the slave cannot be placed in rivalry with them, to better their condition. Even if the lower drudgery of manufactures, such as the attendance upon machines, and the transportation of loads, were given to negroes, there would still be occupation in the higher departments of business, for free white men, were a new field opened for industry in manufactures and mines.

Nor are the owners of unprofitable plantations less interested in this change. The markets being already overstocked with cotton and with corn, and the hemp and tobacco lands exhausted, they cease to accumulate wealth. Rice and sugar can be grown only in certain districts. They are therefore in the condition of capitalists whose money is invested at a low and variable rate of interest. Such of them as had hopes of employing their useless negroes, to whom they were too much attached by habit and affection, to send them to a Texas or New Orleans slave market, and whom both interest and humanity forbid their turning into the woods to starve, (for the negro turned loose in the woods of North America, cannot live like the freed slave of Jamaica, or Domingo, on the fruits of trees, or like the barbarians of Africa, but must either perish of famine or live like the aborigines, by hunting, being destitute both of the energy and the capital of the Western white emigrants,)—those impoverished planters must look with the greatest eagerness and anxiety to the least shadow of a plan for bettering their own condition and finding a new employment for their laborers. It is, therefore, not at all remarkable, that numbers of them

east their vote at the late election in favor of a policy calculated to provide a market for the produce of their farms. A policy which, though it may for a few years add somewhat to the personal expenses of the masters, in the matter of a few dollars more for a fine broadcloth coat or a pair of French boots, must increase the value of their lands to an amount an hundred times exceeding such trivial losses, and what is of equal moment to their minds, provide means of education and employment for their slaves and children: the first of whom they are now driven to sell, and the second to colonize in the barbarous regions of New Mexico and Texas.

The governing power of the Empire had been pretty equally divided between the North and the South. Since the adoption, however, of the usurping policy so much in vogue with many southern legislators for the last twenty years, that respect and confidence so freely given to the counsels of the South by their northern brethren, has been in large part withheld. Only those legislators of the South who have shown a knowledge not only of the true interests of the country, but of their own interests; and who have set their faces against plans of disunion, of conquest, and of the extension of institutions which already encumber and impoverish them, have retained the confidence of the people, and have kept that high and honorable position which they held as the successors of Jefferson, of Madison, and of Washington.

That the influence of these liberal and powerful minds should have been thrown into the scale in support of the present candidate was indeed to be expected. They did not inquire whether he would, or would not, assist in extending the institution of slavery; all they asked from him, was a pledge that he would not interfere with the will of Congress and the people. That pledge he gave, and he received in consequence their cordial support.

In this enumeration of the causes of the success of the Whigs, at the late election, we have shown by what considerations so many of the planters and agriculturists of the older States were induced to give the Whig candidate their support. We have yet to extend the enumeration over the votes given by the commercial

classes, and by those who are concerned in banking, and in the larger operations of trade.

First, then, for the reasons of the support given to the Whig candidate by the commercial classes. The inland commerce of the country by roads, railroads, and canals, which gives subsistence to great numbers of boatmen, mechanics, and persons engaged in employments connected with trade and transportation, depends in great measure for its life and importance upon the larger commerce of the great northern lakes, the southern and western rivers, and the ports of the sea-coast. For the protection and encouragement of maritime commerce, the government expends annually a vast sum, exceeding eight millions of dollars; and in time of war would not hesitate to spend an hundred millions, if needed, in a naval armament. The harbors of the ports of entry where ships congregate, are protected by costly fortifications, in which a standing army is maintained in time of peace. All this cost is incurred for the protection of an inferior branch of commerce; for it is well known that the trade of the great lakes and rivers already exceeds in importance, and must soon be of ten times the magnitude of the maritime trade. And yet such are the odd and ridiculous prejudices of the Dynasty, that while they willingly spend millions on their maritime commerce, they grudge a dollar towards that of lakes and rivers; on which, much more than upon that of the sea, the internal prosperity and wealth of the country is dependent.

This unaccountable parsimony of the Dynasty, is also set off in fine relief by the freedom with which they voted the expenditure on the war with Mexico. The pretence and sole excuse for that war was to increase the wealth of the Union: but so far from increasing it, it must be half a century at least before it shall have paid, if it ever pays, the cost of its acquisition. But when it is understood that an hundred millions expended upon harbors and rivers for the benefit of western, northern and southern commerce, would inevitably add three times its own value to the business of the country, and that too in a few years, the contrast between the profes-

sions and the practice of the Dynasty becomes not only absurd, but even ludicrous, if we did not seem to see, at the bottom of it all, jealousies and hatreds the most dark and bitter, and a black ambition at work that would sacrifice the welfare of the people to gratify its aspirations.

No wonder, therefore, that the commercial classes voted in great numbers for a candidate who goes into office pledged not to interfere with the action of Congress, if that body think it just and proper that the commerce of the interior should receive at least equal protection with maritime commerce.

The representatives of the people passed a bill for the protection of the River and Lake commerce. By the provisions of this bill a moderate expenditure was allowed for the creation of harbors on the great lakes, for the protection of that commerce in corn, pork, and other commodities by which the farmers of the West are supplied with money and manufactures from the East. The Administration vetoed this bill, though it was proved by the best evidence that its passage would be the means of perhaps doubling the trade between the East and West. The reasons given for its extinction were grounded upon a general opposition to the entire scheme of internal improvements: agreeably to that misanthropical philosophy which was adopted by the Dynasty, after the results of their great experiment with the government funds in the time of their founder. They had concluded from that experiment that government should never again extend aid in any shape to the people. And now they thought that if the farmers of Wisconsin wish to have harbors built for their produce upon the lake shores of New York, why, those farmers might build these harbors themselves: and then, if it was answered that they were poor men, and had no money, they would reply, if they said anything, that that was none of their business; that it was no business of government to be looking after the affairs of the country. That the duty of the government of a great Empire under a great and stern Dynasty, was to be looking to the affairs of its neighbors; snapping up bits, corners, and angles of

territory, here and there, on this side and on that; so as to make the empire of a pleasant shape, to look pleasant on a map of the world. This was the substance of all they could say in reply to those who inquired of them the reason why the Administration refused the farmers of the West the privilege of a harbor for their produce on the shores of Lake Ontario. They gave the same answer to those of them whose position obliged them to send their corn by the great rivers of the West; in which a vast quantity is annually sunk and ruined by snags and other obstructions, to the great loss of those who engage in the transportation of goods. They would not be meddling in the matter, they said: it was the business of a great empire to be making glorious wars, and sending armies into the field; and not to be debasing itself with this miserable log sawyer's job, to fill the pockets of a set of corn-growers and sugar-planters. If they wanted a port or a river conquered from Mexico or from England, on the other edge of the continent, they had no objections, but would send a troop forthwith, armed with rifles to secure it; but as for sending an army of Irish laborers, armed with saws, spades, and pickaxes, to remove logs and sandbars from rivers, or to dig out harbors, and pile breakwaters on the lakes, they thought it not only a dirty, ungentlemanly business, unworthy the ambition of a glorious Administration, but they had great suspicions it might be unconstitutional. These arguments, put forth, indeed, in a language and style of great dignity, which we dare not attempt to imitate, were all that could be offered against the River and Harbor bill.

When the great doctrine of our philosophers,—that the government of a country must never meddle with the affairs of that country, but only with the affairs of its neighbors; that it must not attempt either to educate, enrich, or protect its own citizens, but must freely engage in subduing, civilizing, protecting and enriching the citizens of neighboring nations,—when this doctrine first appeared, the more sensible part of our citizens paid very little heed to it; for it was not given out in a single, distinct proposition as above, but in disjointed parts and fragments, in the speeches of the orators of

the Dynasty; wherein, of all other places, it would be least likely to be seen by a reading and reflecting public. It had been felt, but had not been clearly remarked, that ever since that beneficent act of the Hero, the giving of the public money to the banks, the stoical philosophy had been adopted as a system; and that a great and stern Administration should never trust the people in any particular, or extend aid to them in their affairs, began not only to seem philosophically reasonable, in the private thoughts of the hangers-on, and organ-grinders, and wire-movers of the government, but was in very truth the practical maxim of the Administration; that it guided them to the opinion that Congress ought to have as little regard paid to it as possible, and should be snubbed and diminished of its authority on all occasions; for, being a kind of real presence of the people set up under the nose of the executive, it was constantly infected with the feelings, prejudices and interests of the populace, whom it behooved an imperial administration to govern and not to serve. That the interests of the farming and cotton-planting population were as little to be regarded; for if government should listen to every suggestion of interest that came to it, it would have its hands full indeed, and at last be turned into a mere agent of the people, in derogation of its high dignity as a conquering Power. That a corrupt, grasping, avaricious set of merchants and dealers, should look to their own affairs, and by no means pretend to solicit aid from a government occupied in preserving the *balance* of the world, a task arduous indeed, since that it alone on this side of the world having any power or resources, it must rival in its enterprises all those of Europe put together, and weigh down its side of the globe with conquests and acquisitions unimaginably extended. That it was quite idle for the people of the United States to be engaging in manufactures; the superior industry and ingenuity of England being already well occupied in that, and it was unphilosophical to have more than one great manufacturing people. If the farmers and planters of the Atlantic States cannot compete with the West, that is all in the course of nature; they had an equal

chance, and was a government to be boosting them with tariffs? That if protective tariffs should be granted for a few years, the country would be deluged with all sorts of cheap manufactures, and our intercourse with England very much diminished. That there would be an injurious abundance of wealth, which would lead to vice and idleness. That Democratic institutions flourished best when difficulties were created for the virtue of the people to contend with, the strife against depressing circumstances being a fine whet to the edge of private virtue. Other considerations were offered, as, that if the power of a rival manufacturing people were suffered to grow to too great a height on this side of the water, there might be danger of disturbing the balance of power in Europe, to the detriment of England, a matter which the Imperial Administration has greatly at heart. That as the trade in English goods to this country was almost entirely in the hands of English houses, who send their goods through commission houses taking the risk and profit themselves, it would betray a petty jealousy of them, to set up the interests of a million of mere laborers, a mob of mechanics, against these great capitalists. But this revulsion of feeling against the people carried the Dynasty still further, and led them to condemn and thwart the whole system of credit, by which the poorer classes who have no money are enabled to get occupation, and carry on enterprises which would never have been thought of in another country. As the working of this system is very interesting and remarkable, it will not, perhaps, be esteemed a loss of time to spend a few sentences in explanation of it, and to show in how odious a light it must appear to a stern and philosophic Administration.

It will always happen that some individuals in a community will have a little more money than they wish to use for the immediate purposes of life. This money will perhaps be a quantity of gold and silver laid by in a chest. Now, as the value of gold and silver is given to it by its use as a "tool of trade," an instrument for facilitating the exchange of one kind of goods or labor for some other kind, it has no value,—it yields no return,—when locked up, or buried in the earth. The community will

not pay me for keeping my surplus gold and silver locked up in a chest, but they will pay me for the use of it, as they would for the use of a horse, or a plough, if I will lend it to them and suffer it to go from hand to hand in the market. Money was coined by the government for *circulation*, just as a plough was made for ploughing.

In order, therefore, that the hoarded money of individuals may pass into circulation, depositories of it, called banks, are instituted, into which the hoards of individuals are poured, either as temporary deposits which they draw upon as they need, or as permanent deposits in the shape of stock, for which they are to be paid by the community;—and in the following manner:

A farmer, let us say, has a piece of land, but has no funds to buy seed corn with, or to purchase stock, or build a house. The corn and stock dealer is a poor man, and cannot wait until harvest to take his interest, or usance, and he does not care to be paid in corn, or in chickens. The farmer, therefore, goes to a neighbor and gets him to endorse a note for him, to be paid after the harvest. But the corn dealer does not want a note; he wants currency,—money; the note is a private affair, and is of no use to him. He therefore puts his own name on the back of the note and goes to the bank with it; and the bank lends him the useless money that has been deposited there by the community at large to be put in circulation. The bank knows that harvest time must come, or at least that the endorsers are in good business, and will pay, barring extraordinary accidents. In exchange, therefore, for this note of which the community know nothing, and which is too large for currency, the bank gives a number of notes of its own, conveniently small, in which the community have entire confidence, and which they will use as money; the bank guaranteeing the payment in gold and silver if it is wanted, being paid for this guarantee and the trouble, a certain increase, usance or interest, just as the lender of seed corn would be paid out of the increase of the grain he lent. Thus it appears that a bank has two offices—*first*, to collect the hoarded gold and silver of the community and keep it ready for circulation like

a reservoir, for every man's use; and *second*, to convert the private credit of one man to another into a currency for the community at large; in short, to convert a private inconvenience into a public benefit.

By this system of banks a kind of community of goods is established; the hoards of individuals are gleaned up and poured back into the markets, and the ends for which government coins specie are carried out to a degree almost of perfection. Moreover, by this system the surplus profits of every man are made serviceable to his neighbor, and the poor, but industrious and honest citizen is placed on an almost equal footing with the rich capitalist who has his chests full of gold and silver. To this system alone may be attributed that wonderful equalization of means and resources which has covered our continent with independent citizens, which has cleared millions of acres of forest, which has made rivers like highways, which has employed the labor of the famishing emigrants of Europe, which has swelled the population of this country from two to twenty-one millions in a century, which has increased our wealth until it now exceeds by two hundred millions annually the united wealth of Great Britain and Ireland.

A philosophical Administration are, nevertheless, violently opposed to this credit system; they see great evils in its abuse. They know that the abuses of the banking system are very injurious to the country. They know this from the most direful experience, having tried their own hand at lending the government funds without adequate security. This experience, chiming in with their philosophical views of human nature in general, have set them against banks, and in general against all the means adopted by men of business for keeping up a circulation of gold and silver in the smaller channels of business. Though they continue every year to coin gold and silver in small round pieces at a great cost, they take care to keep it together in large masses and to lock it up from individuals. To prevent a too free and rapid circulation of specie, they take care not to fall in with the system of credit in any shape. "Perish credit," they cry, while they pro-

vide great hoarding chests, and put into them the millions of gold and silver collected per force in that shape from the importers; who, to fill these government hoards, are obliged to draw the gold and silver from the reservoirs where it was deposited by the community; so that the man who puts a thousand dollars in gold into the vault of a bank, thinking that from that point it will flow out through all the channels of trade, hears the day after that it has all gone into the hoarding box of the government, to lie there perhaps three months unused, when the community are so much in want of it they would willingly pay an hundred dollars to have it in circulation for that time. But the evil does not stop here. The bankers, whose business it is to convert private notes into a public currency, which is a good and safe substitute for gold and silver, cannot do this unless they have a proportionate quantity of specie in their vaults, and for every thousand of gold and silver drawn from their vaults they are obliged to refuse to convert three thousand of private notes into current notes. Thus when the government thus indirectly draws a million from the banks of New York, which happens whenever there is a great arrival of foreign dutiable goods, they effectually stop three millions of currency from the smaller channels of the markets. Thus all kinds of business are impeded; nobody has any money to pay their small debts; the small dealers either stop entirely or cease to make profits, while the great capitalists who have money enough, go on and make large profits, and the brokers in Wall street make fortunes by lending at

exorbitant interest. By this arrangement of the government every importation from Europe is not only made ruinous to the manufacturers, whose distresses are doubled by foreign competition and want of a currency to pay their workmen, but it throws a damp over every species of enterprise, from the publication of reviews (as we are well aware) to the growing of corn and the digging of canals. The whole business of this continent is thus made subject to the whim of the English importing houses, who can make money plenty or scarce as they see fit; and as there is less and less money, and less and less manufactures, they send more and more goods to flood the market, draw specie from the banks, to choke their own and all other profits, and to keep the whole system of society in a perpetual fret and agitation.

Upon the whole, but particularly when we consider this last result of the philosophy of our great Administration, what with the unjust beginning and ridiculous end of the Mexican and Oregon affairs, what with the attempt to change the whole system of our business, the denial of protection and aid to all branches of industry except maritime commerce, and that principally for the protection of English importing houses; what with, in fine, the whole odious catalogue of errors, blunders, lies and meddlesome experiments; what with all this, and the forbearance and noble spirit of our candidate and his friends, it seems to be a matter rather of congratulation than of astonishment that the Whigs have achieved so easy and so complete a victory.

LORD HERVEY'S MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF GEORGE II.*

IN the life of Pope, written by Mr. Bowles and published in the year 1806, it is said, that Lord Hervey wrote the *Memoirs of his own time*, leaving strict injunctions with his executors that they were not to be published until after the decease of George III. It seems now that such was not the fact, the injunction not to publish having proceeded from a son of Lord Hervey. Augustus, third Earl of Bristol, who, perceiving that the *Memoirs* were written with great freedom, forbade out of motives of delicacy and duty, that they should ever see the light until two generations, at least, had passed off from the stage. More than the prescribed limits, one hundred and ten years in fact, have elapsed since Lord Hervey completed his manuscript; the actors during the reign of George II. have long since taken their places in the niches of history; the direct male line of the family of Hanover completed its drama in the morning of our day, when the old men around us were first stepping upon the threshold of active life, and the middle-aged were busy in the plays of the school-ground; and the earnest present of the Georgian era, with its wit and learning, its eloquence and poetry, its state and splendor, its fair women and brave men, has long since been hushed into the stillness of the silent past. The time then has come at length, when the *Memoirs* of Lord Hervey—first announced to the world by Horace Walpole, in his *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, published in 1757; desiderated by Lord Hailes in his compilation of the *Opinions of the Duchess of Marlborough*, who, in his lamentation over the fashion of destroying original papers during the eighteenth cen-

tury, rejoices that "much which was then in doubt would be made clear, should the writings of Lord Hervey ever see the light;" and alluded to with an ill suppressed curiosity by every historian of the reign of the second George—the time then has come at length, when, without personal offence or public impropriety, they may be given to the world.

The *Memoirs* are preceded by a prefatory and biographical notice of the noble author, written by the editor, John Wilson Croker, who prepared and published an edition of Lady Hervey's letters in 1821. The original manuscript, as it now exists, was committed to his hand by the present Marquis of Bristol, nephew to the late Earl of Bristol, and grand nephew to the author of the *Memoirs*. Mr. Croker describes the MS. as being wholly in autograph, remarkable for its clearness and legibility, and complete as it came from the author, with the exception of several chasms, indicated by * * upon the printed page, *occasioned by former possessors having destroyed several sheets here and there, that appear to have contained additional details of the dissensions in the royal family*. He thinks that these omissions are not, upon the whole, to be regretted; that they have spared us much scandal; and that they have not essentially diminished the historical value of the work. Now, with all deference to Mr. Croker's apology for his noble employer and his most noble ancestors, we take the liberty of expressing an opinion entirely contrary to his upon this subject. We can discover no possible ground in the whole chapter of rights, upon which one of Lord Hervey's literary executors, in any generation

* *Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his accession to the death of Queen Caroline.* By John, Lord Hervey. Edited from the original manuscript at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia. 1848.

since his day, could have been justified in mutilating a manuscript of veritable history. The expunged portions contained, undoubtedly, the true narrative of the difficulties which existed between Frederick Prince of Wales, and his royal parents, from the day he first landed in England until his decease, and the causes which produced them,—a secret, unparalleled in all modern history, which neither contemporaneous writings, nor tradition, have ever satisfactorily unlocked. We agree with Lord Hailes, when speaking upon this very subject, that to destroy the records of genuine history is a relic of barbarism unpardonable to the last degree, and that they who suppress memorials of truth, “do all that they can to leave the history of the eighteenth century in darkness.”

Mr. Croker has also made some alterations from the original MS., with which, however, as they pertain mainly to the correction of lax and antiquated orthography, the suppression of indelicate expressions, and the substitution of more decent equivalents, we do not feel disposed to find much fault; still we cannot but regard *even this* as a matter of very serious question. Waiving the subject of orthography, as of comparatively little consequence, we should like to ask how far the prevailing taste of any particular age, present or future, has a right to go in its demands for the revision, alteration and expurgation of ancient manuscripts? What would be thought of an expurgated edition of Shakspeare, for example, emended and corrected according to the most approved notions of a New York Blue Stocking Club? Or of a revised edition of Dean Swift's writings, by the Cincinnati Moral Reform Society? Or of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, rendered fit for beginners by a grandmother? The truth is, there is great danger in these days of over-delicacy about language, and over-carelessness about sentiment,—for such is the character of nine-tenths of the fictitious publications of the last ten years,—there is great danger of indulging the scruples of refinement to the manifest hurt of historical truth. If we would know what other generations before us *were*, if we would possess a true idea of individual character and national manners as they really existed, we must take them as they

are, even at the expense of strict decorum; and if the oral and written intercourse of the purest men and women who lived a hundred years ago was of a character to shock our delicacy, so undoubtedly were oftentimes the manners which they cultivated and the dresses which they wore; to banish the one of which from the descriptions of the poet, or the other from the portraits of the limner, would be no less absurd, than to insist upon the dialect of the present day being used in their conversation.

Lord Hervey was the eldest son of the first Earl of Bristol, by his second wife, daughter of Lady Howard, and granddaughter and heiress of the third Earl of Suffolk. The readers of Horace Walpole's letters may remember several complimentary allusions to Carr, Lord Hervey, an elder brother of the author of the *Memoirs*, by the first wife of the Earl of Bristol. Horace says, “that he was reckoned to have had parts superior to his more celebrated brother,” a remark incidentally confirmed by Pope, who, in one of his sarcastic sallies towards the second Lord Hervey, the *Sporus* of his *Dunciad*, professes the pleasure with which he pays to the memory of the first, “the debt he owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived the family of as much wit and humor as he left behind him in any branch of it.” With all his intellect and agreeability, Carr, Lord Hervey, seems to have been a man of great laxity of principle. Lady Louisa Stuart speaks of him, in her introduction to the works of Mary Wortley Montagu, as a person of great talents and great vices, and adds also, under certainly the strongest corroborative testimony, the very curious fact, that *he was undoubtedly the father of Horace Walpole*. If there were no evidence in the *Memoirs* before us of the truth of this, in the almost incredible laxity of Sir Robert Walpole's conjugal relations, connected with the well-known assertion of Lady Mary, that “the wife of Sir Robert was one of the very few women who always retained the friend after she had lost the lover,” it certainly affords the most satisfactory explanation of those strange eccentricities of Horace's mind and character, which, so utterly dissimilar to his own family, were yet close akin to the Bristol

stock, which Lady Mary immortalized by her division of the human species into *Men, Women, and Herveys*.

Lord Hervey's early education seems to have been of the most thorough kind. The hope of the family after the death of his brother, the comfort and support of a superior and judicious mother, and the main reliance of many personal friends of his father, whose early retracy from court had been deeply regretted by the party to which he belonged, his early promise was cherished and cultivated by all the appliances which rank and wealth could evoke. After a successful completion of academic studies, and having made the usual tour of the Continent, the young nobleman attached himself to the court of the Prince and Princess at Richmond, where he soon became a great personal favorite. At this period Pope and his literary friends were in great favor at this young court, of which, in addition to the handsome and clever Princess herself, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Selwyn, Miss Howe, Miss Bellenden, and Miss Lepell, with Lords Chesterfield, Bathurst, Scarborough, and Hervey, were the chief ornaments. Perhaps the world has rarely seen more of beauty, gaiety, wit, elegance, taste, and refinement than were to be found in the galaxy of the Prince and Princess of Wales during the last years of George I. Pope, the wit and poet of the circle, warmed into a new life by the smiles of royal courtesy, was never tired in after days, when the sunshine of favor had been withdrawn, of satirizing the follies in the midst of which he had basked. In the outset he had courted the acquaintance of Lord Hervey, and an intimacy had sprung up between them and their joint friend, Lady Mary, which promised to be perpetual. Alas, for the mutability of human love, that he should have become the bitterest enemy of the former, and have given ample occasion to the latter to realize the truth of Congreve's mourning bride, when she declares that

"Earth hath no curse, like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd."

How far the quarrel with Lord Hervey induced Pope's subsequent rupture with Lady Mary, we are not informed. It has been often ascribed to the rivalry of the

gentlemen for the good graces of the lady ; but besides the improbability of Lady Mary's tact failing her in a matter of gallantry concerning herself, in all points of which it was her pride and boast to give denials without offence and favors without jealousy, we can trace no evidence for, and some little against the statement. Lady Mary told Spence her own version of the quarrel, and he relates it thus in his *Anecdotes* :—

"I have got fifty or sixty of Mr. Pope's letters by me. You shall see what a goddess he makes of me in them, though he makes such a devil of me in his writings afterwards, *without any reason that I know of*. I got a third person to ask him why he left off visiting me ; he answered, negligently, that he went as often as he used to do. I then asked Dr. Arbuthnot to get from him what Lady Mary had done to him. He said that Lady Mary and Lord Hervey had pressed him once together—(and I do not remember that we ever were together with him in our lives)—to write a satire on certain persons ; that he refused it, and that this had occasioned the breach between us."

The estrangement between Pope and Lord Hervey commenced in 1725, two years before the decease of George I., but it was greatly increased in bitterness two years later, when the new court, to which Lord Hervey soon gave in his adhesion, discarded its old friends, and continued Walpole at the head of the government. Whatever may have been its cause will probably now never be known. Lord Hervey was not unlike Pope, in many characteristics of mind and heart, and especially in that nervous irritability so common to men of a poetical temperament, the *genus irritabile vatum*. Floating together upon the surface of a life, the brilliancy of which was made up of sententious witticisms and sparkling repartees, lively tittle-tattle and biting pasquinades, and, to a certain degree, rivals for ladies' favors and courtly smiles, it was not wonderful that a disagreement should spring up between them, which should at last grow into open hostility. Where the public quarrel commenced, or who was the first aggressor, it is difficult to tell. In Pope's "*Miscellanies*," published in 1727 ; in his first edition of the "*Dunciad*," published in 1728 ; and in some lighter pieces published subsequently,

there are bitter allusions to Lord Hervey, either by the use of his initials, or under a fictitious name. These are slight, however, compared with an attack made jointly upon him and Lady Mary, in one of Pope's Imitations of the Satires of Horace, where he dubs Hervey as *Lord Fanny*, and Lady Mary as *Sappho*, in couplets offensive to all decency, and alike disgraceful to the writer and the publisher. Retaliation followed from both the parties attacked, and counter-retaliation from the poet, until the warfare became tedious and disgusting. As a specimen of the bitterness of the parties, we subjoin two quotations, made by Mr. Croker from the published satires :—

"So much for Pope,—nor this I would have said,

Had not the spider first his venom shed :
For, the *first stone* I ne'er unjustly cast,
But who can blame the hand which throws the
last ?

And if one common foe the wretch has made
Of all mankind—the folly on his head."

In his *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, published in 1734, Pope took occasion to immortalize the personal foibles, the faults, weaknesses and vanity of Lord Hervey, in one of the most brilliant and popular sallies of mingled invective and sarcasm ever published.

P. Let *Sporus* tremble—

A. What! that thing of silk ?
Sporus ! that mere white curd of ass's milk ?
Satire or sense, alas, can *Sporus* feel,
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings !

Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes nor beauty ne'er enjoys ;
As well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks ;

Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar toad !
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In pun or politics, or tales or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now *master* up, now *miss*,
And he himself one vice antithesis."

But to return to Lord Hervey. In the

midst of the fascinating society of the Prince's court, he soon found a new attraction in the person and mind of Miss Lepell, daughter and heiress of Brigadier General Nicholas Lepell. Of the virtues of the character of Miss Lepell, as well as of the charms of her person and face, we have abundant testimony, not only from Walpole, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Chesterfield, and others, friends of Lord Hervey, but even from his avowed enemies, one of whom, Pope, goes out of his way to compliment and eulogize *her*, that his satire upon the husband might be the keener. Gay wrote:

"Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, fair Lepell ;"

and a celebrated ballad of the day thus eulogizes the happy pair :

"For Venus had never seen bedded
So perfect a beau and a belle,
As when Hervey, the handsome, was wedded
To the beautiful Molly Lepell."

Mr. Croker says :—

"To her more solid merits as a daughter, a wife, and a mother, we have the earlier, and nearer, and more valuable testimony of Lord Bristol, who seems to have been enchanted, not more by the brilliant than the amiable qualities of his daughter-in-law, and to have endeavored with a growing affection and admiration to render less irksome to her the occasional vivacities of his Countess—a lady of considerable talents, a very lively but not equable temper, and of so ready and sharp a wit, that in one of her letters she triumphantly tells Lord Bristol that she had answered some impertinencies at court so cleverly, that the Queen said 'she saw that Lord Hervey had derived his talent for repartee from his mother.'"

In 1725, Lord Hervey was returned from Burg as member of Parliament, and, following the lead of the young court, joined vigorously in the opposition. At the accession of George II. however, when the new King foiled all the expectations of his long-tried friends, and, selecting Walpole as Prime Minister, began to follow out the measures of the former reign, Hervey deserted Pulteney and the clique of the Craftsmen, so called from a violent party paper of that name, and accepting a pension of £1000 per annum, came out in

favor of the ministry. Distinguishing himself no less by the vigor and logic of his pen, a talent of no small account in that day of powerful and searching political discussion, than by the terseness and completeness of his speeches, he soon rose to the first rank among the supporters of the ministers, though honored with no *place* by the King. This became at length a great source of dissatisfaction between himself and the party with whom he acted, and even threatened a rupture of their friendly relations. Brought forward, however, by the force of circumstances, as a sort of exponent of the party, in a gross attack upon Walpole, which appeared in the "*Craftsman*," he was forced into a duel with Pulteney, the great opponent of Walpole, from which he came off with considerable reputation. His demands for office could no longer be refused, and in 1727, he became Vice Chamberlain to the King, from which date the chief interest of the *Memoirs* begins.

Before we leave the personal history of Lord Hervey to examine the subject of his *Memoirs*, it may be well enough to say that he retained his place, his standing, his influence, and his friendships, until 1741; when Sir Robert Walpole, finding himself in repeated minorities, was forced to retire from his position at the head of the government. He died on the 8th of August, 1743; his wife surviving his loss for more than twenty-five years. Many of his friendships, especially that with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, he retained to the last. Lady Louisa Stuart relates the following incident in her works in reference to this:—

"Lord Hervey dying a few years after Lady Mary settled abroad, his eldest son (George, Lord Hervey) sealed up and sent her letters, with an assurance that none of them had been opened. She wrote him a letter of thanks for his honorable conduct, adding that she could almost regret he had not glanced his eye over a correspondence which would have shown him what so young a man might perhaps be inclined to doubt—the possibility of a long and steady friendship subsisting between two persons of different sexes without the least mixture of love."

Although Mr. Croker is inclined to treat the remark of Lady Mary, in regard to the Platonic nature of their friendship, rather

superciliously, we have no manner of doubt that it is true. The world, especially that part of it which have known no difference between friendship and love, technically so called, and which have found the great element of both in what Lord Kames calls "self-satisfaction," have no faith in the existence of a sentiment between the sexes, except that by which we are endowed for the continuance of the species. And yet there is no emotion of which mankind are susceptible, that is capable of being sustained by the proofs of a greater number of examples, where a mutual friendship has been cultivated for years between individuals of the different sexes, as pure, generous, magnanimous, unselfish and enduring as human ties can be, than this; and we believe it will be found universally true, that in all cases where such a friendship has existed unimpaired for many years, it has always been of this character.

The friendship of Lord Hervey and Lady Mary had existed for more than twenty-six years, and though there may be here and there throughout the correspondence expressions of regard inconsistent apparently with the lady's declaration, yet we have no doubt that to the parties themselves they were the simple utterance of compliment on the one side, and the courteous acknowledgment of it on the other. Take for example a letter of his, written in 1737, when he was forty-one years old and Lady Mary forty-seven, in answer to one of hers in which she had complained that she was too old to inspire a new passion, he, after complimenting her charms, as Mr. Croker says, "more gallantly than decorously," goes on to say:—

"I should think anybody a great fool that said he liked spring better than summer, merely because it is further from autumn, or that they loved green fruit better than ripe only because it was further from being rotten. I ever did, and believe ever shall, like woman best

"Just in the noon of life—those golden days
When the mind ripens ere the form decays."

One of Lord Hervey's last letters, after he became greatly reduced by long and severe illness, was written to his old friend. It is simple and touching in no common degree:—

"*Ickworth Park, June 18th, 1743.*

"The last stages of an infirm life are filthy roads, and like all other roads I find the farther one goes from the capital the more tedious the miles grow, and the more rough and disagreeable the way. I know of no turnpikes, to mend them; medicine pretends to be such, but doctors who have the management of it, like the commissioners for most other turnpikes, seldom execute what they undertake; they only put the toll of the poor cheated passenger in their pockets, and leave every jolt at least as bad as they found it, if not worse. May all your *ways* (as Solomon says of wisdom) be *ways* of pleasantness, and all your *paths* peace; and when your dissolution must come, may it be like that of your lucky workman. Adieu!"

The great interest of the Memoirs commences, as we have already remarked, in 1727, when Lord Hervey first received the key of Vice Chamberlain. At this time George II. was forty-seven years old, the Queen a few months older, and Walpole fifty-four. The characters of all the royal family have long been familiar to the readers of English history of that day. The King, perhaps the weakest in intellect, as he was the most obstinate in opinion, of all the Hanover family who have yet filled the throne, is perpetually before us, with his bluff, easy countenance, (except when fretting, as he often was, over some fancied neglect of his family or some pertinacious opposition in Parliament,) his fat, burly figure, his strong German accent, his rough, earnest manner, and his opinionated conversation, which suffered no contradiction at the time from Queen or Minister, yet set off in many strong points of native good sense, love of truth, and acquiescence in the inevitable;—the Queen, strong-minded, intelligent, gracious, bearing, with the true dignity of a noble woman, the abuse and neglect of his Majesty without a murmur, and always ready to seize the favorable moment when his heart could be brought to bear upon his opinions enough to gain his assent to measures essential to the welfare of the nation;—the Prince of Wales, always at variance with his father and mother, maintaining a strong power in opposition to the crown, which, however, for fifteen years effected no change in ministerial policy; irascible, fluctuating, ultra,

and yet possessed of the true elements of a great and good man;—the Princess Royal, gentle, loyal, beloved, and accomplished, becoming the victim of *state politique* in a reluctant marriage to the hideous Prince of Orange, pining for love without its passion, and for home without daring to approach it;—the Princess Emily, earnest, violent, talented, dissatisfied with her position, disgusted with her parents, and tired of her life of celibacy, her chief amusement consisting in petting her father's weaknesses in his presence and ridiculing them in his absence;—the Princess Caroline, the youngest and most indulged of all the children, gentle, quiet, amiable and tender, loving and beloved by all who came within the beautiful sphere of her attraction, and most of all by Lord Hervey, for whom, says Horace Walpole, "she had conceived an *unconquerable* passion;" and whose death was really the signal for her retirement from the world;—all the personages of the royal circle, each consistent in principle and character to the end, advance and recede upon the stage of action, in its various phases, until we become familiar with them as with the characters and faces of household inmates.

Upon his accession to the crown, Mrs. Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk, had been for some years the avowed favorite of George II. She was the daughter of Sir John Hobart, and sister of Henry Hobart, Knight of the Bath, subsequently created Earl of Buckinghamshire. Early married to Mr. Howard, the younger brother of the Earl of Suffolk; with a slender fortune on her own part, and the reverse of opulence on her husband's; without expectations from her family, and with little hope of Mr. Howard's success in political life, the young couple had resorted to Hanover towards the close of Queen Anne's reign, to endeavor to ingratiate themselves with the future sovereigns of England. In process of time the young wife became Mistress of the Robes to the Princess of Wales, and after the rupture between the Prince and Miss Bellenden, whose *confidante* she had been, and who had never reciprocated the gross passion of her royal lover, she succeeded to her friend's post of favorite, though neither to her dislike nor her resistance.

Though George II. was certainly very

amorous, it seems to be allowed on all sides, that his continued attachment to Mrs. Howard arose more from his idea that an affair of gallantry gave him freedom from the government of the Queen, than from any real affection. It is certain that his fondness for the person even of his wife, to say nothing of his entire reliance upon her opinion, was far greater than for any of his mistresses. This seems not to have been known, however, until some years after the accession to the throne. At that time, Mrs. Howard, having long been known to have enjoyed the confidence of the King, was courted by all the expectants of office—Sir Robert Walpole only excepted, who seems to have discovered in the outset where the source of power lay—in the hope of finding her wishes the law of the King. Such, however, proved not to be the case. No favorite of royalty ever enjoyed less of the brilliancy and power of the situation than Lady Suffolk. Watched and thwarted by the Queen, and disclaimed by the minister, she owed the dignity of her own behavior the chief respect that was paid to her at the last, a respect which must have been meagre compensation for the slavery of her life and the mortifications she endured. Notwithstanding the earnest assertions of Lady Suffolk's descendants, backed by no inconsiderable proof, that her connection with the King was purely of a Platonic character, Horace Walpole's supposition of the contrary is fully confirmed by the revelations of Lord Hervey, who had certainly every opportunity to know the facts in the case. Still, added to her personal beauty, which is said to have been very attractive, her symmetrical figure, exquisite make, and beautiful complexion, always set off by remarkable gentility, and simple taste in dress and bearing, contrasting well amid the more showy belles of the court, there was so much of intelligence and character, of discretion and love of truth in her whole life, which continued to the age of seventy-nine, that it made her many friends and gave her high respect from all who knew her. Indeed, she was always treated both during her connection with the court, and after her retirement, as if her virtue had never been questioned; and though her extreme deafness damped her enjoyment

in society, she formed around herself, at her villa of Marble Hill, a coterie, the refinement, intelligence and wit of which, the *sarans* of that day are never tired of praising. Pope alludes to her defect of hearing in his lines "On a certain Lady at Court:"

"I know a thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend,
Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumor,
Nor grave through pride or gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good humor
And sensible, soft melancholy.
'Has she no faults then,' (envy says,) 'Sir?'
'Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.'"

Whatever may be the truth in regard to Lady Suffolk's connection with the King, it is certain that Mr. Howard sold his own noisy honor and the quit-claim to his wife, for a pension of twelve hundred a year. The Queen's forbearance, good sense and decency, contrived to diminish the scandal at the time, and to give it a shade of doubt to posterity, to whom, as Sir Walter remarks in his review of the Suffolk correspondence, it is after all of little interest, since gossip is only valued when fresh, and the public have generally enough of that poignant fare, without ripping up the frailties of their grandmothers.

Throughout the whole Memoirs the reader is indulged with frequent glimpses of the Queen's tact in managing his Majesty, without his suspecting it. Lord Hervey often speaks as freely upon this subject, as he does in the following passages:—

"As people now saw that all court interest, power, profit, favor, and preferment were returning in this reign to the same track in which they had travelled in the last, lampoons, libels, pamphlets, satires and ballads were handed about, both publicly and privately, some in print and some in manuscript, abusing and ridiculing the King, the Queen, their ministers, and all that belonged to them; the subject of most of them was Sir Robert's having bought the Queen, and the Queen's governing the King; which thought was over and over again repeated in a thousand different shapes and d'esses, both of prose and verse. And as the 'Craftsman' had not yet lashed their Majes-

ties out of all feeling for these transitory verbal corrections that smart without wounding, so the King's vehemence and pride, and the Queen's apprehension of his being told of her power till he might happen to feel it, made them both at first excessively uneasy. However, as the Queen by long studying and long experience of his temper knew how to instil her own sentiments, while she affected to receive his Majesty's, she could appear convinced while she was controverting, and obedient while she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that while she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received, with the greatest devotion and reverence, those directions in public, which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favorites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief priestess, ever received any favorable answer from our god; storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection; calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The King himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; King James by his priests; King William by his men; and Queen Anne by her women—her favorites. His father, he added, had been by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, to one of his auditors, and asked him—“And who do they say governs now?”

The following verses will serve for a specimen of the strain in which the libels and lampoons of that day were composed :

‘ You may strut, dapper George, but ’twill all
be in vain;
We know ’tis Queen Caroline, not you, that
reign—
You govern no more than Don Philip of
Spain.
Thus if you would have us fall down and
adore you,
Lock up your fat spouse as your dad did
before you.”

Another pasquinade of the time began thus:—

“ Since England was England there never
was seen
So strutting a King and so prating a
Queen,” &c., &c.

Another of the lampoons describes the pleasure with which he received Lord Edgcombe, who was very short in stature :

“ Rejoiced to find within his court
One shorter than himself ;”

Notwithstanding the gross character of these libels, their authors seem never to have been discovered, though the King made many attempts to do so. Learning that one of them had been shown to Lord Scarborough before it was published, his Majesty taxed him with the fact. He confessed the truth of the accusation, but refused to say by whom it had been shown him, alleging that previously to his reading it or knowing what it was, he had passed his word not to reveal the name of the author. The King replied to him in great anger,—“ Had I been Lord Scarborough in this situation and you the King, the man should have shot me, or I him, who had dared to affront me, in the person of my master, by showing me such insolent nonsense.” Lord Scarborough replied, that he had never told his Majesty it was a *man* from whom he had it, and persisting in his concealment, left the King in almost as much anger against him as the author.

Lord Hervey frequently apologizes in the course of his narrative for repeating what he calls “ little circumstances,” meaning the current gossip of daily life in the palace. It is curious how the lapse of time has exalted into an importance, far exceeding all his anticipations, the personal descriptions and minor details of his *Memoirs*, while it has detracted in the same degree, and in even a greater one, from the value of his historical narrative. The subject-matter of the latter is an old story, familiar from boyhood; but the former,—the anecdote, the manners, the personal peculiarities of those whose names are household words, the bon-mot, the repartee, the carriage of the body or the wearing of the dress,—lost in the long current of years, and now again appearing fresh to the mind of a generation distant from the scene, dispelling doubts, dissolving difficulties, explaining enigmas of conduct,

and acting upon the past as the current topics of the day act upon the present, elucidating, resolving, confirming it, become land-marks of history, invaluable from their bearing upon what we already know, and connecting the beginning and the end of a century of years by a fresh and indissoluble bond. Such knowledge cannot be overvalued. It is the wand of the enchanter, evoking by its touch spirits of life from the distant past; the key-stone that completes the arch of a nation's history; or, better still, the object which starts into being the new and valuable ideas of life, making

"The past and present reunite
Beneath time's flowing tide,
*Like foot-prints, hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side."*

The following anecdote, for example, sheds light on the Townshend rupture from Sir Robert Walpole's party, the causes of which have always been supposed to exist in personal difficulties, without knowing what they were:—

"There was an occurrence at the latter end of this summer (1728) at Windsor, relating to the court Lord Townshend then made to Lord Trevor, which I shall relate, because I think it will give a short but strong sketch both of Lord Townshend's and Sir Robert's temper; but before I begin my relation, I must premise that Sir Robert Walpole at this time kept a very pretty young woman, daughter to a merchant, whose name was Skerrett, and for whom he was said to have given (besides an annual allowance) £5000 as entrance money.

"One evening at Windsor the Queen asking Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Townshend where they had dined that day, the latter said he had dined at home with Lord and Lady Trevor; upon which Sir Robert Walpole said to her Majesty, smiling, 'My Lord, Madam, I think is grown *coquet* from a long widowhood, and has some design upon my Lady Trevor's virtue, for his assiduity of late in that family is grown to be so much more than common civility, that without this solution I know not how to account for it.' What made this raillery of Sir Robert Walpole's very excusable and impossible to shock my Lord's prudery, let him pique himself ever so much on the chastity of his character, was, that my good Lady Trevor, besides her strict life and conversation, was of the most virtuous, forbidding countenance that natural ugliness, age, and small-pox ever compounded. However, Lord Townshend affecting to take the reproach literally, and to understand what Sir Robert meant to insinuate

of the political court he paid to the husband as sensual designs upon the wife, with great warmth replied, 'No, Sir, I am not one of those fine gentlemen who find no time of life, nor any station in the world, preservatives against the immoralities and follies that are hardly excusable when youth and idleness make us most liable to such temptations. They are liberties, Sir, which I can assure you I am as far from taking as approving; nor have I either a constitution that requires such practices, a purse that can support them, or a conscience that can digest them.' Whilst he uttered these words his voice trembled, his countenance was pale, and every limb shook with passion. But Sir Robert Walpole, always master of his temper, made him no other answer than asking him with a smile, and in a very mild tone of voice, 'What, my Lord, all this for my Lady Trevor?'

The Miss Skerrett, named here, is the same person to whom more than one of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters are addressed, and who seems to have been, from the frequent mention of her name in other letters, upon terms of intimate acquaintance with her. Sir Robert, after his first wife's death, in 1738, was married to her, thereby gaining an addition, if the journals of the day may be believed, to his already princely fortune of £80,000. A daughter, born to them long before the marriage, was afterwards created with the rank of an Earl's child, greatly to the scandal of the peerage. Gay's satire of the "Beggars' Opera," which had a great run in its day and is still read by lovers of the old drama, caricatured Walpole, his lady, and Miss Skerrett. Gay afterwards published a second part, more severe than the first, which Sir Robert had prohibited from appearance at the theatres, rather than suffer the ridicule of being produced for a succession of nights upon the stage in the person of a highwayman. The poet, irritated at the bar put in the way of his success, added some supplemental invectives to the piece, and applying to the Duchess of Queensbury, beautiful, accomplished, and at the head of the fashionable world, resolved to print it by her advice, upon subscription. The Duchess, interested in the author, and having herself a personal pique to gratify, set herself at the head of the undertaking, and making her solicitations so universal and so pressing, that she went even to the Queen's apartment and around the draw-

ing-room, inducing every one to contribute his guinea for printing of the book. The *Memoirs* tell us that

"The King, when he came into the drawing-room, seeing her Grace very busy in a corner with three or four men, asked her what she had been doing. She answered, 'What must be agreeable, she was sure to anybody so humane as his Majesty, for it was an act of charity, and a charity to which she did not despair of bringing his Majesty to contribute.' Enough was said for each to understand the other, and though the King did not then (as the Duchess of Queensbury reported) appear at all angry, yet this proceeding of her Grace's, when talked over in private between his Majesty and the Queen, was so resented, that Mr. Stanhope, then Vice Chamberlain to the King, was sent in form to the Duchess to desire her to forbear coming to court; this message was verbal. Her answer, for fear of mistakes, she desired to send in writing, wrote it on the spot, and this is the literal copy :

"Feb. 27th, 1728-9.

"That the Duchess of Queensbury is surprised and well pleased that the King hath given her so agreeable a command as to stay from court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a great civility on the King and Queen; she hopes by such an unprecedented order as this is, that the King will see as few as he wishes at his court, particularly such as dare to think and speak the truth. I dare not do otherwise, and ought not, nor could have imagined that it would not have been the highest compliment that I could possibly pay the King to endeavor to support innocence and truth in his house, particularly when the King and Queen both told me that they had not read Mr. Gay's play. I have certainly done right, then, to stand by my own words rather than his Grace of Grafton's, who has neither made use of truth, judgment, nor honor, through this whole affair, either for himself or his friends.

"C. QUEENSBURY."

During the year 1733, the anxiety of the nation in regard to a Protestant succession to the crown,—then and for many years before and after a subject of paramount interest throughout the realm,—induced the King to communicate to Parliament the intended marriage of his eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, to the Prince of Orange. The match had become one of necessity, it being the only marriage the Princess Royal could have made in all Europe, that would have been satisfactory to the people. To the Princess it was a

choice of two evils, either of which was sufficient to becloud all the brightness of her life, and to dampen all her expectations of the future. On the one side was the certainty, should she outlive her father, of dependence upon a brother's maintenance, with whom she was upon terms of irreconcilable enmity; on the other side, a marriage with a royal personage indeed, but who, from all accounts that she heard, must be an object of disgust to every beholder; on the one side a wedding to a deformed Prince, on the other a life of maiden meditation in her royal convent. Lord Hervey says:—

"The Prince of Orange's figure, besides his being almost a dwarf, was as much deformed as it was possible for a human creature to be; his face was not bad, his countenance was sensible, but his breath was more offensive than it is possible for those who have not been offended by it to imagine. These personal defects, unrecompensed by the *éclat* of rank or the more essential comforts of great riches, made the situation of the poor Princess Royal so much more commiserable; for as her youth and an excellent, warm, animated constitution made her, I believe, now and then remember she was a woman, so I can answer for her that natural and acquired pride seldom or never let her forget she was a Princess; and as this match gave her little hope of gratifying the one, so it afforded as little prospect of supporting the other."

After great delay occasioned by neglect towards his future son-in-law by the King, the indifference of the Princess Royal, the sickness of the Prince of Orange, and the discussion about ceremonials, the wedding day at last came.

"The chapel was fitted up with extreme good taste, and as much finery as velvets, gold and silver tissue, galloons, fringes, tassels, gilt lustres and sconces could give. The King spared no expense on this occasion, but if he had not loved show better than his daughter, he would have chosen rather to have given her this money to make her circumstances easy, than to have laid it out in making her wedding splendid.

"The Prince of Orange was a less shocking and a less ridiculous figure in this pompous procession and at supper, than one could naturally have expected such an *Æsop*, in such trappings and such eminence, to have appeared. He had a long peruke-like hair that flowed all over his back and hid the roundness of it; and

as his countenance was not bad, there was nothing very strikingly disagreeable about his stature.

"But when he was undressed, and came in his night-gown and night-cap to go to bed, the appearance he made was as indescribable as the astonished countenances of everybody who beheld him. From the shape of his brocaded gown, and the make of his back, he looked behind as if he had no head, and before as if he had no neck and no legs. The Queen, in speaking of the whole ceremony the next morning alone with Lord Hervey, when she came to mention this part of it, said, '*Ah, mon Dieu! Quand je vois entrer ce monstre, pour coucher avec ma fille, j'ai pensé m'évanouir; je chancelois auparavant, mais ce coup là m'a assommé. Dites moi, my Lord Hervey, avez vous bien remarqué et considéré ce monstre dans ce moment? et n'aviez vous pas bien pitié de la pauvre Anne? Mon Dieu! c'est trop sotte en moi, mais j'en pleure encore.*' Lord Hervey turned the discourse as fast as he was able, for this was a circumstance he could not soften and would not exaggerate. He only said, 'Oh, madame, in half a year all persons are alike: the figure of the body one is married to, like the prospect of the place one lives at, grows so familiar to one's eyes, that one looks at it mechanically, without regarding either the beauties or deformities that may strike a stranger.' 'One may, and I believe one does,' replied the Queen, 'grow blind at last: but you must allow, my dear Lord Hervey, there is a great difference as long as one sees, in the manner of one's growing blind.'"

Gross as the custom alluded to in the above passage seems to us of the present day, it prevailed universally, among all classes of society, throughout France and England, during the early part of the eighteenth century. It was often carried much further, indeed, than it seems to have been in the case of the Princess Royal; for two years later, upon the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, my Lord Hervey says, that at nine o'clock in the evening the wedding took place, the royal family supped together afterwards, and after the Prince and Princess went to bed, the whole company was permitted to pass through their bed-chamber to see them. "The Gentleman's Magazine" of the year 1736 (April) gives a more minute account of the whole ceremonial. After supper, their Majesties retiring to the apartments of the Prince of Wales, the bride was conducted to her bed-chamber, and the bridegroom to his dressing-room,

where the Duke, his brother, undressed him, and his Majesty did his Royal Highness the honor to put on his shirt. The bride was undressed by the Princesses, and being in bed in a rich undress, his Majesty came into the room; and the Prince following soon after in a night-gown of silver stuff, and cap of the finest lace, the *quality* were admitted to see the bride and bridegroom sitting up in the bed, surrounded by all the royal family. The custom seems never to have extended into Spain, for the Duke de St. Simon, who in 1722 accompanied Mlle. d'Orleans to Spain, to be married to the Prince of the Asturias, takes great praise to himself for having overpersuaded the modesty and gravity of Spanish etiquette to submit, on that occasion, to the *French custom* of having the whole court introduced to see the young couple in bed. The practice has been now banished from the higher classes for three generations, but it is worthy of remark, to the curious in olden customs at least, that the same thing is done to this day among the population of the rural districts in France and England, and traces of it may be found among the retired farming communities in New England.

The open rupture between the King and Lady Suffolk occurred in the year 1734. The causes which produced it are familiar to the public, both from Horace Walpole's "Reminiscences," and from the Suffolk correspondence; but the consequences it produced upon the habits of George II., who, either from his fondness for variety, or his ambition for the reputation of gallantry, it was early surmised, would never be contented until he had become engaged in some new *affaire de cœur*, have never before been told us as fully as the "Memoirs" reveal them. It is almost impossible, clearly as the details are laid before us, to assign a reasonable motive for the desire that seems to have been universally entertained and expressed by all the members of the royal family—the Queen and the daughters—that his Majesty should not suffer Lady Suffolk's place to remain vacant. We are told that the "Queen was both glad and sorry" to have Lady Suffolk removed—"glad to have even this ghost of a rival" laid, and sorry to have so much more of her husband's time upon her hands; that the Princess Royal

wished "with all her heart that he would take somebody else, that mamma might be a little relieved from the ennui of seeing him forever in her room;" that the Princess Caroline hoped he would soon find a companion, for he had been "snapping and snubbing every mortal for a week;" and that the Princess Emily, though glad at Lady Suffolk's disgrace, because "she wished misfortune to most people," was so tired with his "airs of gallantry, the impossibility of being easy with him, his shocking behavior to the Queen, and his difficulty to be entertained," that she heartily desired he would soon adopt a new mistress. Whatever the motives of this laudable anxiety on the part of a loving wife and dutiful daughters may have been, they were not destined to remain long ungratified. With the approbation of the Queen, whose love of power was gratified by the *éclat* of the regency whenever he was absent, but against the earnest dissent of Sir Robert, the King resolved on visiting Hanover in the spring of 1735.

"But there was one trouble arose which her Majesty did not at all foresee, which was his becoming, soon after his arrival, so much attached to one Madame Walmoden, a young married woman of the first fashion at Hanover, that nobody in England talked of anything but the growing interest of this new favorite. By what I could perceive of the Queen, I think her pride was much more hurt upon this occasion than her affections, and that she was much more uneasy from thinking people imagined her interest declining than from apprehending it was so. It is certain, too, that from the very beginning of this new engagement, the King acquainted the Queen by letter of every step he took in it—of the growth of his passion, the progress of his applications, and their success—of every word as well as every action that passed—so minute a description of her person, that had the Queen been a painter she might have drawn her rival's picture at six hundred miles distance. He added, too, the account of his buying her, which, considering the rank of the purchaser, and the merits of the purchase as he set them forth, I think he had no reason to brag of, when the first price, according to his report, was only one thousand ducats.

"Notwithstanding all the Queen's philosophy, when she found the time for the King's return put off so late in the year, she grew extremely uneasy, and by the joy she showed when the orders for his yachts arrived, plainly manifested that she had felt more anxiety than

she had suffered to appear while they were deferred. Yet all this while the King, besides his ordinary letters by the post, never failed sending a courier once a week with a letter of sometimes *sixty pages*, and never less than *forty*, filled with an hourly account of everything he saw, heard, thought or did, and crammed with minute trifling circumstances, not only unworthy of a man to write, but even of a woman to read, most of which I saw, and almost all of them heard reported by Sir Robert, for few were not transmitted to him by the King's order, who used to tag paragraphs with, *Montrez ceci et consultez la-dessus le gros homme.*"

The King returned from Hanover in October, 1735. His absence had been a time of great relief to the Queen and his daughters, so that the extreme irritability he manifested to every member of his family, and especially to the Queen, as soon as he arrived and constantly afterwards, made life in the palace almost unendurable. Take a single example, among the numbers which Lord Hervey instances:

"In the absence of the King, the Queen had taken several very bad pictures out of the great drawing-room at Kensington, and put very good ones in their places; the King affecting, for the sake of contradiction, to dislike this change, told Lord Hervey, as Vice Chamberlain, that he would have every new picture taken away, and every old one replaced. Lord Hervey, who had a mind to make his court to the Queen by opposing this order, asked if his Majesty would not give leave for the two Vandykes, at least, on each side of the chimney, to remain, instead of those two sign-posts, done by nobody knew who, that had been removed to make way for them. To which the King answered: 'My Lord, I have a great respect for your taste in what you understand, but in pictures I beg leave to follow my own; I suppose you assisted the Queen with your fine advice when she was pulling my house to pieces and spoiling all my furniture; thank God, at least she has left the walls standing. As for the Vandykes, I do not care whether they are changed or not; but for the picture with the dirty frame over the door, and the three nasty little children, I will have them taken away, and the old ones restored; I will have it done to-morrow morning before I go to London, or else I know it will not be done at all.' 'Would your Majesty,' said Lord Hervey, 'have the gigantic fat Venus restored too?' 'Yes, my Lord; I am not so nice as your lordship. I like my fat Venus much better than anything you have given me instead of her.' Lord Hervey thought, though he did not say, that, if his Majesty had liked *his fat*

Venus as well as he used to do, there would have been none of these disputations.

"So again at breakfast the next morning, while they were speaking, the King came in, but by good luck, said nothing about the pictures. His Majesty staid about five minutes in the gallery, snubbed the Queen, who was drinking chocolate, for being always stuffing; the Princess Emily for not hearing him; the Princess Caroline for being grown fat; the Duke of Cumberland for standing awkwardly; Lord Hervey for not knowing what relation the Prince of Sultzbach was to the Elector Palatine; and then carried the Queen to walk and be snubbed in the garden."

This state of things became at last so insupportable that it seemed necessary, to save open discord in the palace, that some remedy should be provided. Sir Robert Walpole, whose good sense seems never to have deserted him in any extremity, told the Queen plainly where he thought the difficulty was. In his own language, the King had tasted better things abroad than he could find in England. He said the Queen must not expect, after thirty years' acquaintance, to have the same influence she had formerly had; that three and fifty and three and twenty no more resembled each other in their effects than in their looks; and that, if his advice were followed, the Queen would depend upon her head and not her person for her power over his Majesty. In fine, Sir Robert advised the sending for Lady Tankerville, a handsome, good natured and simple woman, to whom the King had heretofore shown a liking, and place her every evening in his Majesty's way.

It is certainly greatly to the credit of Queen Caroline, that, under the circumstances, she did not resent this advice. The moral aspect of the subject is one thing; but the political bearing of it, which Sir Robert alone had in view, and which indeed seemed the only course to be pursued to save open outrage from the palace-life, or the repeated and protracted absences of the King from England, was certainly another thing. The King's irritability of temper extended to every event and every subject that came before him. Sir Robert seems to have been the only person exempt from downright abuse. The Memoirs say:—

"Sir Robert Walpole was at present in such

high favor on things going so well abroad, that he had only now and then his skin a little razed by this edge when it was sharpest, whilst others were sliced and scarified all over. Sir Robert Walpole, too, the King said, (speaking on the present epidemical rural madness,) he could forgive going into the country; his mind wanted relaxation and his body exercise; and it was very reasonable that he should have a month in the year to look after his own private business, when all the rest of the year he was doing that of the public and his prince; but what the other puppies and fools had to do to be running out of town now, when they had had the whole summer to do their business in, he could not conceive.

"When the Duke of Newcastle, among the rest, asked his leave to go into the country, the King told him it was a pretty occupation for a man of quality and at his age, to be spending his time in tormenting a poor fox, that was generally a much better beast than any of those that pursued him; for the fox hurts no other animal for his subsistence, whilst those brutes who hurt him, did it only for the pleasure they took in hurting. The Duke of Grafton said he did it for his health. The King asked him why he could not as well walk or ride post for his health; and said, if there was any pleasure in the chase, he was sure the Duke of Grafton could know nothing of it; 'for,' added he, 'with your great corps of twenty stone weight, no horse, I am sure, can carry you within hearing, much less within sight of your hounds.'"

Although the captious and fretful disposition of the King did not abate, Sir Robert's advice in regard to Lady Tankerville seems not to have been adopted. Perhaps the Queen may have shrunk from it at the last; perhaps the minister did not deem it prudent to carry out measures which he had announced so publicly. In place of Lady Tankerville, however, the King attached himself temporarily to Lady Deloraine, a governess to the younger Princesses, who is said to have been a very beautiful, though a very weak woman. She was now in her thirty-fifth year, though Lord Hervey says she looked ten years younger. The *liaison* was, however, of short duration. As the autumn approached, the King began to give out hints of revisiting Hanover, much to the consternation of his family and the chagrin of his minister. No reasoning could dissuade him from his purpose, no entreaties change his design, so that, with what grace was possible, Sir Robert and the Queen assented to the journey. Once arrived in

Hanover, his Majesty's happiness did not last long without alloy.

"The fact was this: whilst the King was at Herenhausen, and Madame Walmoden at her lodgings in the palace at Hanover, one night the gardener found a ladder, which did not belong to the garden, set up against Madame W.'s window; and concluding it was a design to rob her, this poor innocent, careful servant made diligent search in the garden, and found a man lurking behind the espalin, whom he concluded to be the thief: accordingly, by the assistance of his fellow-servants, he seized and carried him to the captain of the guard then upon duty. When the prisoner was brought to the light, it proved to be one Monsieur Schulemberg, an officer in the Imperial service: he complaining to the captain of the guard of this violence, who thinking nothing but a design of robbery could be at the bottom of the affair, and that a man of that rank could certainly be no robber, ordered him to be released.

"This affair made a great noise immediately, and Madame Walmoden thinking it would be for her advantage to tell the story herself first to the King, ordered her coach at six o'clock in the morning, drove to Herenhausen, and went directly to the King's bedside, threw herself on her knees, drowned in tears, and begged of his Majesty either to protect her from being insulted, or give her leave to retire. She said she doted on him as her lover and her friend, and never when she gave him her heart considered him as a King; but that she found too late, that no woman could live with a King as with a man of inferior rank."

The King, surprised at the unexpected visit, upon learning what it meant, became exceedingly indignant—not towards Madame Walmoden, indeed, whom he seems never to have distrusted, but towards the captain of the guard, M. Schulemberg, and all others concerned in the affair. What strikes one as most odd in the whole matter, but to which one by degrees gets accustomed in reading of George Second's notions in regard to marital duties, is the account which he writes to the Queen of the whole affair, and the views he begs she will take of it. Speaking as if to a friend of his own sex, he asks her what she thinks of the business, adding, *that perhaps his passion for Madame Walmoden might make him see it in a partial light*, and desiring the Queen to "*consulter le gros homme*," (meaning Sir Robert,) "*qui a plus d'expérience, ma chère Caroline, que vous dans ces affaires, et moins de préjugé que moi dans celle-ci*."

Perhaps there is nothing in all written biography to compare with the revelations which George II. was accustomed to make to his wife of the most minute details of his amours. Horace Walpole says in his reminiscences, that it was understood in the palace that the King always made the Queen the confidante of his flirtations, which made Mrs. Selwyn, mother of George Selwyn, and herself beautiful and of much vivacity, once tell him, that he should be the last man with whom she would have an intrigue, as she knew he would tell the Queen. Lord Campbell speaks of the same thing in his life of Lord Chancellor King, and gives a note of the Chancellor in corroboration of these incredible confessions. "On this occasion, he let me into several secrets relating to the King and Queen—that the King constantly wrote to her long letters, being generally of all his actions, what he did every day, even to minute things, and particularly of his amours, what women he admired, &c., &c.; and that the Queen, to continue him in a disposition to do what she desired, returned as long letters, and approved even of his amours; not scrupling to say that she was but one woman, and an old woman, &c., &c., by which perfect subserviency to his will, she effected whatever she desired, without which it was impossible to keep him in bounds." Lord Campbell has indeed added a very natural doubt, whether the whole of this strange story was not a fiction of Walpole's over his wine to mystify the Chancellor; but the concurrent and still more detailed evidence of Lord Hervey unfortunately puts these scandalous transactions beyond all doubt. In addition to this, the latter says that the Queen received one letter in which the King desired her to contrive, if she could, that the Prince of Modena, who was to come the latter end of the year to England, might bring his wife with him; and the reason he gave for it was, that he heard her highness was pretty free of her person, and that he had the greatest inclination imaginable to pay his addresses to a daughter of the late Regent of France, the Duke of Orleans,—"*un plaisir que je suis sûr, ma chère Caroline, vous serez bien aise de me procurer, quand je vous dis combien je le souhaite*."

The King's continued stay in Hanover

became at last very offensive to the people. The courtiers were always dissatisfied with these absences, as it made the season dull and unpopular; and those in the interest of the Queen, because it was an indication of her declining power.

"The tradesmen were all uneasy, as they thought the King's absence prevented people coming to town, and particularly for the birthday; the citizens made this preference he seemed to give to his German dominions a pretence to show their disaffection, but were before so thoroughly disaffected that it made no great addition to what they felt, though it opened the sluices of their clamorous mouths. The ordinary and the godly people took the turn of pitying the poor Queen, and railing at his Majesty for using so good a wife, who had brought him so many fine children, so abominably ill. Some of them, (and those who, if he had heard all this, would have fretted him most,) used to talk of his age, and say, for a man of his time of day to be playing these youthful pranks, and fancying himself in love, was quite ridiculous as well as inexcusable. Others, in very coarse terms, would ask, if he must have a mistress, whether England could never furnish a one good enough to serve his turn, and if he thought Parliament had given him a civil-list greater than his predecessors only to defray the extraordinary travelling charges, or to enrich his German favorites."

Pasquinades at last became abundant upon the delicate subject, and squibs, practical jokes and satires kept the town full of amusement. One of them—an old, lean, lame and blind horse, with saddle and pillion—bore this inscription: "*The King of Hanover's equipage! Let nobody stop me! I am going to fetch his Majesty and his ——— to England!*"

At the Royal Exchange the following placard was posted:—"It is reported that his Hanoverian Majesty designs to visit his British Dominions for three months in the spring."

On St. James' gate this advertisement was posted:—"Lost or strayed out of this house, a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish: whoever will give any tidings of him to the church-wardens of St. James' Parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive four shillings and sixpence reward. N. B.—This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to be worthy of a crown."

Sir Robert Walpole found it at last all but impossible to transact the ordinary

business of the crown, without the presence of the King. To all solicitations for his return his Majesty turned a deaf ear, wondering at the importunity of *le gros homme*, as he always styled the minister, and begging that portions of his letters in reference to Madame Walmoden might be referred to him. Finding all ordinary means of reclaiming his Majesty to fail, Sir Robert at last fixed upon the design of inducing the Queen to invite her husband to bring his mistress to England, a proposition which, however shocking in its moral and social bearings, cannot fail to excite our admiration at its finesse and boldness. The Queen, staggered at first by the outrageous impudence of the proposal, at length consented to discharge her part of the business, and accordingly wrote to the King signifying her desires in the matter. She adds, that she has had the apartments of Lady Suffolk enlarged, refurnished and prepared for the proper reception of *his friend*. The King answers—and, as Mr. Croker says, it is impossible not to wonder at the modesty and even elegance of the expressions, and the indecency and profligacy of the sentiments they convey:—

"This letter wanted no marks of kindness but those that men express to women they love; had it been to a man, nothing could have been added to strengthen its tenderness, friendship and affection. He extolled the Queen's merit towards him in the strongest expression of his sense of all her goodness to him and the gratitude he felt towards her. He commended her understanding, her temper, and in short left nothing unsaid that could demonstrate the opinion he had of her head, and the value he set upon her heart. He told her, too, she knew him to be just in his nature, and how much he wished he could be everything she would have him. *Mais vous voyez mes passions, ma chère Caroline. Vous connaissez mes faiblesses —il n'y a rien de caché dans mon cœur pour vous —et plutôt à Dieu que vous pourriez me corriger avec la même facilité que vous m'approfondissez! Plût à Dieu que je pourrais vous imiter autant que je sais vous admirer, et que je pourrais apprendre de vous toutes les vertus que vous me faites voir sentir, et aimer.*" His Majesty then came to the point of Madame Walmoden's coming to England, and said that she had told him she relied on the Queen's goodness, and would give herself up to whatever their Majesties thought fit."

Madame Walmoden, however, did not

return with the King, nor did she appear in England until after the Queen's decease. Perhaps the most interesting, certainly the most minute and copious details in the two volumes of the Memoirs, refer to this event, completing, as it did, the history of Lord Hervey's court life. We have not space to make the extracts from this narrative which would do it justice. It is sufficient to say that the Queen died as she had lived, self-possessed, calm, and affectionate to those around her, but at the same time a practical skeptic in all religious faith, unforgiving towards her enemies, bitter in every feeling towards her oldest son, the Prince of Wales, and either blind to folly or weak to wickedness towards the faults of her husband. She refused to see the Prince during her whole sickness, and though frequently spoken to in regard to his desire to approach her, she constantly and unhesitatingly denied him the *entrée* of her chamber. Hence is seen very clearly the satire of Pope's last tribute to her memory:—

"Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts perform'd, and *all* her children blest."

We regard the publication of the Memoirs of Lord Hervey as a valuable, we might say with equal truth, as an *invaluable* accession to English history. The extracts we have given are scarcely a sample of the character and value of the work. Especially in the portraits of the prominent men of that day, of which the volumes are full, do we regard it of unquestioned authority and unsurpassed excellence. The actors in the drama of life a hundred years ago again walk upon the stage, mingle in its scenes, contend in its strifes, and rejoice in the applause of the crowd, like those of to-day. Onslow and Jekyll, the Duke of Argyle and Horace Walpole the elder, Bishop Butler and the Earl of Chesterfield, starting from behind the curtain of the past, are again before us in all the freshness and vigor of daily life, and, for the first time, we feel that we know them as they really were. Omitting much that we desire to know, or, to continue our figure, expur-

gating many passages of the play which could not fail to have interested us, much of which barbarous work has been done indeed by later managers—Vandals of history—into whose hands it had fallen, there is still not a little left, teaching us, as we remember how entirely the strifes, the labors, the jealousies, the ambitions, the greatness and the glory of that age have faded and gone, in language more emphatic than the preacher's—

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

The page of history has long since recorded the character of George the Second. Lord Hervey's Memoirs of his Court will not alter that record. "He was next to George the Third in the strength of his purposes and the rectitude of his public character," is the remark of his recent British eulogist. He may have been so,—*proximus sed longo intervallo*—but he was none the less a churl and a tyrant. Managed from his accession to the crown until his death by the address of his wife and the duplicity of his ministers, so that the public measures should not destroy the general weal of his subjects, and bound by the laws of a limited monarchy the danger of infracting which was ever before him in the expulsion of the ill-fated James, he was nevertheless in heart and soul no less a tyrant than Henry the Eighth—was as much the subject of his own excesses, the slave of his own vices; in his family a ruffian, in his cabinet a knave, in his bed-chamber a profligate, and in his very gallantry—his joy and boast—a boor. George II. in his private character stands second to no royal personage who has disgraced the crown of Great Britain. He had made the impress of his vices upon his heart long before his death, and that did not efface it. Peter Pindar would have said of him truly—

"A change in George's life you must not hope:
To try to wash an ass's face
Is really labor to mis place;
And really loss of time as well as soap."

N. S. D.

TWO LEAVES OF REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY.

TAKEN DOWN FROM CONVERSATIONS WITH GOVERNOR SHELBY.

No portion of the history of the revolutionary war is so rich in daring exploits of partisan warfare, or in bold personal adventure, as that of the Southern States. Prior to 1780 the British forces had overrun South Carolina, Georgia, and the eastern part of North Carolina. All the staunchest patriots were compelled to flee from their homes. Some of these refugees joined those enterprising and daring chieftains, Marion and Sumter, and carried on the war in the extreme South. Others fled for safety to the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia, and uniting their desperate fortunes to the native intrepidity of the hardy mountaineers, planned and executed continual exploits of aggressive warfare against the British and Tories who were east of the mountains.

The most important affair in all the partisan warfare of the Revolution, both as it regards the numbers engaged and its results, was the "Battle of King's Mountain." The officers and men engaged in this bold enterprise resided in the mountains of North Carolina and the southern part of Virginia, aided by several hundred refugees from South Carolina and the eastern part of North Carolina. They were not called into the field by the government or any board of war, nor by their admiration for any particular military commander. It was a spontaneous and masterly effort of the best energies of the patriots to strike a vigorous blow at a victorious enemy. Without commissaries, or staff officers, or efficient military organization; and destitute of provisions and military stores; and without the expectation of pay for their services,—they assembled in the mountains, each man carrying whatever provisions he could on horseback, to attack one of the most skilful and brave officers in the British service.

Of those who participated in this memorable achievement, no one took a more prominent or active part than Col. Isaac Shelby, who was then the county lieutenant commanding the militia in Sullivan county, North Carolina. Although others are entitled equally with himself to the credit of executing the plan which was adopted; yet was he the mainspring of the enterprise, and to him is justly due the merit of projecting the exploit which was so gloriously terminated.

After the close of the revolutionary war, Col. Shelby removed to Kentucky, where he was twice elected governor. It was whilst residing in that State, that the writer knew him in his boyish days; yet is the impress of the old soldier stamped fixedly on his memory. With a stalwart frame, perhaps an inch less than six feet in height, somewhat inclined to corpulency; his thick suit of iron gray hair shortly cropped; narrow but highly arched head, with prominent perceptive developments, evincing sound practical sense, close penetration, great watchfulness, and unflinching resolution; with closely compressed lips, strongly marked features, and a long heavy eyebrow overhanging a piercing blue eye; when aroused and excited he looked as terrible as the thundercloud of his native mountains. Yet was there ever about him in private life, amidst his friends, a kindly voice, and ready smile which radiated over his countenance, like the rays of the evening's sun beaming on that same cloud when relieved of its fury.

During the residence of Gov. Shelby in Kentucky, up to the time of his death, there existed an intimate friendship between him and the father of the writer, General Martin D. Hardin, late of Frankfort, Kentucky. And when Gov. Shelby was chief magistrate of Kentucky, he appointed M. D. Hardin his Secretary of

State. Among the papers which fell into the hands of the writer, as the executor and eldest son of Gen. Hardin, were several sheets of paper in two parcels, in the handwriting of M. D. Hardin, which are headed as follows:—

“Notes of the affair at King’s Mountain, taken from a conversation with Governor Shelby, 16th July, 1815.”

“Notes of conversations with Governor Shelby, 20th September, 1819.”

These papers contain an account of the battle at King’s Mountain, and of the battle at Musgrove’s Mill which preceded it. They have been carefully preserved for more than twenty years, and as they embody minute and interesting details not stated in any history, it seems to be a duty not to permit them to sleep longer in oblivion. Now that all who participated in these scenes have left the stage of action and live only in the memory of their glorious achievements, no offence can be taken at any statement contained in these notes.

It is the duty of a nation to preserve every authentic memorial of the honorable exploits of her sons. These leaves of history may be of service to some future historian. In re-writing these notes, the writer has confined himself to stating in narrative form the facts set forth in the notes, and has forbore from collating other facts connected with this subject mentioned in different histories, preferring to keep within the bounds of strict authenticity, to deviating in search of extrinsic information to garnish the narration.

Inclosed in “the notes,” was a letter from Gov. Shelby to M. D. Hardin on the subject of these conversations. No better evidence of Gov. Shelby’s honest truthfulness of purpose, and anxious desire to do strict justice to all, could be given, than is contained in this letter. A copy of it is therefore prefixed to the notes.

JOHN J. HARDIN.

Jacksonville, Ill., March 6, 1846.

GOVERNOR SHELBY TO M. D. HARDIN.

“DANVILLE, Oct. 11th, 1819.

“Dear Sir:—On my way home from Shelbyville I could not help thinking a little about the inquiries which you made of me concerning the action on King’s Mountain, and the events that led to it. And I was apprehensive you

took up the idea that Campbell was only a lieutenant-colonel at home previous to that affair. If you did so understand me, it was an error, for he was a full colonel of a regiment at home, though not the county lieutenant.

“Lest in some future conversation on that subject, you might happen to mention his rank erroneously as coming from me, I take this occasion to correct the error. He was equal in rank to the other colonels in camp, but it was his good sense; his strict discipline and warm devotion to the cause in which we were embarked, that induced myself and others to give him the command.

With sincere regard and affection,

Your friend,

ISAAC SHELBY.

General M. D. HARDIN.”

BATTLE OF MUSGROVE’S MILL.

In August, 1780, General John McDowell, of North Carolina, commanded about two thousand militia who were stationed at Smith’s ford, on Broad river, which was about fifteen miles below the Cherokee ford. Col. Isaac Shelby, of North Carolina, commanded a regiment under Gen. McDowell. The term of service for which the men had enlisted was just about expiring. It was ascertained that there were about seven hundred Tories camped at Musgrove’s Mill, on the Eronee river, a few miles distant from the camp of Major Ferguson. Col. Shelby conceived the plan of breaking up this camp and routing the tories. For this purpose, having obtained leave from Gen. McDowell, he raised about seven hundred volunteers from the army without regard to rank, very many field officers having volunteered. Col. Clarke, of North Carolina, was made second in command.

To effect their design it was necessary that the affair should be conducted with both secrecy and dispatch. Accordingly Shelby’s force left Gen. McDowell’s camp on the 18th of August, a short time before dark. They travelled on through the woods until dark, and then fell into the road and proceeded on all night, passing within three or four miles of Ferguson’s camp and going beyond it to the Tory camp at Musgrove’s Mill. This post was forty miles from McDowell’s camp.

Soon after daylight, when Shelby had arrived within half a mile of the camp, a citizen was taken prisoner, from whom he

learned that the night previous the Queen's American Regiment, commanded by Col. Ennes, from New York, had reached the post at the mill, and that the enemy were then from twelve to thirteen hundred strong. Just as this information was received the enemy's patrol fell in with the advanced corps of Shelby's force. The patrol was immediately fired on and driven in with the loss of several men. This gave the enemy the alarm. Although the Tory force was so much larger than had been expected, neither Shelby nor his men thought of anything but meeting them. Ground was selected for an engagement stretching at right angles across the road, about half a mile from the Eronee river. The army was formed, Shelby taking command of the right wing, and Col. Clarke of the left. Col. Williams of South Carolina was stationed in the road in the centre, though without a separate command.

Whilst the Tory force was forming, Shelby and his men were not idle. Immediately after taking their places in line and securing their horses, they commenced making breastworks of logs. In half an hour they had one breast high. So soon as this was completed, Shelby sent Capt. Inman with a company of mounted men in advance to make a false attack on the enemy. This feint was well executed. Inman and his men charged on the enemy, fired their pieces, and then, as directed, fled in apparent confusion. The enemy's centre on whom the false attack had been made, seeing the flight of this force, immediately pressed forward in pursuit, in considerable disorder, shouting, "Huzza for King George." On approaching the breastwork they were unexpectedly met with a deadly fire. The superiority of the enemy in numbers emboldened them to press forward their attack, notwithstanding the advantage which our troops possessed by the breastwork. After an hour's hard fighting the left wing of the enemy, composed of the Queen's regiment, drove our right wing under Shelby from their breastwork. Our left wing, which was opposed by the Tories, maintained its position. The battle was maintained some time longer, the right flank of the right wing gradually giving way, whilst the left flank retained its connection with the centre at the breastwork. At this juncture

Col. Clarke sent his reserve, consisting of forty men, to Shelby's aid. Shelby thereupon rallied his men, and ordered a charge, which was well seconded by officers and men, and the enemy were broken and fled in confusion. The rout now became complete along the whole line, and the enemy were pursued to the Eronee river, with great slaughter. Above two hundred of the enemy were killed, and two hundred prisoners were taken. On our side, Capt. Inman, who had conducted himself most gallantly, and thirty men were killed.

The broken forces of the enemy having crossed the Eronee, it became necessary to follow up the pursuit on horseback. Shelby called back his forces and mounted with the intention of pursuing the scattered Tories, and then turning against Fort Ninety-six. While consulting with Col. Clarke, a messenger arrived from Gen. McDowell, bringing a letter from Governor Caswell to McDowell, informing him of Gates's disastrous defeat at Camden on the 16th of August, and advising all officers commanding detachments to retreat, or they would be cut off.

Col. Shelby, perceiving the hazardous position in which he was placed by this unexpected calamity, with Cornwallis in front, and Ferguson on his flank, immediately ordered a retreat. Taking his prisoners with him, he travelled all that day and the ensuing night without rest, and continued their march the day succeeding until an hour by sun, when they halted and fed their horses. Although they had thus been marching and fighting incessantly for forty-eight hours, the indomitable energy of their commander permitted his troops no rest, when there was danger of losing all by delay. Halting therefore no longer than was required to feed their horses, the line of march was resumed. It was well it was so; for the news of the defeat of the Tories at Musgrove's Mill had reached Ferguson, who had dispatched a strong detachment to intercept Shelby and release his prisoners. By making a hard forced march this detachment reached the spot where Shelby and his men had fed their horses, within thirty minutes after they had left it. But not knowing precisely how long Shelby had been gone, and the detachment being entirely exhausted, the pursuit was relin-

quished, and Shelby reached the mountains in safety with his prisoners.

The time of service of the men having expired, and there being no opportunity of doing any immediate active duty by a partisan corps, when they reached the road which led to Col. Shelby's residence, he and the men from his neighborhood returned home, the prisoners being left in charge of Col. Clarke. After going some distance, Col. Clarke in like manner returned home, giving the prisoners in charge to Col. Williams, who conducted them to Hillsborough. At this place Col. Williams met with Gov. Rutledge, who finding him in charge of the prisoners, supposed he had commanded the expedition in which they were taken, and as a reward for the gallant achievement, gave him a Brigadier General's commission. Without detracting from the merits of Col. Williams, who was a gallant officer, is it not right to say that this is an example too frequent in military history, where the rewards of a bold achievement fall on the wrong shoulders?

Col. Shelby described the battle at Musgrove's Mill as the hardest and best fought action he ever was in. He attributed this to the great number of officers who were with him as volunteers. Considering the nature of the march, and the disparity of numbers, the action at Musgrove's Mill must be considered as one of the most brilliant affairs fought by any partisan corps during the Revolution.

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

In the early part of the year 1780, Col. Shelby was appointed Colonel of Sullivan county in North Carolina, with the authority of County Lieutenant. Col. Sevier held the same command in Washington county, N. C. These counties are situated west of the Alleghany mountains, and now constitute a part of Tennessee. Col. William Campbell at the same time commanded a regiment in Washington county, Virginia, but was not the County Lieutenant.

After the defeat of General Gates at Camden, on the 16th of August, 1780, the patriots were very much dispirited. Many who resided in the eastern portions

of North and South Carolina, sought safety and liberty in the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia, amidst the hardy patriotic mountaineers of those districts.

In September, 1780, Major Ferguson, who was one of the best and most enterprising of the British officers in America, had succeeded in raising a large body of Tories, who, with his own corps of regulars, constituted an effective force of eleven hundred and twenty-five men. With a view of cutting off Colonel Clarke, of North Carolina, who had recently made a demonstration against Augusta, which was then in the hands of the British, Ferguson had marched near the Blue Ridge and had taken post at Gilbertstown, which is situated but a few miles from the mountains. Whilst there he discharged a patriot, who had been taken prisoner, on his parole, and directed him to tell Col. Shelby, (who had become obnoxious to the British and Tories from the affair at Musgrove's Mill,) that if Shelby did not surrender, he (Ferguson) would come over the mountains, and put him to death and burn his whole county.

It required no further taunt to rouse the patriotic indignation of Col. Shelby. He determined to make an effort to raise a force, in connection with other officers, which should surprise and defeat Ferguson. With this object in view, he went to a horse-race near where Jonesborough has since been built, to see Sevier and others. Shelby and Sevier there resolved, that if Col. Campbell would join them, they would raise all the force they could, and attack Ferguson; and if this was not practicable, they would co-operate with any corps of the army of the United States with which they might meet. If they failed, and the country was overrun and subdued by the British, they would then take water and go down to the Spaniards in Louisiana.

Col. Campbell was notified of their determination, and a place of rendezvous appointed in the mountains, east of Jonesborough. At the time appointed, September 25th, Campbell joined them, and their united force numbered about one thousand mounted riflemen. They crossed the mountains on the 27th, in a ravine, and fell in, accidentally, with Col. Cleveland of North Carolina, who had under his command about four hundred men.

The force having been raised by officers of equal rank, and being without any higher officer entitled to command the whole corps, there was a general want of arrangement and organization. It was then determined that a board of officers should convene each night and decide on the plan of operations for the next day, and further, that one of the officers should see those orders executed as *officer of the day*, until they should otherwise conclude. Shelby proposed that Colonel Campbell should act as officer of the day. Campbell took him aside, and requested Shelby to withdraw his name and to consent to serve himself. Shelby replied, that he was himself the youngest colonel present from his State, that he had served during that year under several of the officers who were present, and who might take offence if he commanded; that Gen. McDowell, who was with them, was too slow an officer for his views of the enterprise in which they were engaged, and added that as he ranked Campbell, yet as Campbell was the only officer from Virginia, if he (Shelby) pressed his appointment, no one would object. Col. Campbell felt the force of this reasoning and consented to serve, and was appointed to the command as officer of the day.

The force of the detachment was still considered insufficient to attack Ferguson, as his strength was not known. It was agreed that an express be sent to invite General Morgan or General Davidson to take the command. Gen. McDowell tendered his services for this purpose, and started on his mission. Before proceeding far he fell in with Col. Williams of South Carolina, who was at the head of from two to three hundred refugees. Gen. McDowell advised them where the patriot force was encamped. They joined the army, and thus made a muster-roll of about sixteen hundred men.

The board of officers determined to march upon Ferguson. In the mean time, two or three of their men had deserted after their first rendezvous, and had gone to Ferguson and advised him of the intended attack. The army marched to Gilbertstown, and found that Ferguson had left it several days before, having taken the route towards Fort Ninety-Six.

Finding that Ferguson was retreating,

and learning what was his real strength, it was determined, on Thursday night, the 5th of October, to make a desperate effort to overtake him before he should reach any British post, or receive further reinforcements. Accordingly they selected all who had good horses, who numbered nine hundred and ten, and started the next morning in pursuit of Ferguson, as soon as they could see.

Ferguson, after marching a short distance towards Ninety-Six, had filed off to the left towards Lord Cornwallis. His pursuers never stopped until late in the afternoon, when they reached the Cowpens. They there halted, shot down some beeves, ate their suppers, and fed their horses. This done, the line of march was resumed, and continued through the whole night, amidst an excessively hard rain. In the morning Shelby ascertained that Campbell had taken a wrong road in the night, and had separated from him. Men were posted off in all directions, and Campbell's corps found and put in the right road. They then crossed Broad river, and continued the pursuit until 12 o'clock of the 7th of October. The rain continued to fall so heavily that Campbell, Sevier and Cleveland concluded to halt, and rode up to Shelby to inform him of their determination. Shelby replied, "By —, I will not stop until night, if I follow Ferguson into Cornwallis's lines." Without replying, the other colonels turned off to their respective commands and continued the march. They had proceeded but a mile when they learned that Ferguson was only seven miles from them, at King's Mountain.

Ferguson, finding he could not elude the rapid pursuit of the mounted mountaineers, had marched to King's Mountain, which he considered a strong post, and which he had reached the night previous. The mountain, or ridge, was a quarter of a mile long, and so confident was Ferguson in the strength of his position, that he declared, "the Almighty could not drive him from it."

When the patriots came near the mountain they halted, tied all their loose baggage to their saddles, fastened their horses and left them under the charge of a few men, and then prepared for an immediate attack. About 3 o'clock the patriot force

was led to the attack in four columns—Col. Campbell commanded the right centre column, Col. Shelby the left centre, Col. Sevier the right flank column and Col. Cleveland the left flank. As they came to the foot of the mountain the right centre and right flank columns deployed to the right, and the left centre and left flank columns to the left, and thus surrounding the mountain they marched up, commencing the action on all sides.

Ferguson did all that an officer could do under the circumstances. His men too fought bravely. But his position, which he thought impregnable against any force the patriots could raise, was really a disadvantage to him. The summit was bare, whilst the sides of the mountain were covered with trees. Ferguson's men were drawn up in close column on the summit, and thus presented fair marks for the mountaineers who approached them under cover of the trees. As either column would approach the summit, Ferguson would order a charge with fixed bayonet, which was always successful, for the riflemen retreated before the charging column slowly, still firing as they retired. When Ferguson's men returned to regain their position on the mountain, the patriots would again rally and pursue them. In one of these charges Shelby's column was considerably broken; he rode back and rallied his men, and when the enemy retired to the summit, he pressed on his men and reached the summit whilst Ferguson was directing a charge against Cleveland. Col. Sevier reached the summit about the same time with Shelby. They united and drove back the enemy to one end of the ridge. Cleveland's and Campbell's columns were still pressing forward and firing as they came up. The slaughter of the enemy was great, and it was evident that further resistance would be unavailing; still Ferguson's proud heart could not think of surrender. He swore "he never would yield to such a d—d banditti," and rushed out from his men sword in hand and cut away until he broke his sword and was shot down. His men, seeing their leader fall, immediately surrendered. The British loss in killed and prisoners was eleven hundred and five. Ferguson's morning report showed a force of eleven hundred and twenty-five. A more total defeat was

not practicable. Our loss was about forty killed. Amongst them we had to mourn the death of Col. Williams, a most gallant and efficient officer. The battle lasted one hour.

The victors encamped on the mountain that night, and the next morning took up their line of march for the mountains under a bright sun, the first they had seen for many days. They made the prisoners carry their own arms, as they could not have carried them in any other way. Amongst the prisoners Shelby found some officers who had fought under him a few weeks previously at Musgrove's Mill. They said they had been compelled to join Ferguson, and when they had been examined and their account found to be correct, they were well treated.

Owing to the number of wounded and the destitution of the army of all conveniences, they travelled slowly, and in one week had only marched about forty miles. When they reached Gilbertstown a week after the battle, they were informed by a paroled officer, that he had seen eleven patriots hung at Ninety-six a few days before, for being rebels. Similar cruel and unjustifiable acts had been committed before. In the opinion of the patriots it required retaliatory measures to put a stop to these atrocities. A copy of the law of North Carolina was obtained, which authorized two magistrates to summon a jury, and forthwith to try, and if found guilty, to execute persons who had violated its precepts. Under this law thirty-six men were tried and found guilty of breaking open houses, killing the men, turning the women and children out of doors and burning the houses. The trial was concluded late at night. The execution of the law was as summary as the trial. Three men were hung at a time, until nine were hung. Three more were tied ready to be swung off. Shelby interfered and proposed to stop it. The other officers agreed, and the three men, who supposed they had seen their last hour, were untied. One of them said to Shelby, "You have saved my life, and I will tell you a secret. Tarleton will be here in the morning. A woman has brought the news."

It was then two o'clock at night, but no time was to be lost; the camp was instantly aroused, everything packed up, the wounded sent into secret hiding places in

the mountains, and the line of march taken up.

The next day it rained incessantly, but the army continued its march without stopping, until they crossed the Catawba at 2 o'clock the succeeding night. The river was breast high when they crossed it. The weary troops bivouacked on its banks, and the next morning it had risen so much as to be past fording. This obstacle being such as to prevent all pursuit, they leisurely retired with their prisoners. As an evidence of the hardships undergone by these brave and hardy patriots, Col. Shelby says that he ate nothing from Saturday morning until after they encamped Sunday night at 2 o'clock A. M.

The information given Shelby by the condemned prisoner, turned out to have been substantially correct. Lord Cornwallis had detached Tarleton to pursue and attack the patriots and to rescue the prisoners. Soon after Tarleton was dispatched the former took an old Whig prisoner and examined him. He told the prisoner he could not learn who had defeated Ferguson. The old man told him. Cornwallis then inquired the force of the patriots. He told him it was 3000 riflemen. Cornwallis asked where they were gone. He replied, they were bearing down on him. Whether this was told under the belief that it was true, or if it was told as a *ruse de guerre*, it answered a very excellent purpose. Lords Cornwallis and Rawdon immediately consulted together, beat to arms, struck their tents, burnt some extra clothing, and retreated to the south side of Broad river in confusion. At the same time a messenger was sent to recall Tarleton, who was overtaken after he had proceeded eighteen miles, and who immediately returned to Cornwallis's camp.

At the time Shelby and his co-patriots raised their force, Cornwallis, supposing he would meet no further serious resistance in North or South Carolina, had projected the invasion of Virginia in three columns. He was to advance in the centre, a second detachment was to march on his right, and Ferguson was to command the left wing. The time for the invasion was fixed, officers were out through the country collecting the Tories, and a few days more would have made them very strong. The defeat of Ferguson prevented this invasion, and so intimidated the Tories that most of them

declined joining the British, generally preferring to make a profession of faith to King George rather than take up arms in his behalf.

At the time the nine hundred and ten men were selected to pursue Ferguson, they were informed that there were six hundred Tories embodied near them, and it was suggested that they should be attacked. Shelby opposed this, saying that if they turned after any other object they would lose Ferguson.

After the battle at King's Mountain, this force, like all other partisan bodies called out for a particular emergency, was difficult to be kept embodied. The men one after another returned home, so that when they reached the Catawba there were not more men than prisoners.

It is impossible for those who have not lived in its midst to conceive of the exasperation which prevails in a civil war. The execution, therefore, of the nine Tories at Gilbertstown, will by many persons be considered an act of retaliation unnecessarily cruel. It was believed by those who were on the ground to be both necessary and proper, for the purpose of putting a stop to the execution of the patriots in the Carolinas by the Tories and British. The event proved the justice of the expectation of the patriots. The execution of the Tories did stop the execution of the Whigs. And it may be remarked of this cruel and lamentable mode of retaliation, that whatever excuses and pretences the Tories may have had for their atrocities, the British officers, who often ordered the executions of Whigs, had none. Their training to arms and military education should have prevented them from violating the rules of civilized warfare in so essential a point.

Those patriots who desired to continue in service after the battle at King's Mountain, especially the refugees, wished to be formed into a corps and to be under the command of Gen. Morgan. To effect this Col. Shelby went to head-quarters and saw Morgan, who said they were just the men he wanted. Gen. Gates consented, and the Board of War of North Carolina ordered out these militia, who marched up and joined Morgan; most of them were with him the next campaign, and proved the stuff they were made of at the nobly-won battle of the Cowpens.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.*

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.†

NUMBER ONE.

THOUGH much may be invidiously said, by those who are disposed to look only at the dark side of human affairs, in relation to the failures of man in his efforts at moral and political improvement, the present must at least be admitted to be a period of *movement*, if not of *progress*; and cer-

tainly, as far as the spirit of adventure and speculation, and the development of the industrial arts, are concerned, exhibits a stirring and *go-ahead* character, that may well delight and fully satisfy even the utilitarian; who, with such happy self-complacency, considers every addition

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The Editor submits this article to his readers, with the caution, *first*, that as it is held a part of wisdom not to strike until we are struck, he enters personally into no controversy, nor throws out any challenge to the periodical press. And *second*, that having observed, in certain *monthly* periodicals, both in this country and in England, attacks upon the personal characters of respectable public men, of the grossest and falsest character, calculated to gratify the spleen of literary, political, or religious zealots, it seems to him a defect in the above article, that it rather invidiously confines its satire to newspapers, when the same observations apply, though in a more general acceptance, to monthly reviews. It is to be taken, of course, as a general satire; “let the galled jade wince,” &c. Great powers are subject to great vices; we may estimate the importance of a profession by the importance of its abuses. It is a consolation, too, to reflect, that the rogues, cowards, and slanderers in a profession, serve in their degree to distinguish and elevate its respectable members.

† The writer of the inclosed essay, in offering it to the Editor, takes the liberty of accompanying it with the remark, that national satires, however severe they may be, are always tolerated, and even taken in good part by the people—who feel too much above the reach of the individual censor, and too secure in their impassibility and intrinsic power and dignity, to wince from the scourge, however hardly it may be laid on; though they may condescend occasionally to take hints, or learn a lesson from the fault-finding traveller and the unsparing satirist. This was sufficiently evinced in the toleration, and even good humor with which the Athenians, otherwise so jealous of their dignity, and vain of their accomplishments and achievements, received the *acted ridicule*, and species of surgical satire, (as it may well be termed,) with which Aristophanes attacked and cut so deeply into their corruptions, and the defective parts of their political institutions and moral character; though these scourges came from the hand of an avowed and scornful aristocrat, who belonged to one of the noblest and most illustrious families of the State. It is

well known that the “Love Alamo” of Macklin, in which such brilliant and scathing satires on the Scottish character occur—satires which are edged with such exquisite ridicule in the part of Sir Pertinax McSycophant—is quite as often represented in Scotland as in England; and has always been as well received by an Edinburgh, as by a London audience. We have ourselves seen “the Merchant of Venice” nearly as numerous attended by Jews, as by other auditors; and even John Bull, irritable and morose as he is, is ever quite as ready to laugh as others at the satires upon his foibles, and caricatures of his peculiarities, poured forth from his own and the continental press, and that daily garnish the shop-windows of his capital. The ridicule of political editors, in the essay, has, as will be seen, no personal direction in any instance, but is altogether general, and, as must be perceived, is merely intended to amuse, and will doubtless be so received by the public, should you give to it a place in your pages. The periodicals of this country, the writer may be permitted to observe, are far less often enlivened by pieces of a light and amusing character, as this is intended to be, than those of England, and the continent of Europe; though they frequently excel the latter in the more didactic and serious discussions in which they chiefly deal. The remark of Mons. de Tocqueville, that opinion is less free in this country than in England or Europe, has been vehemently and indignantly denied on our part, and been treated as the erroneous dictum of a foreigner, who has been too short a time among us to give or form a correct opinion on this subject. We therefore do not suppose that a piece of satire of this character, directed in a playful, rather than a serious vein, against a class, and not against individuals, will be deemed unsuited to the pages of the American Whig Review,—a work, whose course thus far has been characterized by uniform independence, and a bold and fearless censure of wrong-doers in high places, however eminent their position, or however specious and imposing their character or repute.

ATHENION.

made to the physical comforts or conveniences of life, as affording a new proof of the correctness and wisdom of his views, and of the truth and beauty of the "greatest happiness principle." But in whatever light the subject may be regarded, it is a point of some interest to inquire, what share our own beloved country may claim in the inventions and advances by which the age has been so signally benefited, and brilliantly illustrated. Leaving out of view the numerous mechanical inventions and improvements, by which the genius of our countrymen has been so much signalized, and the country itself so greatly advantaged, as matters too notorious to need mention or illustration here, we shall rather refer to those lofty, enlightened, and philanthropic principles, which have been developed and established by the councils and labors of our revolutionary patriots and sages, and been rendered sacred by the sacrifices they made in vindicating them. Among these, the complete freedom of speech and the press, and the liberation of the human mind, thus far, from the shackles and unnecessary restraints to which it is everywhere else more or less subjected, may be instanced, as not the least signal and glorious of the numerous other triumphs of the same kind, that have contributed to shed lustre over our country, and renown its name. It is, to be sure, greatly to be regretted, that these noble privileges are not always used, as it was hoped and fondly expected that they would be, to diffuse information among the people, and advance the cause of liberty and truth; but on the contrary, are often so sadly abused to the opposite purposes of disseminating error, varnishing over falsehood, and supplying new weapons to the ferocity of party warfare and proscription, as to afford some color of reason to those who maintain, that the evils flowing from their unrestricted exercise serve but to show, that the supposed acquisition of a right sometimes proves to be only the removal of a wholesome and necessary restraint upon the passions and unruly propensities of man's fallen and corrupt nature. It is yet pleasing to reflect, that after all the discounts, which, as usual, must be made from the advantages attending this glorious and happy disenthralment of the national mind, the

latter so far preponderate over the former, as to leave us just cause to be proud of the spectacle exhibited by our country, of a whole people daily and freely interchanging their sentiments with each other, both in private and public, with no other evil consequences, beyond those which we have already referred to, than an occasional street-fight, lynching scrape,* or legislative fracas; which, where they happen to assume a serious character, or are attended by a sprinkling, however slight and local, of that "red rain" with which these mere passing clouds of an otherwise peaceful sky, are always more or less charged, never fail to revolt, and produce nearly as strong a shudder of the public feeling and sensibility, as those phenomena erroneously termed *blood showers* once did in superstitious minds, and in remote and ignorant times. In other words, these outrages and irregularities—the results chiefly of a bad police—are always regarded by the better informed and more orderly portion of the community, in the same light as they would be in other countries, where such occurrences never take place; though foreigners, and British tourists in particular, are in the habit of referring to these merely casual outbreaks of personal violence among us, as proofs of our republican rudeness and barbarity,

* Among the last reports of the cases adjudged and decided by this respectable and popular tribunal, we notice the following, which we quote as a specimen of its mode of *doing business*; which, it will be seen, at least affords no room for the usual complaint of the law's delay—though the practice of taking the evidence after the condemnation and punishment of the accused, is often and unavoidably attended with such *mistakes of the apothecary*, as those detailed in the following record of the proceedings of one of these *lots de justice*, lately held in a Western State:

"*Lynching*.—An amount of money having been stolen from on board a wharf boat at Vicksburg, a man named Robinson was suspected of the robbery, and was taken possession of and the lash applied to extort confession. The torture induced him to implicate another man named M'Quade, who was also lynched to such an extent as to endanger his life, but persisted in declaring his innocence. A legal investigation showed that *neither was guilty*; and prosecutions were entered against the perpetrators of the outrage. Much excitement existed, and it is to be hoped that the feeling of the people of that place is such as to prevent in future such outrageous acts."

and of the "savagizing effects of free institutions."

As respects the rows and rencontres that sometimes take place in Congress, and our other deliberative assemblies, we do not ourselves recollect but a single case of a really serious character, or in which an actual homicide was committed on the floor of a legislative hall; and this, it is proper to note, occurred in a far western territory, where the perpetrator of the deed, though not exactly brought to justice for it, was yet made to feel a full measure of punishment, in the general reprehension of his conduct by the press, and the *unpopularity* into which he immediately fell with his constituents, and in the community in which he lived. We have italicized a word in the foregoing sentence, and must here digress for a moment, in order to have an opportunity of explaining, for the benefit of foreigners, that the phrase has a force and meaning in this country, not easily comprehended by those unacquainted with the character and workings of a popular government. For where the will of the people forms the supreme authority and moving power of the whole political system, their opinion, whether expressed negatively by their neglect, or positively by their favor, soon comes to be considered as a fixed and infallible test* of the merits and pretensions of individuals; this standard being supposed to afford a means by which their moral claims and character

* A still more compendious mode, however, of ascertaining the qualifications of candidates, and their fitness for office, is that more recently invented, of simply filing a set of interrogatories, before each election, in the office of the nearest newspaper, causing them to be published, and duly served on the different parties to whom they are addressed, and notifying them that they must be at once and categorically answered. The answers of those thus put to the question, or who have the question put to them, will always be found, like an arithmetical proof, to give the sum or exact amount of the candidate's merits and pretensions, which are more conveniently brought out in this way than in any other that has yet been devised. If he is found to answer, that is, responds in a manner satisfactory to his sagacious examiners, it is at once decided that he will answer equally well when in office, though this seldom turns out to be the case; there being no reason indeed, why it should, as there is no visible connection between cause and effect, where the rule appears to be confirmed, though it is sufficiently obvious, where it fails or proves to be fallacious.

were the people there as often brought may be both more easily and accurately ascertained, than by the old-fashioned and mechanical mode of judging them by their conduct and actions—which, however worthy and blameless they may be, are deemed scarce deserving of a moment's notice or regard, where they have become in any way unpopular with their neighbors or the people at large. This ban they may chance to incur, either by a demeanor not liked or approved of by the multitude, by expressing opinions different from those of the party to which they may have attached themselves, and *kicking out of the traces*, as it is technically termed, or for "any other reason why." This state of things necessarily creates a struggle of motives in the breasts of those aspirants who, while they desire to secure the voice and applause of the people, are not altogether deaf to that of honor and conscience. Hence, between the equipollent motives of ambition and duty, such novices often find themselves placed in a dilemma dangerous to human weakness, or sadly trying to virtue and principle. For they plainly perceive, that however just and righteous the decrees of the majority may be, the good and the wise seldom see much to approve or admire in them, and are therefore most generally in a minority; while religion tells them that though the many are called, the few only are chosen, in that awful *election* by which the fate of the soul or its eternal "bliss or bale," is finally and irrevocably decided. Thus between the condemnation pronounced upon the *majority* from a high quarter, and the favor promised to the *minority* from the same source, the luckless candidate, if at all scrupulous, is often sadly perplexed and *flabbergasted*; while if he hesitates, he is lost, as far at least as the political race is concerned, in which those only are successful, who start early, strain forward unceasingly, and thus risk the chance of the Devil's taking the foremost, which, in such contests, is always the most reasonable, and indeed, almost a certain calculation.

To go on, however, with our subject, the *rowdyism* charged upon us by foreigners, and which no doubt prevails to a considerable degree in some of our newer States, would, we have little question, occur to the same extent in other countries,

together in elections, and on other public occasions, as they are under our government. The *judicial combats*,* and other conflicts of various kinds, which sometimes come off in our courts of justice, or within their immediate precincts, and which have been so often and so satirically referred to by foreign journalists and censorious travellers, in their attempts to defame and disparage our national character, are after all, however little creditable they may be to our morals and manners, not a whit more disgraceful and unworthy of a civilized people than the deliberate and bloody duel, still so much in vogue in the old world, or the scientific pugilism, so

* "*A Fracas between Justices.*—Yesterday morning, about 10 o'clock, the Assistant Justices' Court, located on the corner of Third street and Bowery, was the scene of a funny fracas occasioned by the collision of Alderman Crolius and Justice Haskins. The latter was one of the Justices said to be holding over, having been superseded by the election of Mr. Wm. H. Van Cott. It appears from facts in the case, that Alderman Crolius, being chairman of the committee of public offices, proceeded to the above court, for the purpose of placing Mr. Van Cott on the bench. On entering the court, Justice Haskins was on the bench, and, of course, in possession; on the request being made by the Alderman, Justice Haskins ordered him to leave the room; this the Alderman declined doing, when the Justice left his seat to eject the Alderman, by taking hold of his collar. Both clinched, and a kind of rough and tumble scramble took place between them, in the midst of which the Alderman's ear came in contact with the edge of a door post, and as the latter was much the sharpest the Alderman's ear suffered somewhat from the collision. Constable Austin, after some little difficulty, separated the pugnacious magistrates, when who should make his appearance in court but Justice Van Cott, and took his seat on the bench by virtue of his election. Justice Haskins disputed his right, seized him by the collar, and after a violent struggle, succeeded in removing him from the bench."—*Charleston Courier*, July 2d, 1848.

[This affair happened in New York.]

We had extracted, but have carelessly mislaid, another *récit*, taken from a paper of the same date as the above, of an encounter between a Judge Griffin, of Illinois, who was practising between terms, (a *practice* common in the West,) and a member of the Bar in that State, in which the judge was shot through the abdomen or thorax, we forget which, but it was hoped not mortally, as he was alive at the last accounts. Whether a suit will follow, or an action be brought by the judge when he recovers; or whether he will *recover*, if he does; or will *follow suit*, by shooting his antagonist in return, remains to be seen, though the latter is the course which he will most probably pursue.

fashionable in England, as to form there a usual, and as it is alleged, necessary accomplishment of a well educated gentleman!

With respect to the excesses of the press, it unfortunately happens, that as "to the pure, everything is pure," the reverse of the maxim holds equally true. Hence, in the hands of corrupt and fallen man, even the best gifts of Heaven are much oftener abused and perverted, and are more apt to be used for evil purposes, than those to which they ought, and were designed to be applied. Thus the inestimable privilege of free discussion, which seems to be so especially entitled to the character of a blessing and boon from Providence, by being calculated to elicit and vindicate truth, and being accompanied by no condition but that of employing it for the beneficent ends it was intended to promote, (as any other restraint upon its exercise operates, like a flaw in a gem, to destroy its value,) has yet been converted into a teeming source of private discord and civil dissension, and much oftener serves to "darken council," than to enlighten and improve the people, whom it has been the means of dividing into bigoted and hostile parties—each professing themselves the friends of equal rights, yet each equally aiming at a monopoly of power, and seeking to establish a union, permanent and indivisible, between its particular *political church* and the *state*, and to impose its creed on those of the opposite faith, as well as to exclude them from all the honors and offices of the government. For while the liberty of the press, as we have already observed, will bear no other restraints than those which discretion and prudence should impose on its managers, these gentry appear to regard this precious and intangible freedom, in the light of a privilege rather than of a law—an error committed in relation to many equally important franchises, which the ignorant multitude claim, and are taught to consider among the natural and inalienable rights of man.* Nature, however, so far from creating any rights of this kind, restricts their enjoyment, even as the offspring of law and positive institution, to those only who properly appreciate and know how to use them; or

* See Note at the end.

to the wise, the virtuous and the free, by whom alone they can be maintained and preserved, and rightfully exercised. They are hence no more transmissible than happiness, merit, or prosperity, or any of the other more coveted advantages of life, which no one brings with them into the world, and which, therefore, cannot be made the subjects of inalienable inheritance. For though they may be bequeathed, they cannot be inherited or enjoyed, but by the worthy and the wise, or preserved, but by the prowess, the patriotic, and the brave. The gentlemen of the press, in particular, seem to forget, that liberty is not freedom, nor freedom liberty, in the latitudinous sense usually attached to these terms; which, on the contrary, are rigorously limited in their signification, and rather imply restraint and submission, or the existence of that high and happy civil condition, in which law prevails over license, order over anarchy, and justice over violence and oppression. The increasing license, scurrility, and insolence indulged in by the conductors of the daily press, the result no doubt of the enjoyment by all classes of the "largest liberty," is indeed now fast rendering that once boasted engine of freedom and improvement, much more of a nuisance and pest, than a benefit to the community; or much less of a terror to evil-doers, than to the better part of society, who have most to fear from the missiles and firebrands which its conductors hurl about in the community, with so little consideration, and so little regard to decency and propriety. The penalties of a libel suit, and the still more direct terrors of the avenging pistol and bowie-knife,* are now in fact the only practical checks upon the excesses and in-

* In the absence of the decorum and forbearance by which those who assume the perilous office of managing the safety-valves of these high pressure political engines, should be governed, the example set by Lieut. Pollock of the Navy, who not long since shot an editor, (though, as it turned out, not mortally,) is calculated to have a salutary effect, and if generally followed, would soon work a cure of the evils on which we have been commenting; and the license of the press be corrected in the only way in which it can be, that is, *through* its conductors, or by the "wild justice of revenge."

[The author of this article, it will be perceived is a "Southerner."—Ed.]

trusive spirit of these daring and reckless triflers with the public peace, who have got such exclusive possession of this patent instrument of oppression and torture, by which the mind may be put to the rack, quite as effectually as ever the body was by the more material appliances used in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and upon far slighter pretexts than those which served to bring their victims before the judges of that dread tribunal. Thus, if we may drop one metaphor, in order to employ another—as a warrior in battle sometimes changes his weapons, to make a more effective onslaught upon the enemy—that once bright and fruit-bearing offshoot of the Tree of Liberty, which, it was so fondly anticipated, would, like the root-tipt branch of the famed Indian fig, strike into the soil, and become in turn a support to the noble trunk from which it sprung, has proved a mere parasite growth, and noxious plant, entwining its parent stem with deadly embrace, and affecting it with the corruption, rottenness, and decay, against which it was designed and expected to guard and preserve it. The chief authors of this result, the fraternity of newspaper editors, who, with that posse of *irresponsibles*, their correspondents and contributors, now form a species of *press-gang*, scarcely less lawless and formidable than the desperate band of that name, whose operations, as a part of the recruiting service of Great Britain, so much disgrace that country, have, in a word, by their increasing influence and audacity, become little less than a New Power in the State, the *pen-feathers* of whose soaring pretensions and growing tyranny it is surely high time to pluck and reduce, so as to compel them to *walk*, or conduct themselves like other people for the future, or a little more decorously than they at present do, towards their fellow citizens, and the patient and long-suffering public. Otherwise, the mock oracular style in which they deliver their dictums and decisions on all subjects; the swelling importance with which they "*strut and fret* their hour on the stage," (for they are always in a passion at something, or with somebody or other,) and habitual *enragé* demeanor, which occasions them to bear a not remote resemblance, if we may use a humble but not unapt

similitude, to so many sitting hens, just off their nests, with their plumes and tempers always equally ruffled and discomposed; picking at, and quarrelling with every one around them, and forming a perfect embodiment of ill-humor, fussy consequence, and mischievous pugnacity; is only ridiculous to the lookers on, and those who are not in immediate collision with them in the political arena. But to be a little more serious, Mr. Editor, it is surely greatly to be regretted, or as scholars phrase it, *valde deflendus*, that these otherwise useful and well informed members of the community, should exhibit so little judgment and discretion, as they notoriously do, in the conduct of the vehicles which they drive with such Jehu-like and reckless fury through all the highways and byways of the land, and over all who either attempt to check their course, or are not quick enough in getting off the track when the Editorial Automadon* is careering along it, and pressing forward, lash in hand, to keep ahead in the political race, and arrive in triumph with his candidate to the dust-enveloped starting pole (poll;) a triumph which he always considers as insuring *the success of free principles*, at least for the time being, and as more immediately brought about by his exertions, than by the mere mechanical voting of the majority.

Among the many pernicious practices, however, in which the corps habitually indulge, there is none more mischievous or deserving of reprehension, than their insolent and unprincipled violations of the privacy of domestic life, and iconoclastic attacks on the Lares of the social hearth, that form together a mingled system of espionage and private war, which is the more to be condemned and deprecated, as it is in general unattended by, or barren of any useful and compensating results. For like the divers after sunken treasures, the *profound researches* of the *Free Breth-*

ren, in these directions, more usually end in their bringing up mere trash and trifles, than in their finding anything of value, or any of the important objects of which they profess and affect to be in search. In this species of sub-marine and wholly profitless pursuit, they exhibit both an "alacrity in sinking," and a quickness in returning to the surface, their proper place and appropriate arena, truly wonderful, considering the antipodal, or apparently contradictory character of these qualities. They are, nevertheless, naturally enough combined in those who, in addition to a heaviness of head, that renders them no less expert divers than were the heroes of the Dunciad, of whom they form the most successful modern rivals and imitators, are afflicted with a professional shortness of breath,* that necessarily prevents them from remaining long under water, or penetrating any deeper into the sea of politics in which they are so fond of dabbling, than the day to which their mill-horse labors are confined, does into the bosom of the ocean. It is, at any rate, under a manifestly strained construction of the laws of freedom, that these inquisitorial gentry have been led to regard a Daily Print as partaking of the character, and arming them with the power of a general warrant, that authorizes them to enter the domicils, overhaul the domestic transactions, publish the private correspondence, and *show up* the names and concerns of those who either become candidates for public office, oppose them in politics, or dare to differ from them in opinion. It may be urged however, in extenuation of these practices of the fraternity, that with the exception of an occasional street-fight, broken head, or homicide, they are seldom attended with any worse consequences than an indignant discontinuance of the offending paper, by the injured and outraged party, or the paying, sometimes, of *black mail* by those who either fear

* We use this classic allusion, rather by way of a flourish, than as one naturally suggested by the subject, as the vehicles alluded to are much more calculated to present the images of so many scavenger's carts, loaded with garbage and trash, than the skilfully guided and picturesque *aurigas* of ancient Greece, straining and glowing towards the goal, in the Olympic race of emulation and renown.

* This chronic affection, so peculiar to the tribe, may possibly owe its origin to, and we have no doubt, took its rise from their constant and strained efforts to aggravate their small voices, and make them pass for those of the multitude; which more often results in exemplifying the fable of the Ass in the Lion's Skin, whose bray at once betrayed his real character, than in a successful imitation.

exposure, or whose sensibility, like the animal flower* that blooms beneath the deep, shrinks from the garish light of day, and the rude and profane handling of vulgar curiosity. Yet those who are in the habit of levying this kind of secret tax from the scared communities in which they live, are in general, it is understood, sufficiently forbearing and liberal in their terms, and in most instances allow the trussed victims, when fully in their power, to buy themselves off for far less sums than might be extorted from them, were the screw of the Press, or the *screw press*, applied as stringently as it might be to the oozing purses and writhing sensibilities of those unfortunates whom they thus bleed, as the vampire does his prey, by silent assault and secret depletion and exhaustion.† The least effort to check or restrain the licentiousness in which they so insolently indulge, at once brings them together with electric effect, and they forthwith unite, shoulder to shoulder, and with one voice, to resist and denounce the attempt, as an interference with the *liberty of the Press*, by which they mean, as we have already shown, the liberty which they themselves take with the characters and concerns of all the rest of the community.

Among the privileges, as we have already said, which they seem to consider themselves as above all others entitled to exercise without question, and by the right of usage and prescription, is that of assailing and denouncing whomsoever they find, or may happen to consider as standing in the way, either of their favorite candidates, or the *onward march of free principles*, and dragging them, without notice served, before the tribunal of the Public; a tribunal for which they contrive to carve out quite as much business as it can well attend to, and which they have succeeded in rendering scarcely less truculent and terrible, than was that of the Inquisition of Spain, in the darkest days of its persecution and

power. Hence, when on a late occasion a distinguished member of the guild was expelled from the chamber of the Senate of the United States, for insulting and reviling the members of that body, at the moment when he was enjoying a privilege extended to him by their courtesy and kindness, he was greatly astonished at this daring and unprecedented proceeding, and loudly complained of and denounced it as an "unparalleled outrage," and a high-handed and temerarious attack upon the *Freedom of the Press*!*. Another of these worthies, who, by some underhand or corrupt means, had got possession of and published the late Treaty with Mexico, before the injunction of secrecy, during which it was being matured, had been removed, thus notices the efforts made by that body to trace out the source, or discover the perpetrator of this treachery:—

"*The United States Senate and the Liberty of the Press.*—The United States Senate has solemnly completed its disgrace. It has meanly and sneakingly skulked out of its contest with the humble but independent correspondent of a free press, of the free city of New York, belonging to this free and independent republic. Mr. Nugent, the correspondent of this journal, has been discharged by the Senate, after an illegal and high-handed incarceration of three or four weeks, against all law, all constitution, all right, all liberty, and all honor! The conduct of this body deserves severe and determined examination. We shall give the full value of their services to posterity. In this examination, we profess to have the humanity not to descend to criticise the conduct of the meaner and more contemptible members of that body, such as Hannegan, Hale, Turney, Moore, and others of their calibre and standing! * * * The gross *hypocrisy* and *infamy* of the conduct of the Senate, shall not be permitted to pass into the history of the past, without a full and critical examination, calculated to have a good

* The sea-anemone.

† We must in justice and candor admit, that we have never heard this practice attributed to but one of the fraternity, who may also be innocent of the charge, though there is no knowing how many may have been guilty of it, as such doings are not proclaimed from the house-top, but are always secretly and silently managed.

* This demi-official appears to have felt himself no less outraged on the above occasion, than was a certain equally important country justice, who being somewhat roughly handled by an ugly customer whom he had attempted to arrest, bade him, with aroused indignation, "recollect that he was an officer, clothed with magisterial powers; that when he shook him, he shook the laws, and all the authorities whom he represented; an announcement that struck such terror into the soul of the astonished delinquent, that he at once submitted, and without giving any further trouble, allowed himself to be straightway conducted to prison.

and salutary effect on all the future conduct of that responsible branch of the government."*

Where are there, we may ask, any greater enemies of the Press, than these insolent and scurrilous vulgarians, who are forever abusing its privileges, and who respect nothing, not even the highest authorities, nor the most elevated characters of the country? The conduct of both of these men, who, by the courtesy of the Senate, were allowed to have their reporters in its chamber, serves fully to verify the remark which one of them himself makes in the following paragraph, which goes still further to show, how sometimes, even without the help of that "miraculous organ" conscience, the guilty are condemned out of their own mouth, and by their voluntary acknowledgment:—

"When kindness and favor are shown to the vile, the only use they will make of it will always be to turn around and abuse you. This holds good in every day life, and at all times."†

One happy consequence, nevertheless, of the inquisitorial and searching operations thus carried on by these "Brothers of the Holy Office"—whose domiciliary visits are the dread and terror of every community—has been, to do away with and utterly abolish that antiquated remnant of aristocracy and feudal barbarism, *the Castle*; for before the age of illumination, and the glorious era of free discussion, every man's house was viewed and superstitiously respected as a fortress and sacred retreat of this kind. It was, to be sure, partly by a fiction of law that every three-story house, and every log cabin of the forest, was invested with this lofty and imposing character; a fiction which we owe to the same mint of fancy from which we derive the romantic and interesting story of John Doe and Richard Roe—those two pugnacious, quibbling, advantage-taking, tautologous, and long-winded champions, who are always so ready to engage in the quarrels of others, and who have been employed for at least these two centuries past, in indicting, convicting, ejecting and imprisoning innocent and inoffensive folks with whom they had

no personal difference or real controversy whatever. The above mode of attacking the opinions of other, that is, by personal abuse and defamation, has unluckily been found so much more convenient and effectual than the old-fashioned method of argument and persuasion, and affords an assailant so many fair opportunities of putting in those *home* thrusts which operate upon the feelings as well as the convictions of an antagonist, that it has been naturally adopted by the whole corps of editors and newspaper writers throughout the land, and has been attended in practice with an extraordinary degree of éclat and decided success. The aim in this revived species of strategy (for it is by no means new) being to convict, rather than convince, the obstinate recusant and troublesome customer, who proves too "cunning of fence" to be put down by the weapons of logic; it becomes expedient in the first instance to reduce him to the defensive, which is readily and at once done by this perfectly fair and skilful mode of attack; as he finds that he has to contend, not against an array of arguments and facts, but of charges and insinuations—which, if only repeated often enough, and with sufficient confidence and perseverance, are sure, sooner or later, to have their effect, and to drive him with defeat and confusion from the field. This being once done renders any after attempts at proof or disproof a hopeless matter, as referring to a by-gone affair, which nobody but the wronged and calumniated party himself has any concern in or cares anything about. In the event of the charges failing prematurely, (for as we have already hinted, their after reputation is a matter of no earthly consequence,) and where the individual to be assailed stands on too high ground to be attacked by direct accusation, (which, from the usual weakness of our common nature, is seldom the case,) the able editor and practised political writer are still left as before observed, a final resource in the *petit guerre*—the sly warfare of insinuations, hintings and dark questionings—all of which are nearly as good substitutes for facts and reasoning as the *charge overt* itself, or the *counter-check quarrelsome*—their effect being heightened, precisely in proportion to the moral sensibility and

* New York Weekly Herald, May 6th, 1845.

† Ibid.—Article "Black Ingratitude."

virtue of the person to be victimized. The editor, on the other hand, if he be of the true pachy-dermatous species, has the advantage of fighting in the armor given him by nature, whose seven-fold thickness effectually protects him from injury and secures him against retaliation. Where all these methods of intimidation, viz., by calumny, mysteriously worded interrogations, implying the existence of something dreadful against the character of the unlucky wight thus brought to the bar of the public and the editorial *questioning committee*, unexpectedly fail of effect, a personal assault upon the anomalous genius who thus daringly holds out, and obstinately keeps the field, is an alternative and resort still left the enterprising editor and anonymous calumniator, and has often succeeded in putting down those who are found to have less bone and sinew than brain and character—there being no necessary connection between muscle and merit, or between strength of mind and force of body. Yet as no good is without its attendant drawbacks and disadvantages, it may be deemed vain and unwise to complain of the hard condition thus attached to every benefit which Heaven has bestowed on man, and which, as one of the arrangements of Providence, may well be acquiesced in on the present occasion, or in the case of so great a boon and privilege as the liberty of speech and of free discussion.

While, then, the daily press continues to shed with the diffusive power of the sun the rays of intelligence over the land, and between the crevices of the remotest log hut of the forest, shall we complain that in doing this it at the same time disperses every shadow of privacy and retirement, and even those deeper glooms of obscurity and concealment under which repentant guilt and proud misfortune once sought shelter, and once found respite and repose? Most certainly not; but we must still be allowed to protest against such abuses of its privileges as some of those we have been noticing, as the power of this potent and elephantine agent might surely be shown in some more eligible, and at any rate in some less offensive way, than in thrusting its "lithe proboscis" into every door and domicile that it passes, and bespattering with dirty water whoever may

chance to irritate it or cross its path. Much allowance, to be sure, as we have already said and admitted, should be made for its conductors, and those who are in the habit of freely availing themselves of its privileges—who, between the duty they owe to the public, and the consideration due to the feelings and character of private individuals, are certainly placed in a difficult and (to use a Peter Pindaric phrase,) a somewhat "Peg Nicolson predicament," from which there appears no other way to get out than the one they usually adopt, namely, by compromise; the principle, it will be recollected, on which the great charter of our liberties was originally framed and founded.* This policy is at once so obvious and imperative, that in accordance with it the helmsman or master of one of those newly launched party fire-ships is generally careful to provide himself, at the outset of his career, or in commencing a cruise against the enemy, with a *double set of papers*; the one designed for the inspection of the curious and the satisfaction of the public at large, and the other for the use and perusal of his *owners* only, and of the party under whose colors he sails. The false papers, or *Prospectus*, as they are collectively and technically called, being addressed to the public generally, rather than to the party, always contains carefully worded professions of peaceful and patriotic intentions, and emphatic declarations of a determination on the part of the commander of the craft, to pursue an upright, fearless and independent career, and to observe strict justice and impartiality in his course towards both friends and enemies! This specious and deceptive document is generally headed with some flourish or motto, such as *Fiat justitia ruat calum*—or, "Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's"—which not only reads agreeably, but greatly helps the effect intended to be produced upon

* The analogy in the two instances may not appear at once obvious, but will be found to be much closer than might be at first suspected—a magnanimous disregard of private interests forming the point of resemblance, and sufficiently assimilating the two cases; the sole difference being, that an immolation of the private interests of others is the only sacrifice made on these occasions by the corps on the altar of the public good.

the mind of the too believing and pensive public. These formulæ and catch-words having been fairly written out, signed, &c., the *catch* or *ketch* itself (for the word may be indifferently spelled either way,) is deliberately fitted out for a hostile cruise and sent against the enemy—its hold well stored with warlike materials, and ordinance ready to be run out at the shortest notice, with arms, hand grenades, and every species of missiles, so that it is enabled to commence hostilities, and bristles up with the *qui vive* suddenness of an enraged porcupine the instant that it gets to sea, or into the blue water of politics and party warfare. The promptness, indeed, with which even the smallest of these pugnacious and fire-breathing corvettes assumes a bellicose attitude and commences offensive operations—the eagerness with which it courts insult and begins to lay about it in every direction—popping, squibbing and thundering, as if resolved at any rate to be heard and observed—is truly a matter of astonishment, considering the small amount of real force which they possess, and the quiet and Quaker-like character which they wear at the outset, or on first leaving port.

A still lower class of these auxiliaries of party brigandage and warfare, whose operations we are compelled to notice, are a sort of *mud-machines*, which do not venture very far from shore, but hurl from a distance, dirt, stones, and rubbish of all kinds, at the heads of the enemy, and sadly bespatter all within their reach, but in general, do them no further injury; being, in this respect, like those serpents whose bite is not poisonous, though they are no less spiteful and prone to strike than the most venomous of the species. In addition to these numerous rovers of the tempestuous sea of Liberty, a variety of journals of a more or less ephemeral character, shoot up and coruscate through the troubled sky—some like flying-serpents, that appear to be spontaneously engendered by the fiery political atmosphere in which they move; others resembling rockets, that soar up, as if affecting the stars, but explode after a short flight, and disappear forever; while not a few, with wide expanding wings and great note of preparation, rise, like short-legged birds, with difficulty from the earth, and after a convulsive effort or two, come

to the ground again, and straight are seen no more. Assuming a partly literary, and partly factious character, these balloon-like ephemera present a truly strange combination of igneous elements and explosive matter, burnt spirits, and heavy gas; so that though they spread wider wings, and ambitiously attempt to soar higher than the rest of these offspring of corruption and faction, they fly lower, and struggle feebly on with the flashing semblance, but without either the brightness or the fiery speed of the meteor. In this way, or rather by a process not exactly known, and contrary to the maxim, "*Ex nihilo, nihil fit*," out of nothing, a something, or it might be more properly said, *a nothing* is made, compounded of mere smoke and noise, and bearing at least an anomalous and shadowy form among the *Asteroids* of the day, which revolve invisibly in their spheres, or so near the earth, as to be wholly overlooked, except by the *inquisitive inquirer*, and the pryvers into the history of such non-descript and irregular bodies.

But to drop the *meteorous*,* or metaphoric style, and assume the serious,—we must once more say, that though certainly no apologists for the errors of the Press, we are well inclined to subscribe to the maxim, that the interests of private individuals must and should yield on all occasions, to those of the public. Editors, indeed, even while asserting this doctrine, are usually willing enough to admit, that a certain degree of respect is due to the feelings and reputations of the former,—though in practice, as we have already observed, they treat this as a mere theoretical principle, and seem to consider themselves as in general left no choice, but to prefer the *utile* to the *dulce*, and to consult exclusively the *salus populi*, which they also held to be the *supreme good*—the first and the last concern of man, and more especially, of all truly patriotic editors. Hence no doubt their Spartan, or rather Indian disregard of the complaints of the injured, and the groans and writhings of the wounded and dying, ever rising around them in their desolating political career; which is in general one long campaign, conducted always with

* *Meteora* is the Greek term for *Metaphors*.

rather more fury than strategy, and in which they are so often compelled to sacrifice every private feeling, and even common decency and propriety, upon the altar of their country's good. At most, it appears, they can only steer between extremes, in the manner they usually do, and which we have already described,—namely, by making at the outset a graceful obeisance to their patrons and subscribers, in a Prospectus, or by saying over their moral creed, and making public profession of their belief in and allegiance to those rules of decency and propriety, by which the rest of the world are governed in their conduct to, and in their intercourse with each other. Beyond this, they seem to have made up their minds, that no editor who has a proper sense of his duty towards the public, can be reasonably expected to go. Hence the Prospectus of a modern and thorough-going party paper always forms a safe and sacred repository of the moral resolutions and principles of its conductors, and thus generally bears a not distant resemblance to a tomb-stone—the only difference being, that it promises of the *unborn*, what the latter vaunts of the *dead*, both being equally veracious, and equally credited by their readers; who nevertheless are content to pardon their monotonous cant and romancing, as a homage paid to virtue and morals, at the expense of modesty and truth. The Knights of the Type and Ink-bottle are probably further moved to this conspicuous act of public worship and hypocrisy, by the consideration, that the principles of morality and decency, to which they thus ostentatiously proclaim their allegiance, may some day or other* actually come into vogue and practice among the fraternity, and exercise a proper authority and influence over their conduct and writings. Though there is certainly little like-

* They would seem to have derived a hint on the subject, from the politic course pursued by a certain eccentric Italian, who was observed to bow reverently to a statue of Jupiter in the Vatican, whenever he passed it. On being asked his reason for this rather mysterious movement, he replied, that "as in the course of human events," the deposed deity might possibly *come up again*, and recover his lost superlatation and sway, he supposed that he would not fail to remember those who remembered him in his adversity, and paid him respect during his misfortune.

lihood of an event of this kind ever happening, it is yet, we repeat, well for them to prepare for such an emergency,—the more especially, as a flourish of this kind costs only a little extra ink and paper, a few emphatic phrases, and a well-turned sentence or two. It is at any rate proper at the outset, in taking out their license, to observe a decent demeanor, and at least to *profess* that they do not consider it as giving them a privilege

"To run a muck at all they meet;"

to stab at the reputation of their neighbors; to dig up the ashes of the dead, and commote society from its foundations, and

"Deal damnation round the land
On each they judge their foe;"

though they in the end but too often use it without stint or scruple, for all these fell and unhallowed purposes. Nor need they make it generally known, but be careful to leave it to others to find out as they may, that they mean to employ it also as a convenient *roving commission*, which empowers them to pursue whatever course they please in politics—either to trim between parties, go over to the enemy, or sail back again, as may best suit their present interests and convenience. Though the Press, thus managed, serves, as might be expected, scarcely any other purpose than to obscure truth, circulate falsehood, and promote persecution; it is religiously, or rather superstitiously regarded by the people, as the Palladium of Liberty, if not as the very Ark of their political safety and salvation. The most favorite image, however, under which they are accustomed to regard it, is that of a *Watch-tower*, with "Sentinels" and "Heralds" posted on its top, lighted up by "Beacons," and provided with "Tocsins," "Clari-ions," and a thousand other means and contrivances for sounding and spreading the alarm, whenever liberty is invaded, or the slightest speck of public danger appears on the horizon. Compared with this great bulwark, the Constitution itself is viewed as but a secondary safeguard; and those higher securities, virtue, vigilance, and individual self-government, and the low-heard, but awful commonitions of experience and history, are held as of little

value, when weighed against the inestimable privilege secured to every member of the community, of freely speaking his mind, on all subjects and occasions; of writing whatever he pleases, and *taking the responsibility* for the consequences:—though it has been observed, that through the influence, perhaps, of that “pale cast of thought,” by which the *resolution* of even the loftiest spirits is sometimes “sicklied o’er,” but few exhibit any particular forwardness to avail themselves of this last unquestioned and “inalienable right.” On the contrary, those who are most ready to exercise to their fullest extent the two first glorious franchises—those of writing and publishing what they please—are found generally to affect the anonymous, and prefer the unpretending *incognito*, even when most fiercely asserting the above indefeasible rights of freemen: influenced, no doubt, by a desire to do good in secret, or a diffident disinclination to make a parade of their services to the public, which they rather leave to others to find out and appreciate; a task, which those who might choose to undertake it, would probably be enabled to achieve in due time, and with final success. The editor *par excellence*, or who has the actual charge of the paper, has not only to bear the brunt of the political warfare, which these retiring and disinterested gentlemen contribute to kindle and keep up around him, but is required also to have at least courage and assurance enough to cover with his responsibility the articles that appear in his columns, and especially such as come from the *heads* of the party to which he belongs; who are not only *leaders*, but often the authors of *Leaders*, and from behind the Telamonian shield of the editor, are enabled to take a more assured aim at such of their opponents as stand fairly and bravely exposed in the open arena of conflict.

The first measure, therefore, of every new administration, is to secure the services and subserviency of at least one or more of the ablest and most experienced of the Swiss-corps* we have been describing,

* “He who attends to the English newspapers—the scope which they give themselves, and the tone they take as to persons and opinions—will be apt, we think, to come to the conclusion that the *Press* is practically freer in Great Britain,

and to establish a daily paper, exclusively devoted to its interests and support. The conductor of this *organ* and *Royal Gazette* has, in addition to his other duties, the hard task imposed upon him, of enacting the laborious and not very dignified part of the political auctioneer of the party; and is accordingly obliged to adopt both in his language and manner the air and peculiar slang of the vendue-table; being expected and required to cry up, puff and bepraise—not only all that the government does, has done, or intends to do—but at proper intervals, that is, every other day or so, to eulogize, and give a dissertation upon the merits and abilities of each and every member of the cabinet, lest they should be

than in the United States. * * * Let the reason be what it may, certain it is, that John Bull contrives to be, in a habitual way, a good deal more free-spoken about those who govern him, and even about his *Institutions*, than is exactly usual in the United States. Many books, directly advocating a Republic, are published in England; but let anybody try if he will to do the like in this country, and write in favor of monarchy, or against popular government.”—JOURNALIANA, *N. Intelligencer*, March 25th, 1848.

The writer of the above, it is carefully to be borne in mind, in maintaining that the *Press* is freer in England than in the United States, does not mean it to be inferred that it is also more licentious. For this is impossible, both from its having long since attained in this country the utmost limits to which it is practicable to push its excesses, and from the circumstance, that under a government like that of England, where it is subjected to a certain degree of restraint, its efforts are always and naturally directed to the object of enlarging its liberty; which an indulgence in licentiousness, and an abuse of its privileges, would rather tend to defeat than to promote or increase. Under a free government, on the contrary, it is already free, and no efforts are needed to assert or extend its liberty. Hence under such a government, it soon runs into licentiousness, from the absence of all restraint; and as an instrument of the majority, is rather used as a means of tyrannizing over public opinion, than to advance the cause of true liberty, while it otherwise is an ever-fuming censor of flattery to the people, who are treated by its conductors as an idol, before which all who profess republicanism are required to bow down, and shout hosannahs, and to venerate as

“Most just, most wise, most good, most everything.”

Hence it is not free, and dares not breathe a word in favor of any other form of government than that most approved of by the people, or to avow or advocate any sentiments *caviare* to, or essentially variant from those generally entertained by the multitude.

overlooked or not properly appreciated by the people; who, though their eyes are directed with a continued and fixed stare upon these gentry, and all their movements, are sometimes strangely blind to the conspicuous excellency of their characters, and the splendor and value of their services. The organ receives from the cabinet its cue or tone, which it again imparts, with a keep-time movement, to other instruments of lesser note, which form, along with it, the regimental music and great *brass-band* of the party. The democracy, particularly the progressive branch of it, who are no less distinguished by their ear for harmony, than by the refinement and chivalric delicacy of their sentiments and manners, are unable to take even the first step in any conjuncture without a keynote from the organ, to whose directing melody they turn, move, wheel, fall back from, or march up to the polls, with the precision of the drill and the punctuality of the parade. A parade and display of the uniform character of their principles, and of their equipments for service, (though their *appointments* are certainly none of the best,) forms, as we need scarcely observe, an essential part of the means which they employ to guide, gull, and govern the people. Those whom they cannot enlist, or drag into their ranks, they at once denounce as traitors and Tories,—lost to every sense of patriotism and decency, and “given up to strong delusion.” To what point the progress of this division of the party is tending, has never yet been indicated, and does not seem to be very clearly understood by its members themselves; though to others, it is sufficiently certain that the movement, instead of being in advance, as it is supposed to be, is only in that beaten circle, which all radicals and revolutionists have, from the beginning of time, so invariably and fatally pursued. For a reaction, or return to first principles, forms the invariable termination of their rash experiments and mad excesses; which ever render them the final and foredoomed victims, either of the foreign despot, or of the domestic usurper. These remarks, we are well aware, will probably meet with no other notice than a quiet smile of contempt from the *party of progress*, and who rejoice in the highly respectable, though rather outlandish name

of *Locofocos*—a name which, though not exactly synonymous with moderation, or allied

“With every virtue under Heaven,”

is quite good enough for and no disgrace to those who bear it—as certainly none are more zealously engaged than they are in the experiment of working out, in as short a time as possible, the important problem, which has proved the *Pons Assinorum** of republican lawgivers and statesmen, for so many ages past—that of popular self-government.†

As respects the management of the Government Press, it will be perceived, from what has been said, that the labors of its conductors are of a manual rather than of a mental kind, and consist chiefly in a skilful use of the *brush*, instead of the pen—or in the aspersion, by a dexterous flourish of the former, over every one who comes in their way, of two certain liquids,—the one composed of equal parts of ink, aquafortis, and hot water, which forms a truly infernal mixture, that blackens, burns, and exulcerates wherever it lights, and rivals in malignancy and concentrated venom the death-dew of the upas-tree, or the warroo poison of Guiana. The other more harmless fluid, is a mere simple solution of lime in lye-water, (or *lie*, as it might more properly be spelt,) along with a certain proportion of ink and oil—there being just enough of the third ingredient, to make the composition stick, or of a sufficient consistency and thickness to answer, when *well laid on*, the purpose in view. These preparations (to use a pharmaceutical phrase) are contained in

* On this difficult political puzzle, the “Locofocos” of America are now trying their hands, in a planner that certainly shows great knowledge of the subject, and that must be admitted to be truly promising; if the sketch above given, of the use they make of the Press (the means on which they mainly rely for success) be at all calculated to convey any idea of the progress they are making in this ambitious, important, and interesting undertaking.

† If those thus ambitiously engaged, would begin at home, and try the experiment of self-government on themselves, we should have some better hopes of their success, than their present condition—loaded with debt, disgraced by repudiation, and stained with the blood of their slaughtered and plundered neighbors—will warrant us in entertaining.

two ample reservoirs or tanks, shaped like ink-stands, and the Swiss editor has nothing more to do each day, than, brush in hand, to *white-wash* with the last described compound, however coarsely or awkwardly this may be done, his patrons, and each and every member of the government; and from the other witch's cauldron to *black-wash*, in the same wholesale and unscrupulous manner, the enemies and opponents of the party; his labors in this way being arduous and constant, but otherwise sufficiently simple and easy of performance. Similar establishments on a small scale, are at the same time in operation all over the country—both under administration editors, and the agents and partisans of the opposite party; so that the land is darkened and beclouded by the fury of the political warfare constantly going on from one end of it to the other—citizen being arrayed against citizen, and brother against brother, in a manner truly edifying to the sincere lovers of freedom, and highly encouraging to its maligners and enemies. Though the champions on each side do not absolutely hurl mountains at each other, in the style of Milton's warring angels, there is always enough of *dirt* flung in the course of a single campaign or canvass, to make at least one good-sized mountain, and some half-dozen hills besides, under which numerous unfortunate candidates lie buried—some never to rise again, while others either crawl, or are at least dug out by their friends; when after a little recollection, refreshment and breathing, they re-engage in the contest, with unabated spirit, and undiminished fury.

The ultimate effect of all this, or of the use thus made of the Press,* is, as might

* It may be said in extenuation of these villainous and mischief-making practices of the editorial corps, that it is not their fault that Demos, not content with his daily mess of roast and boiled, *done to the bone*, requires that his human food should also be served up, ready carved to his hand, by his purveyors, and punctually furnished him in this state each morning; as a sort of side-dish at his breakfast table, as he is unable even to begin to eat without a *morceau* of this kind, or dainty bit, sliced from the reputation of some unfortunate wight or other, whom it is the duty of the editorial pack to select, hunt down, and butcher for his use. This duty they are more urgently required to attend to, as a diet of

be expected, to render this boasted bulwark of freedom of little real benefit to either party; for as the invention, like that of gunpowder, is equally available to the weak and the strong, and is generally used by each with equal license and want of principle, it reduces both to a level in the field of political warfare, and neither hurts the one side by its slanders, nor dignifies the other by its praise. As an enraged combatant wastes half of his blows in the air; as an overloaded gun always shoots badly; and as a mountain torrent, with all its foam and fury, only ends at last in a lake; this vaunted engine of intelligence and power—from the senseless and insane manner in which it is used and abused by those into whose hands it has fallen—serves scarcely any other effective purpose in the end, than to afford a convenient safety-valve, by which the feuds, wrath and rivalries of the different parties, find a comparatively harmless vent, in railing, disputation and scurrility; by which they spend their fury in ink, instead of bloodshed, and content themselves with *speaking daggers*, in place of using them—as was the more ancient and approved method, before the means was discovered of compelling people to hear what their neighbors have to say of them, and enabling both sides to “unpack their hearts with curses,” and relieve themselves in that way of the bile and ill-humors which the heat of factious contention, and the unwholesome atmosphere of politics, so fatally engenders in the human system. For it is a somewhat untoward circumstance, and forms another of those serious drawbacks to the improvements of the age, to which we have had such frequent occasion to advert, that the fearless advocacy of free opinions (the terms in which calumny and scurrility have long since

this kind has now become absolutely necessary to his health and digestion—as without it, he would infallibly fall into some malady or other, and experience some gastric qualm, or derangement of the stomach for the rest of the day. In this respect, he is now to the full as delicate and particular as was his brother King of the Battas, who, according to the accounts of travellers, *took on*, and became dyspeptic, if he was not regularly treated with some choice piece of human flesh every morning, to stay his stomach with, and gratify his unreasonable *penchant* for this scarce and rather expensive article of food.

been merged by editors and politicians, and received republican usage,) is always attended, more or less, by this unpleasant and disordering effect upon the animal economy, and by innovations like the foregoing upon the national speech, which have already rendered a new dictionary of the language necessary for the use of schools, and as a guide for politicians, statesmen, and historians.

Whether our beloved country be destined to *press* forward in this way, to greatness and glory; or whether the use thus made of the glorious privilege of free discussion be *typical* of the progress it is in future to make in knowledge and virtue; we pretend not here to determine or predict. Being unwilling, however, to be termed prophets of evil, we are for ourselves ready to say, that we rather look hopefully forward, and expect nothing less than the access of the Millennium, under the auspices of our present political leaders, sages, and editorial exemplars; though there are those, who are skeptical enough to maintain, that as long as the taste of the people is thus turned from amusement and instruction to politics and strife, and continues to encourage the excesses of the Press, and to delight in the extremes of abuse and eulogy, in which it daily deals, we can anticipate nothing better than a perpetuation of the present state of things, in which citizen is arrayed against citizen, "as foe against foe"—in which men professing to be Christians, pursue each other with far more rancor and virulence than Turk does Jew, and with far worse motives than those which actuate the religious persecutor. Such, at any rate, is the present state of Jonathan's mind and taste; as he now regularly expects on the rising of the newspaper curtain, to be treated with the usual panorama of political contention, party rows, and encountering factions—with this daily and disgusting scene of rage and rivalry—of violence and vaunting—barbarism and discord—unworthy of a free people, and disgraceful to a civilized country. Surely something better than this was to have been expected from the inheritors and descendants of the patriots and sages of seventy-six. Ye "sages in council, and Samsons in combat!" was it for this, or to bring about

such a state of things as this, that you made such costly sacrifices, and shed your precious blood? Was Washington sent in vain on earth? and did Franklin

"Snatch lightning from Heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants,"

to leave the golden fruits of their toil and achievements, only to be used as the stakes and counters of political gamblers—and oh! dire disgrace! to become even among such, the prize and reward of those who *play lowest*, or who employ the ballot-box, as the faro-dearer does his, but the more effectually to *stock the cards*, and cover his *tricasseries* with the mere outward and deceptive semblance of fairness and honor.

NOTE.—In referring to the subject slightly touched on at page 6, we must again express ourselves but briefly, as it is one that cannot be fully illustrated within the limits of a note. We can therefore do but little more for the present, than partially to expand the remark there made, that we consider it as an error to regard the privileges enjoyed under a free government, in the light of either natural or hereditary rights, or as being no less legitimately held by those to whom they descend as heirlooms, than by their first possessors. For to maintain this, is virtually to adopt the leading principle of aristocratic institutions, by which the titles and estates of a privileged class are bequeathed to or entailed on their elder sons, however unworthy they may be to inherit them; and who, not having earned them by any efforts of their own have no other claim to them than that which they derive from unjust and arbitrary laws. The blood-bought and inestimable privileges of liberty are then, we contend, blessings strictly contingent in their nature and character, and like all other objects of human desire, or that are prized by man, must be considered as existing in abeyance and expectation, until won, as was the Hesperian fruit of old, by hands worthy to gather them: the classical fable here alluded to, serving well to illustrate, if it was not designed to convey, this important moral, and sublime political truth. By the wise institutor, therefore, they should at least be placed upon the same footing as those more worldly objects which they so much surpass in dignity and importance, by rendering them the rewards of civic virtue and military service, instead of treating them as fruits hanging over a common highway, of which all may freely partake, and which those that may happen not to like their savor, or who may feel a fastidious disgust at the cheap terms upon which they are thus offered to all comers, may contemptuously reject, as the better off and more respectable visitors of our shores most generally, and indeed almost invariably do. The effect, in a word, of this mongrel system of hereditary rights and universal citizenship, has been attended, as might have been anticipated,

with the evils of both of these extremes—with the excesses of democracy, and the degeneracy and corruptions of an exclusively aristocratic régime. For while the admission of the base and unworthy, both of our own and of all other countries, to the full enjoyment of all the rights of citizenship, has been the means of giving to the mere *mob* an undue power and preponderating influence in the government—it has, on the other hand, introduced among the higher, or propertied orders, the luxury, extravagance, and degeneracy, which this class so generally exhibit under aristocratic institutions. For the premature decline and corruption into which a free people are so apt to fall, is precisely analogous to and springs from the same source as the vices and degeneracy of an old nobility, or the descendants of illustrious ancestors. It would, therefore, be a wise reform, to reserve the higher privileges of freedom—as those of eligibility to military command, and to the more elevated trusts and honors of the Republic—to reserve these, we say, for those only who have undergone a five years' apprenticeship to arms, and passed through a system of political training and instruction, which we shall take another opportunity to describe, or who have distinguished themselves by specific acts of public spirit and patriotism, and by conspicuous civic virtues and deeds. The indiscriminate liberality with which those precious and

sacred rights, which should be enjoyed and exercised only by the patriotic, the virtuous, and the brave, are imparted to the very refuse of society, and the most debased of mankind, not only deprives the privileges and immunities of all value in the eyes of the worthy and the high-minded, but are thrown away, like pearls to swine, upon those who are not only incapable of using them for any good purpose, but of comprehending or appreciating them, and are ever sure to degrade and abuse them. The above, we repeat, should be the principle upheld in relation to the rights, honors, and franchises, placed within the reach of the citizens of a free government; though we certainly are not so visionary as to expect to see it fully acted upon, or to insist on its enforcement, to the extent laid down here. We are yet satisfied that an approach may be made to such a reform as would embrace, not only a recognition of the principle above propounded, but would afford such an illustration of it in practice, as would answer the most important political ends, and produce the most beneficial effects, both upon the national character and the public weal. It would require a volume, however, properly to illustrate this subject, and we shall therefore drop it for the present, but hope to return to it at another and more suitable time.

ATHENION.

UNDINE: THE BIRTH OF A SOUL.

I.

COME, listen to me, gentlefolk,
While I to you shall tell
The glad, but the mysterious fate,
Which once a maid befell.
Just one brief moment listen,
'Twill not detain you long;
And lend your hearts, and lend your ears,
Ye old in age, or young in years,
Unto this little song.

II.

Beyond where gray Atlantic
His sleepless billows rolls,
And heaves his might in the dim light
Which bathes the moveless Poles;

In broad and princely Germany,
'That's ever in the van,
In days of old, as legends hold,
There dwelt a fisherman.

III.

His form was tall and goodly,
And honest was his face—
As honest as the life he led
Among the finny race.
And by his side his good wife
Plied her domestic care.
Oh, nowhere round might there be found
So good and true a pair.

IV.

There was one only sorrow
 To mar their happy lot ;
 Aside from this, 'twas simple bliss
 Within that humble cot :
 For when their sun had passed its noon,
 And now was in decline,
 The first dear boon of gracious Heaven,
 A little plant to them was given,
 For their old hands to twine.

V.

Ah me ! it was a goodly child
 As one might wish to see ;
 But too much grace was in its face
 For mortal destiny ;
 And so it sadly happened
 That on a summer's day,
 When at the distant market town
 The good man was away,

VI.

The glad and careful mother
 The little girl would take
 To play upon the grassy bank
 Which fringed the fisher's lake :
 It was a broad blue water,
 Hard by the cottage door ;
 And if no storm its breast had torn,
 The tiny waves were scarcely borne
 Up to the waiting shore.

VII.

But while her arm she folded
 Around the happy child,
 And from its eyes drank in the light
 Of its spirit warm and mild,
 The girl sent out a little shout,
 One blessed smile it gave,
 Then with a spring, as if on wing,
 It leaped into the wave.

VIII.

Down, down her fainting body
 The wretched mother flung,
 And sorrow fell upon her heart
 And silence on her tongue.
 Oh, brightly shone the morning
 When the golden sun arose ;
 But when that sun its race had run,
 How sorrowful its close !

IX.

No more that little shadow
 Upon the floor shall fall,
 Nor, as the silent years go round,
 Glide higher on the wall.
 No more that pleasant prattle
 Into their ears shall creep ;
 Nor by their side, a joy and pride,
 When want and age their lot betide,
 Shall she her vigils keep.

X.

Yet ever just is Providence,
 And ever kind is Heaven ;
 And if from us one comfort goes,
 Another one is given.
 The lone and weeping parents
 Would see their child no more,
 Yet for their desolate old hearts
 New blessings were in store.

XI.

'Tis evening in the cottage,
 And evening in the air,
 The evening of the self-same day
 That robbed the happy pair :
 And all alone on the gray hearth-stone
 Where the cold, cold ashes lay,
 There sit they silent side by side,
 But not a word can say.

XII.

But while in glowing circuits
 The midnight planets burned,
 The wooden latchet of the door
 Upon a sudden turned ;
 And lo ! a fairy creature
 Burst in upon their eyes,
 So fair it seemed as if they dreamed
 A dream of Paradise !

XIII.

A great yet gentle fearfulness
 On them its shadow flung,
 As when we tread, with secret dread,
 And with a voiceless tongue,
 A long and darkened pathway ;
 While ever, evermore
 Some unknown thing doth lightly spring
 Upon the way before.

XIV.

The bright mysterious vision
 Did to their eyes unfold ;
 And lo ! a smiling little girl
 Some three or four years old,
 Some three or four years old it was,
 But yet most queenly dress'd ;
 And soft and white as morning light,
 It heaved its infant breast.

XV.

All golden were her ringlets,
 Like the sunbeam's braided ray,
 And when you looked upon her face
 You could not turn away.
 For oh ! a world of tenderness
 Dwelt in that eye of blue ;
 And from behind, a gentler mind,
 I wis, than any one shall find,
 Shining its glances through.

XVI.

The parents took the Heaven-sent gift,
 And to each other said,
 This, by God's grace, shall fill the place
 Of the little one that's dead !
 And so she grew up with them,
 And their lives' life became ;
 The comfort of the Fisherman
 And helper of his Dame.

XVII.

Yet day by day the creature
 Was more a mystery ;
 They knew not whether sprung from earth
 Or fallen from the sky.
 But when of this they questionéd,
 She answered still the same,
 That once she fell into the lake,
 And *Undine* was her name.

XVIII.

One day in the quiet even-tide,
 When the sun had sunk to rest,
 A horseman rode up to the door
 In knightly armor dress'd :
 For that old time was the very prime
 Of generous chivalry—
 Nor yet, alas ! as now had past
 All high-born courtesy.

XIX.

He had crossed the mystic forest,
 Which stretched for many a rood
 Between the city and the lake
 In sunless solitude,
 And braved its storied dangers
 A lady's hand to win ;
 But I ween no more thought he of her,
 Now he had seen *Undine* !

XX.

'Tis evening in the cottage,
 And evening in the air,
 But there's no gloom in that low room,
 For a nuptial feast is there.
 And since the first great wedlock
 In Eden's garden seen,
 Where God was Priest and Witnesser,
 Had such a bridal been.

XXI.

The good wife lit the taper
 And placed it on the stand ;
 The good man led Sir Hulbrand up,
 And gave him *Undine's* hand ;
 And then the holy father
 Knelt down upon the floor,
 And spake that word, which, when once
 heard,
 Binds fast for evermore.

XXII.

The changeful *Undine* sported round
 In graceful wantonness ;
 And then would glide to Hulbrand's side
 And look up in his face.
 "My friend," spoke out the man of God,
 "Thy mirth I love to see ;
 But oh ! betimes remember
 To have your souls agree."

XXIII.

"That word," said she, "on others
 With awful might must fall ;
 But lightly to myself it comes,
 Who have no soul at all !"
 Three paces back that company
 Drew toward the cottage door ;
 But *Undine* looked at Hulbrand,
 And went on as before :

XXIV.

"Throughout this vast and goodly world,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
There dwell a countless multitude
Unseen by mortal eye.
We are a fair creation,
Far fairer than your race;
The essence of all Harmonies,
The embodiment of Grace ;

XXV.

"The mirror of all feeling,
The glass of every sense,
Incarnate passion—calm or wild,
Or gentle or intense.
But though we take a human form,
No soul is in the race !
And therefore live we joyously,
And therefore die we silently,
And pass to nothingness.

XXVI.

"But by our nature's law, we gain
A full humanity,
By being wedded to a soul
As I am now to thee.
But late a creature of the wave,
I come to join thy life ;
To share its greatness and its good,
Its burdens and its strife.

XXVII.

"But ah ! a strange, glad anguish
My being doth embrace ;
For lo ! the image of my soul !
It cometh on apace.

Ah me ! that I have been so light,
When I had such high fate.
Oh, great the burden of a soul,
Unutterably great."

XXVIII.

Then did the breath of Deity
Enter that thing of sense ;
And lo ! through every part there shone
A bright intelligence.
A high and conscious spirit,
Deathless and strong and wise,
Swifter than lightning to the view,
Flew lightly through each avenue
And glowed within her eyes.

XXIX.

And when forth from the fisher's cot
With her fond lord to roam,
They traced each wind of castled Rhine
Unto Sir Hulbrand's home,
All marked the fate, good gentlefolk,
Which I have sought to tell,
So glad yet so mysterious,
Which had this maid befell.

XXX.

For though this august inmate
She knew the world despise ;
And saw it sold for shining gold,
And bartered for a prize ;
She felt it was a mystery
And sacred in her eyes ;
That though ye fling a tireless wing,
And speed you to the pole,
Ye may not find another thing
So awful as the soul !

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF KEATS.*

THIS is a wished-for and welcome book. Keats, *the poet*, we well knew, and had many pleasant memories of, from the time when our boyhood was first enlightened as to the wealth that was in him by the sweet criticism of Leigh Hunt, to when, in our "Love's young dream," we used to read him to fair women among canvasses that rivalled the pictures in his pages, and flowers that breathed as sweet an odor as his verse. But Keats, *the man*, was a blank to us. That he was killed by the Quarterly and lamented by Shelley—such was all we knew, or thought we knew about him personally—just enough to make us wish to know more. Truly gratifying was the announcement that Monckton Milnes had collected his correspondence and written his life. Not that we should have pitched upon Milnes as the most natural or likely man to write a life of Keats. Indeed there is scarcely a point in which the poet and biographer do not present a striking contrast. Keats, a poor surgeon's apprentice, sensitive and struggling, without resources of his own, or friends at court to help him, ridiculed and proscribed by the dominant party in the state—Milnes, a wealthy M. P., confident and successful, the spoiled child of the literary aristocracy, petted alike by Tories and Whigs. Keats, a genius without art, displaying marvellous beauties and glaring faults, gems and rubbish mingled—Milnes, an artist without genius, endowed with that mediocrity of versification, which, unhappy in awakening no enthusiastic admiration, is happy in avoiding all sweeping censure. And yet, for all this, Milnes may be the very best man to write about Keats; for *dei τὸν ἑαυτὸν* is only half true after all. Literary admirations, like love-matches, spring from contrasts quite as often as from resemblances. Men, Anglo-Saxon men at least, are not charmed by repeti-

tions of themselves, but rather by something different from, and unattainable by them. It is a truth which our small writers of both sexes have yet to learn, that true appreciation may provoke rivalry, but must deter from imitation.

But how came Milnes to single out Keats from among the many unfortunate and ill-used poets? What connection was there between them that furnished the requisite material? Monckton tells us how it happened, in this wise. He was at Landor's villa "on the beautiful hill-side of Fiesole"—that villa from which Savage, in his wrath against Willis, savagely threatened to turn away any American traveller who *might* come to visit him. There he met Mr. Charles Brown, a friend of Keats, who had collected and was preparing to publish the poet's literary remains. But circumstances afterwards preventing this gentleman from carrying out his intention, he placed his manuscripts in the hands of Milnes, rightly judging that he would do them justice. As soon as it was known who had the work in hand, every one was ready to oblige him; assistance flowed in from various quarters, and a goodly number of letters, &c., were amassed; quite enough to have been spun out into three or four volumes, had the editor followed the usual plan of writing biography by sandwiching every page of his subject between two of his own reflections. But Milnes had a truer notion of what is required from a poet's biographer. "If," says he, "I left the memorials of Keats to tell their own tale, they would in truth be the book, and my business would be almost limited to their collection and arrangement; whereas, if I only regarded them as the materials of my own work, the general effect would chiefly depend on my ability of construction, and the temptation to render the facts of the story sub-

* Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats; edited by Richard Monckton Milnes. London, —; New York, G. P. Putnam.

servient to the excellence of the work of art, would never have been absent." Accordingly there is very little of the editor here, but that little of a quality to make us regret that he does not cultivate prose in preference to verse composition. There may, perhaps, be fifty pages of Milnes in the volume. Could we by any amount of brain-work elaborate fifty pages of such crystal-flowing prose, we would not give them for "Palm Leaves" enough to shadow a crusade.

The great fact of interest about Keats, which his enthusiastic biographer has made known to us, is the cause of his premature death. The universal belief was that he had died of the London Quarterly; a belief natural enough after Shelley's Adonais and Byron's well-known doggerel. It was a double pity that Keats should have so died; pity for the whole craft of reviewers, and pity for himself. To critics one and all, it was an ever-ready and ever-recurring reproach that one of them had "killed John Keats." On the memory of Keats, it threw more than a suspicion of weakness that he had let a critic kill him. But now comes Milnes and tells us—for which all thanks to Milnes—that Keats did not die of the reviewers at all; but of a disease to which, if to succumb be a weakness, still it is a nobler weakness and one more worthy of a poet. Keats died of love.

These four words open to us a prospect very different from any of our former visions of Keats; melancholy enough yet, but grander and loftier in its melancholy. A poor young poet perishing of a silent sorrow, the cause of his fatal malady concealed from all but his most intimate friends.

"This great disease for love I dree;
There is no tongue can tell the woe;
I love the love that loves not me:
I may not mend, but mourning mo."

It is impossible not to feel some indignation against his "sweet enemy."

"Ye shall have sin an ye me slay."

Truly it were no small sin to have slain Keats. But here again our biographer comes to the rescue, and intimates that his love was not unreturned. It was his unlucky want of means that delayed their

union indefinitely. This deepens the picture by introducing another sufferer. But at this point our skepticism is awakened, and—over-captious we may be—but Milnes' intimation (it is not a positive assertion) does not command our entire belief. We cannot persuade ourselves that if the decision of the affair had rested with Keats, he would have hesitated to run the risk. He would have "leaped into the sea" of matrimony, as he did into that of authorship. Is it conceivable that a man who deliberately threw up the profession on which he had spent some of the most valuable years of his life, and no inconsiderable part of his small means—not because he was unsuccessful in it, but because it was "uncongenial" to him—is it conceivable that he should have postponed to any prudential considerations that love which was literally a matter of life and death to him? Moreover, it looks as if the editor's language, in the few sentences he devotes to the lady, were even vaguer than delicacy demanded, and purposely made susceptible of more than one construction. As this is a point of some nicety, it will be but fair to give the *ipsissima verba* of Milnes:—

"However sincerely the devotion of Keats may have been requited, it will be seen that his outward circumstances soon became such as to render a union very difficult, if not impossible. Thus these years were passed in a conflict in which plain poverty and mortal sickness met a radiant imagination and a redundant heart. Hope was there, with Genius, his everlasting sustainer, and Fear never approached but as the companion of Necessity. The strong power conquered the physical man, and made the very intensity of his passion in a certain sense accessory to his death: he might have lived longer if he had lived less. But this should be no matter of self-reproach to the object of his love, for the same might be said of the very exercise of his poetic faculty, and of all that made him what he was. It is enough that she has preserved his memory with a sacred honor, and it is no vain assumption that to have inspired and sustained the one passion of this noble being has been a source of grave delight and earnest thankfulness through the changes and chances of her earthly pilgrimage."

Now it seems to us that not one word of the above is incompatible with the assumption that the lady did not accept Keats.

But waiving this discussion, a more practicable question arises. If the cause of Keats's death now first presented is the true one, how came the other story to gain currency? Several reasons may be assigned. Mere sequence would, in this case as in many others, be taken for cause and effect. Keats was abused by the reviewers—he died soon after—their abuse must have hastened his death. The Tory scribes were ferocious enough not altogether to dislike the reputation of having killed a Radical poet, and gave at least a negative encouragement to the general opinion. Byron liked "good stories" and "points" as much as any Frenchman; the supposed poeticide of the Quarterly gave him an opportunity of letting off some saucy doggerel, and, above all, flattered him with the reflection, so sure to suggest itself to every one, how differently *he* had taken the Edinburgh's onslaught. As to Shelley, it was his fixed idea that all Conservatives were oppressors and murderers, and all Radicals martyrs and victims: that a Tory critic should assassinate a Liberal bard was to him an event in the ordinary course of nature.

To be sure, instead of forming any hypothesis to account for the fact, we may, like King James's wise man, deny the fact altogether. That universal cold-water-thrower, the *London Spectator*, thinks that Mr. Milnes has not shown after all that the reviewers did not kill Keats. It is but charitable to suppose that the *Spectator* has not read these letters carefully. Keats was annoyed and angry at the reviews; but his annoyance and anger, so far as his correspondence can be taken for a test, were less than most persons' would have been under the circumstances. True, he talked of fighting Blackwood—but did not Byron want to fight Southey, and that too, long after his reputation as a poet was made, and it might have been reasonably supposed that nothing in the way of reviewing could affect him at all? This very belligerency shows that Keats was not the man to die of a reviewer's lead, in the way commonly believed, at least. At any other time doubtless the adverse criticisms would have annoyed Keats more, for he had not the vanity of pretending to despise criticism; but to one consumed by the absorbing passion that then held possession

of him, any literary mortification, however severe in itself, could have been little more than a scratch to a man burning to death.

Our interest in the catastrophe has made us begin with it. Let us retrace our steps. Keats was born in 1795. His father had begun life as a groom, but did so well as to marry his master's daughter, and, though dying young, to leave £8000 among four children. John was the second son, a handsome, resolute, energetic, pugnacious boy at school, marked out by his young companions for a future military hero, but suddenly taking to study and at last surpassing all his fellow-pupils. He mastered some Latin, but did not attain to Greek; the Classic Mythology he learned from dictionaries, and knew Homer through Chapman. Reading the *Faery Queen* first incited him to write poetry; and his biographer here truly remarks that "the just critic of his maturer poems will not fail to trace to the influence of the study of Spenser much that at first appears forced and fantastical both in idea and expression, and discover that precisely those defects which are commonly attributed to an extravagant originality may be distinguished as proceeding from a too indiscriminate reverence for a great but unequal model."

He was then a surgeon's apprentice: whether his wishes had at all been consulted in this does not appear. Charles Cowden, Clarke and Matthew Felton were his most intimate friends. Before long he began to feel "the delightful complacency of conscious genius"—that glorious anticipation so much oftener felt than realized. On this pleasant conceit—too frequently, but not in this case a mere conceit—Milnes' remarks strike us as peculiarly just and elegant:—

"Although this foretaste of fame is in most cases a delusion, (as the fame itself may be a greater delusion still,) yet it is the best and purest drop in the cup of intellectual ambition. It is enjoyed, thank God, by thousands who soon learn to estimate their own capacities aright and tranquilly submit to the obscure and transitory condition of their existence: it is felt by many who look back on it in after years with a smiling pity to think they were so deceived, but who nevertheless recognize in that aspiration the spring of their future energies and usefulness in other and far different fields of action; and the few in whom the prophecy is accomplished, who become what they have believed,

will often turn away with uneasy satiety from present satisfaction to the memory of those happy hopes, to the thought of the dear delight they then derived from one single leaf of those laurels that now crowd in at the window, and which the hand is half inclined to push away to let in the fresh air of heaven."

On completing his apprenticeship and removing to London for the purpose of walking the hospitals, Keats made the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt, who afterwards atoned, by embalming him in honeyed words, for the involuntary injury he then did him by the bad model which his style presented to the young poet. In 1817 was published Keats's first volume, containing the *Epistles* and some other short pieces.

"At the completion of the matter for this first volume he gave a striking proof of his facility in composition; he was engaged with a lively circle of friends when the last proof-sheet was brought in, and he was requested by the printer to send the dedication directly, if he intended to have one: he went to a side-table, and while all around were noisily conversing, he sat down and wrote the sonnet,

'Glory and loveliness have passed away,' &c.,

which, but for the insertion of one epithet of doubtful taste, is excellent in itself, and curious as showing how he had already possessed himself of the images of pagan beauty, and was either mourning over their decay and extinction, or attempting in his own way to bid them live again. For in him was realized the mediæval legend of the Venus worshipper, without its melancholy moral; and while the old gods rewarded him for his love with powers and perceptions that a Greek might have envied, he kept his affections high and pure above those sensuous influences, and led a temperate and honest life, in an ideal world that knows nothing of duty and repels all images that do not please."

The little book was published by Ollier "out of sheer admiration." The public took no notice of it, for which poor Ollier was blamed by the disappointed author—a warning to publishers, which perhaps the usual habits of the trade do not render very necessary. But notwithstanding this first failure, the young surgeon, who had passed his examination and had some not unsuccessful practice, boldly resolved to adopt literature as his profession, instead of the less agreeable occupation on which

he had expended some of his most valuable years. At the same time a friend of his set out, equally sanguine, on a career yet more melancholy,—Haydon the painter, who after a life of constant struggle, sustained by occasional brief triumphs, was finally killed by something considerably smaller than the Quarterly, even by General Tom Thumb.

And now we begin to arrive at the letters: honest, natural letters, showing us the sort of man who wrote them. And most completely do they bear out the one great design of the editor in publishing them. Whatever may be their defects, they show clearly that there was nothing piling, or effeminate, or lackadaisical about John Keats. Their style is mostly dashing and off-hand: they show him to be rather pleased with his uncertain and hap-hazard way of life, much more disposed to laugh at than lament over his debts and duns. Sometimes there is an air of quaint banter in them that reminds one of Charles Lamb, but in most of them, as well as in the sayings of his that have come down to us, the prevailing characteristic is strength of expression.* Reynolds, who sported a little verse himself, was one of his favorite correspondents, but the very best of the letters are those addressed to his brother George in America.

[*Keats's Criticism on West.*] "I spent Friday evening with Wells, and went next morning to see *Death on the Pale Horse*. It is a wonderful picture when West's age is considered, but there is nothing to be intense upon, no women one feels mad to kiss, no face swelling into reality. The excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relationship with beauty and truth. Examine *King Lear* and you will find this exemplified throughout; but in this picture we have unpleasantness without any momentous depths of speculation excited in which to bury its repulsiveness."

This is somewhat milder than what another poet—one Peter Pindar—said of Sir Benjamin:—

* As when he asked in reference to some would-be Mephistophiles who had been slandering and sneering at good men, "Is there no human dust-hole into which we can sweep such fellows?"

"When it shall please the Lord
To make his people out of board,
Thine may be tolerable pictures."

[*Fashionable Wits.*] "I dined with Haydon the Sunday after you left, and had a very pleasant day. I dined, too, (for I have been out too much lately,) with Horace Smith, and met his two brothers, with Hill and Kingston, and one Du Bois. They only served to convince me how superior humor is to wit, in respect of enjoyment. These men say things which make you start without making you feel; they are all alike; their manners are alike; they all know fashionables; they have all a mannerism in their very eating and drinking, in their mere handling a decanter. They talked of Kean and his 'low company.' 'Would I were with that company instead of yours!' said I to myself."

[*What the "Kirk-men" have done for Scotland.*] "These Kirk-men have done Scotland good. They have made men, women, old men, young men, old women, young women, boys, girls, and all infants, careful; so that they are formed into regular phalanges of savers and gainers. Such a thrifty army cannot fail to enrich their country, and give it a greater appearance of comfort than that of their poor rash neighborhood. These Kirk-men have done Scotland harm: they have banished puns, love and laughing. To remind you of the fate of Burns—poor unfortunate fellow! his disposition was southern. How sad it is when a luxurious imagination is obliged, in self-defence, to deaden its delicacy in vulgarity and in things attainable, that it may not have leisure to go mad after things that are not! No man in such matters will be content with the experience of others. It is true that out of suffering there is no dignity, no greatness, that in the most abstracted pleasure there is no lasting happiness. Yet who would not like to discover over again that Cleopatra was a gipsy, Helen a rogue, and Ruth a deep one?"

[*Keats Romantic.*] "I have been very romantic indeed among these mountains and lakes. I have got wet through day after day; eaten oat-cake and drank whiskey; walked up to my knees in bog; got a sore throat; gone to see Icolmkill and Staffa; met with unwholesome food, just here and there as it happened; went up Ben-Nevis, and—N. B., came down again; sometimes when I am rather tired, I lean languishingly on a rock, and long for some famous beauty to get down from her palfrey in passing, approach me with—her saddle-bags, and give me a dozen or two capital roast-beef sandwiches."

[*How Keats came to appear a Misogynist.*] "I am certain that our fair are glad I should come for the mere sake of my coming; but I am certain I bring with me a vexation they are better without. If I can possibly, at any time,

feel my temper coming upon me, I refrain even from a promised visit. I am certain I have not a right feeling towards women—at this moment I am striving to be just to them, but I cannot. Is it because they fall so far beneath my boyish imagination? When I was a school-boy I thought a fair woman a pure goddess; my mind was a soft nest in which some one of them slept, though she knew it not. I have no right to expect more than the reality. I thought them ethereal, above men. I find them perhaps equal—great by comparison is very small. Insult may be inflicted in more ways than by word or action. One who is tender of being insulted does not like to think an insult against another. I do not like to think insults in a lady's company. I commit a crime with her that absence would not have known. Is it not extraordinary? When among men, I have no evil thoughts, no malice, no spleen; I feel free to speak or to be silent; I can listen, and from every one I can learn; my hands are in my pockets, I am free from all suspicion and comfortable. When I am among women, I have evil thoughts, malice, spleen; I cannot speak or be silent; I am full of suspicions, and therefore listen to nothing; I am in a hurry to be gone. You must be charitable, and put all this perversity to my being disappointed since my boyhood. Yet with such feelings, I am happier alone, among crowds of men, by myself, or with a friend or two; with all this, trust me, I have not the least idea that men of different feelings and inclinations are more short-sighted than myself. I never rejoiced more than at my brother's marriage, and shall do so at that of any of my friends. I must absolutely get over this—but how? the only way is to find the root of the evil, and so cure it 'with backward matters of dis severing power.' That is a difficult thing; for an obstinate prejudice can seldom be produced but from a Gordian complication of feelings, which must take time to unravel, and care to keep unravelled. I could say a good deal about this, but I will leave it, in hopes of better and more worthy dispositions—and also, content that I am wronging no one, for, after all, I do think better of womankind than to suppose they care whether Mister John Keats, five feet high, likes them or not."

A lady thus describes Keats as he appeared attending Hazlitt's lectures in the winter of 1818: "His eyes were large and blue, his hair auburn; he wore it divided down the centre, and it fell in rich masses on each side of his face; his mouth was full, and less intellectual than his other features. His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness. It had an expression as if he

had been looking on some glorious sight. The shape of his face had not the squareness of a man's, but more like some women's faces I have seen—it was so wide over the forehead and so small at the chin."

The next summer he made a pedestrian tour to the Highlands with his friend Brown. The same season *Endymion* was published—the poem which elicited that abuse of the Tory reviewers. We think it was really a waste of time in Milnes to tell us that this abuse was "dull" and "ungenerous" and "scurrilous." The whole case lies in a nutshell. Keats was a Liberal; the reviewers were Tories; the Tory writers made it a principle to caricature and vilify all liberal authors. It is positively awful to contemplate the violence of the political prejudice which at that day infected English literature; and to us Americans it is the more striking because no similar state of things has ever existed among ourselves. Most honorable is it, and a most fit subject of national pride, that in no one instance have the political opinions of an American author affected the decision of American critics.

[*How Keats took the Reviews.*] "I cannot but feel indebted to those gentlemen who have taken my part. As for the rest, I begin to get a little acquainted with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what Blackwood or the Quarterly could inflict; and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine. J. S. is perfectly right about the 'Slipshod *Endymion*.' That it is so, is no fault of mine. No! though it may sound a little paradoxical, it is as good as I had power to make it by myself. Had I been nervous about its being a perfect piece, and with that view asked advice and trembled over every page, it would not have been written. I will write independently. I have written independently *without judgment*. I may write independently, and *with judgment* hereafter. The Genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creative must create itself. In '*Endymion*' I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the

quicksands and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and played a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure; for I would rather fail than not be among the greatest."

[*The Lady.*] "She is not a Cleopatra, but at least a Charmian; she has a rich Eastern look; she has fine eyes, and fine manners. When she comes into the room, she makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess. She is too fine and too conscious of herself, to repulse any man who may address her: from habit she thinks that *nothing particular*. I always find myself at ease with such a woman: the picture before me always gives me a life and animation which I cannot possibly feel with anything inferior. I am, at such times, too much occupied in admiring to be awkward, or in a tremble: I forget myself entirely, because I live in her. You will by this time think I am in love with her, so before I go any farther, I will tell you I am not. She kept me awake one night as a tune of Mozart's might do. I speak of the thing as a pastime and an amusement, than which I can feel none deeper than a conversation with an imperial woman, the very 'yes' and 'no' of whose life is to me a banquet. I don't cry to take the moon home with me in my pocket, nor do I fret to leave her behind me. I like her and her like, because one has no *sensation*; what we both are is taken for granted. You will suppose I have, by this, had much talk with her—no such thing; there are the Misses — on the lookout. They think I don't admire her because I don't stare at her; they call her a flirt to me—what a want of knowledge! She walks across the room in such a manner, that a man is drawn towards her with magnetic power; this they call *flirting*! They do not know things; they do not know what a woman is, I believe, though she has faults, the same as Cleopatra and Charmian might have had."

[*Another Lady.*] "Your mother and I have had some talk about Miss —. Says I, 'Will Henry have that Miss —, a lath with a boddice, she who has been fine-drawn, fit for nothing but to be cut up into cribbage-pins; one who is all muslin; all feathers and bone? Once in travelling she was made use of for a linc-pin. I hope he will not have her, though it is no uncommon thing to be *smitten with a staff*—though she might be useful as his walking-stick, his fishing-rod, his tooth-pick, his hat-stick, (she runs so much in his head.) Let him turn farmer, she would cut into hurdles; let him write poetry, she would be his turn-style. Her gown is like a flag on a pole: she would do for him if he turn freemason. I hope she will prove a flag of truce.'"

[*Keats likes Bordeaux.*] "I never drink above three glasses of wine, and never any spirits and water, though by the by, the other day Woodhouse took me to his coffee-house, and

ordered a bottle of claret. How I like claret! When I can get claret, I must drink it. 'Tis the only palate affair I am at all sensual in. Would it not be a good spec, to send you some vine-roots? [to America.] Could it be done? I'll inquire. If you could make some wine like claret to drink of summer evenings in an arbor! It fills one's mouth with gushing freshness, then goes down cool and feverless; then you do not feel it quarrelling with your liver. No; 'tis rather a peace-maker, and lies as quiet as it did in the grape. Then it is as fragrant as the Queen Bee, and the more ethereal part of it mounts into the brain, not assailing the cerebral apartments, like a bully looking for his trull, and hurrying from door to door, bouncing against the wainscot, but rather walks like Aladdin about his enchanted palace, so gently that you do not feel his step. Other wines of a heavy and spirituous nature transform man into a Silenus; his makes him a Hermes, and gives a woman the soul and immortality of an Ariadne, for whom *Bacchus* always kept a good cellar of claret, and even of that he could never persuade her to take above two cups."

During the next year, besides writing an impracticable tragedy in partnership with his friend Mr. Brown, Keats achieved his really great poems, *Lamia*, *St. Agnes' Eve*, and the fragment *Hyperion*. The superb "Ode to a Nightingale" had a narrow escape, in this wise:—

"Shorter poems were scrawled, as they happened to suggest themselves, on the first scrap of paper at hand, which was afterwards used as a mark for a book, or thrown anywhere aside."

It seemed as if, when his imagination was once relieved by writing down its effusions, he cared so little about them, that it required a friend at hand to prevent them from being utterly lost. Accordingly, when a lucky bird had inspired him one spring day after breakfast, the results of his reverie were thrown away as mere waste-paper, and his vigilant host had no small difficulty in collecting and arranging the scattered stanzas.

Here is one of the Lamb-like passages we alluded to:—

"I want very much a little of your wit, my dear sister—a letter of yours just to bandy back a pun or two across the Atlantic, and send a quibble over the Floridas. Now by this time you have crumpled up your large bonnet; what do you wear? a cap? Do you put your hair in papers of nights. Do you pay the Misses Birkbeck a morning visit?

Have you any tea, or do you milk and water with them? What place of worship do you go to? The Quakers, Moravians, Unitarians, or the Methodists? Are there any flowers in bloom you like? Any streets full of corset-makers? What sort of shoes have you to put those pretty feet of yours in? Do you desire compliments to one another? Do you ride on horseback? What do you have for breakfast, dinner and supper, without mentioning lunch and bite, and wet and snack and a bit to stay one's stomach? Do you get any spirits? Now you might easily distil some whiskey, and going into the woods set up a whiskey-shop for the monkeys! Do you and the other ladies get groggy on anything? A little so-so-ish, so as to be seen home with a lantern? You may perhaps have a game of Puss-in-the-corner; ladies are warranted to play at this game, though they have not whisks. Have you a fiddle in the settlement, or at any rate a Jew's-harp, which will play in spite of one's teeth? When you have nothing else to do for a whole day, I'll tell you how you may employ it: first get up, and when you are dressed, as it would be pretty early, with a high wind in the woods, give George a cold pig* with my compliments, then you may saunter to the nearest coffee-house, and after taking a dram and a look at the Chronicle, go and frighten the wild boars on the strength of it. You may as well bring one home for breakfast, serving up the hoofs, garnished with bristles, and a grunt or two, to accompany the singing of the kettle. Then if George is not up, give him a colder pig, always with my compliments. After you have eaten your breakfast keep your eye upon dinner; it is the safest way; you should keep a hawk's eye over your dinner, and keep hovering over it till due time, then pounce upon it, taking care not to break any plates. While you are hovering about with your dinner in prospect, you may do a thousand things, put a hedge-hog into George's hat, pour a little water into his rifle, soak his boots in a pail of water, cut his jacket round into shreds like a Roman kilt, or the back of my grandmother's stays, tear off his buttons."

Keats's health had been very uncertain for three years. In the autumn of 1820 he was evidently dying of consumption. As a last resort he went to Italy with his friend Severn, the artist, in whose arms he died five months afterwards. This, it will be observed, was more than two years after the *Blackwood* and *Quarterly* articles, a distance of time which militates still further against the supposition that they were

* i.e. A cold bath, something so unpiggish, that it is hard to see how the phrase originated.

accountable for the catastrophe. There was consumption in the family; one of his brothers died before him; the other did not live to be an old man: indeed, had the poet's circumstances been as favorable as they were the reverse, there would have been small warrant for predicting length of years for him, though it is evident that disappointment accelerated the fatal complaint.

Of Keats's poetry generally, what shall we say? What are we expected to say? What *can* we say, after what Hunt, and Jeffrey, and now Milnes have said? Only one point we must mention and insist on—the steadily progressive improvement discernible throughout his productions. As he learned more of books, of men, of his own mind, all his additional knowledge told immediately on his poetic art. Read his poems (not as they are jumbled together in the common edition, but in their chronological order, which this work gives,) and the fact cannot be escaped from. One exception we were about to admit—the mock “Faery Tale,” to be published under the fanciful signature of “Lucy Vaughan Lloyd;” but a more careful perusal of this fragment (now first published) has convinced us that it is in no way unworthy of the man who was at the same time at work on *Hyperion*. Challenging, from its subject and intent, a dangerous comparison with more than one poem of Byron and Shelley, it has a peculiar style and treatment of its own which repel all possibility of the charge of imitation. In his union of the beautiful and the comic, it reminds us of some clever caricatures on classic history and mythology we once saw, in which the artist had combined

consummate beauty of form, with supreme absurdity of attitude and accessory; for instance, in the rescue of Paris from Menelaus, the Trojan was a beautiful young man, and Venus the very ideal of a goddess; but he wore boots and spurs, and she was lifting him off by the most sedentary portion of his garments. Similarly, in “the Jealousies,” the language is always beautiful and poetic, while every now and then comes in a bit of unexpected grotesque, perfectly gentlemanly, and perfectly ludicrous.

And now can we conclude better than with the conclusion and the moral of Milnes?

“Let no man, who is in anything above his fellows, claim, as of right, to be valued or understood: *the vulgar great are comprehended and adored, because they are in reality in the same moral plane with those who admire; but he who deserves the higher reverence must himself convert the worshipper.* The pure and lofty life; the generous and tender use of the rare creative faculty; the brave endurance of neglect and ridicule; the strange and cruel end of so much genius and so much virtue; these are the lessons by which the sympathies of mankind must be interested, and their faculties educated up to the love of such a character and the comprehension of such an intelligence. Still the lovers and the scholars will be few; still the rewards of fame will be scanty and ill-proportioned: no accumulation of knowledge or series of experiences can teach the meaning of genius to those who look for it in additions and results, any more than the numbers studded round a planet's orbit could approach nearer infinity than a single unit. The world of thought must remain apart from the world of action, for if they once coincided, the problem of life would be solved, and the hope which we call heaven would be realized on earth.”

HUNGARY AND THE SLAVONIC MOVEMENT.

HAVING given an account, in a previous number of this Journal, of the Revolution in the Germanic nations, we now proceed to notice the progress of liberty still farther eastward—particularly the recent political changes in Hungary, together with the movement among the Slavonians both of that country and its appendages, and also of Poland, Bohemia, and the Turkish principalities of the Danube.

Hungary is a land which has been explored by the feet of few English travellers, and the history of which has been illustrated by the pen of no English historian. The former have generally been satisfied, either with looking out from the heights of Vienna upon the great plain which stretches away, with an expression of Oriental monotony, to the city of Presburg, or with floating, well protected by leather sheets and musquito nets, down the current of the Danube, without seeing any other parts of the country than those lying immediately upon its banks; while the chronicler of events has done little more than give a meagre outline of the course of Hungarian history, adorned, here and there, by a more full description of such scenes as when Attila, having overrun the half of Europe with those uncivilized hordes who cooked their meat beneath their saddles, set up his barbaric court on the banks of the Theiss; or when the young and beautiful Maria Theresa, having implored the succor of the nobles of the Hungarian diet for a falling empire and an insulted empress, they drew their swords, and cried, *Moriatur pro REGE nostro, Maria Theresia*.

But the history of Hungary, notwithstanding the neglect which it seems to have experienced from English and American scholars, is one of very great, almost of romantic interest. The national character, also, from its singular blending of elegant tastes with barbaric virtues, of European manners with the sentiments of the East, presents a highly attractive study.

And as liberty, in her eastern course, has at length crossed the frontier of this distant country, and breathed, in no small degree, the spirit of our own institutions into the minds of its inhabitants, their claim to both our interest and our sympathies can no longer be disregarded. Without apology, therefore, we proceed to give a brief notice of the land, the history and the character of the Hungarians, introductory to a narrative of the events of their recent Revolution.

The kingdom of Hungary consists of Hungary proper, into which the grand duchy of Transylvania has recently been incorporated, of the dependant kingdoms of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, and of the so-called Military Limits, inhabited principally by Magyars, Croats, Servians, and Wallachians. It is a country of vast plains, with mountain frontiers. The Save, the Drave and the Theiss flow down from the latter, while the Danube seems to stand still in its course through the monotonous level of the former. Along its low banks, as well as around the shores of the great lakes of Neusiedel and the Platten See, lie leagues upon leagues of desolate and unwholesome marsh. Besides these melancholy wastes, a portion of the surface of the country is darkened by primeval and almost impenetrable forests, fit lurking places for the bandit, who sallies out from their borders upon the traveller and the merchant. Still, of the interior and level parts, the greater proportion consists of open pusztas or prairies, on some of which the eye is fatigued by an horizon as vast and unvarying as in the deserts of Africa. Here, too, as there, the traveller is sometimes mocked by the fantastic illusions of the mirage; though, oftener, he is misled by dense and noxious mists to wander among the reeds of the morasses, happy if the distant lowing of cattle may direct him to the hut of the shepherd.

The climate of the country is no less varied than its surface. The Tatra moun-

tains are white with perpetual snows; and in the northerly districts, the reign of winter continues unabated during half the year. But the peasant, who, dwelling amid the boundless meadows of central Hungary, has never seen a mountain, looks with wonder upon the fragments of ice which are borne down by the Danube from the realms of frost. The southern plains are fragrant with rosemary, vervain, and the passion flower. The Carinthian grape ripens its sweet juices on the sunny hillsides. The orange and the lemon blossoms perfume the air of the valleys. In the higher districts, and on the cultivated plains, the air is remarkable for its salubrity; but the vicinity of the nitrous and saline marsh lands is as decidedly unhealthy.

In a portion of the plains and higher regions of Hungary, the generous soil yields abundantly both corn and wine. This country, in fact, is second only to France in the amount of the products of its vineyards; and the aromatic wines of Tokay and Menesch are the most delicious in the world. Where the vine does not claim priority, tracts, as boundless as our own prairies, wave with wheat, millet, rice and maize. But plains, still more ample, refuse the plough. Over these roam herds of cattle, as numerous as those which feed in the pastures of the Ukraine. Thousands of sheep and swine, also, gain a scanty subsistence on these sandy savannahs, upon whose lonely expanse the shepherd's or swineherd's hovel is the only human habitation. The mountains abound in marbles and precious stones, and the miner bores into their sides for metals, salt, and coal.

The people, for whom nature, with so lavish a hand, pours out these stores, consist principally of three races, the Magyar, the German, and the Slavonic. The Magyars are the Hungarians proper, and rule over the others, together with the Jews, Greeks, and Italians, who, from time to time, have come to bivouac around the ancient cross of St. Stephen. Their historical origin is somewhat doubtful. They appear, however, to have belonged to the Uralian or Finnic race, and to have come originally on their swift horses from the banks of the Volga; while the Germans first entered the country by the way

of the Danube, and the Slavonians came down from the Carpathian mountains. Called in by their brethren, the descendants of the Huns, so distinguished in the fourth and fifth centuries, to oppose the Moravians, the Magyars subjugated the various Slavonic tribes, who had immigrated before them, and remained masters of the land. This conquest took place in the ninth century. After having become established in their new homes, the Magyars gratified their love of war by making predatory incursions into the neighboring countries, where also their aid, as soldiers of fortune, was frequently solicited by less warlike princes. Their fierce and fleet cavalry, in fact, swept over no small part of central Europe, and terrified the nations from Bremen to Otranto, from Constantinople to Provence. In the tenth century, however, their desolating course was stayed by the victories of Henry I., of Germany, at Merseburg, and of Otho the Great, at Augsburg; and still more even by the triumph over them of Christianity, which was established by the instrumentality of King Stephen, with help of Latin monks and German knights. After that period horse-flesh was no longer eaten in Hungary; tents were abandoned for houses; heathenism, with all its rites, was extirpated; the frame of a richly endowed hierarchy was raised; a law of orders was established in the state; the kingdom was divided into counties with a regular system of magistracy; a constitution of government, in fine, was granted, the principal features of which have descended to modern times; and thus, at the commencement of the eleventh century, the summits of the Carpathians were illumined by the dawn of civilization. But the new Christian state did not cease to be militant. In the course of the immediately following centuries it was often invaded by Turks and Mongols; when the believer and the infidel fought together on the Hungarian plains, with all the hate and all the chivalry which characterized the wars of the Spaniards and the Moors. Success sometimes deserted to the side of the crescent; and for the space of one hundred and sixty years the country was held as a province of Turkey. In consequence of these contests, the kingdom, which, under Lewis I., had become so enlarged by conquest

or by election, that it equalled if it did not surpass in extent the modern empire of Austria, was greatly narrowed in its limits, and so reduced in its population, that it gladly encouraged the immigration of the Germans, who now first entered the country in considerable numbers. Nor had the effect of these disasters entirely disappeared, when the Protestant reformation, which brought a sword into all Christian lands, drew it in this also. Now adopted, and now proscribed, the new faith kindled the fires of civil war throughout the land, when the arms hitherto wielded against other nations, were turned, envenomed with all the fanatical passions, upon themselves. After these dissensions, however, the different sects were all established on an equal footing; and the prosperity of the country was visited by no great national calamity until the year 1713, when the slow and methodical policy of Austria, which, nearly two centuries before, had claimed the right of succeeding to the extinct line of the Hungarian princes, finally prevailed, and Hungary consented to yield the homage of her crown to the house of Hapsburg. But no great change was made in consequence, either in the laws or the ancient constitution of the country.

The Hungarian Diet, established by Stephen, is of greater antiquity than any other legislative assembly in Europe, save one; for the Parliament of England was instituted a few years earlier. This venerable constitution of government has survived the invasion of enemies, the discord of citizens, the tyranny of rulers, the inconsistency of the people, in short, all the shocks and contrarieties of more than seven centuries. It is composed of an Upper Chamber of Magnates and clerical dignitaries, in which the Palatine, the representative of the King, presides; and of a Lower Chamber of Deputies, elected by the citizens of the free towns, and the nobles of the counties, who, more democratic than were the knights of the shire in England, or the representatives of the particular estates of France, are required to act conformably to the instructions of their constituents. These Chambers, together with the Emperor, as King of Hungary, constitute the *Populus Hungaricus*, and exercise supreme authority in the state. The government of Hungary, accordingly, is a

mixed monarchy. But it has always been administered by the aristocracy, chiefly for their own benefit, and been supported almost entirely by the contributions of the peasantry, styled, in the old laws, the *misera plebs contribuentium*.

The aristocracy of the country is composed exclusively of Magyars; the Germans, who are generally congregated in the towns, form a large proportion of the free burghers; and the peasantry, the class without civil rights or privileges, being eight or nine millions in a population of twelve or thirteen, is Slavonic, with a smaller mixture of Magyars, Swabians and others. The nobles own the soil, the possession of landed property being forbidden to the peasantry by law, and permitted to the class of burghers only within the jurisdiction of a burgh. The tenure, however, which generally prevails, as in all Slavonic and Scandinavian countries, is the allodial; although a smaller portion of the land, as for instance, the domains of Prince Esterhazy, are entailed, and inherited according to the laws of primogeniture. But it may be remarked that the principle of equal partibility has not had the effect in Hungary of preventing the formation of large landed estates, as was likewise the case, to a considerable extent, in the ancient republics, where the rule of primogeniture was unknown, and as also has been the case in Spain, where it has existed only as an exception to the general law of partibility. Yet whatever difference there may be in the size of the estates of the nobles, they themselves are, for the most part, equal before the law. The man who possesses but a single rood of allodial land, has in the *theng* or county congregation, where the public affairs of the county are discussed and ordered, the same rights and privileges as the proprietor of the most extensive domains.

The Hungarian nobles, owning the soil, holding all civil offices, exempt, for the most part, from tithes and taxes, and endowed with all the privileges which they have chosen to confer on themselves, have always maintained a character as haughty as their rank in the state has been exalted. But to a high sense of personal dignity have been allied many of the most brilliant attributes of character, besides great frankness and self-possession of manners. A

generosity as noble as that of the Irish; the bold, dashing gallantry of the knights errant; an Oriental hospitality; power of never-yielding endurance; ardor in both love and hate; a contempt of fear; a jealousy of dishonor; these are qualities which relieve the love of ostentation and luxury, and whatever may be gross or rude in the dispositions and manners of the Magyars.

The general characteristic of the physiognomy of the Hungarian nobility is intelligence. The broad, open brow; the clear, full eye; the mouth firm and well moulded, give them a very striking appearance, especially when seen collectively. It is this, added to the variety of costumes worn in the Diet; the loose robes of black silk; the gold chains, crosses, and crimson scarfs; the richly furred frock coats, and *kalpags* or national caps of the elder gentry; the green or scarlet pelisses laced with gold, and the magnificent chakos of the higher officers; the elaborately braided waistcoats of the younger members, with pendent crowns of bright-colored kersey-mere in their embroidered caps; the waving heron plumes; the purple sashes; the gilded belts; the polished weapons; which render the national assembly of the Hungarians, probably, the most picturesque and characteristic in the world.*

The appearance of the Hungarian peasant presents a strong contrast to that of his master. Ever since the days of King Attila, his shoulders have been thatched with a rug or cloak of rough sheepskin. His scanty under garments are of coarse sack-cloth, soaked in lard to protect the wearer from insects. A broad-brimmed felt sombrero casts an additional shade upon his swarthy face; while mane-like locks and unshorn mustachios give to his wild features an expression more of Asia than of Europe.

But this costume covers two separate characters, the Magyar and the Slavonian. The Magyar peasant is bold, passionate, and courteous; he is proud of his descent, and vain of his ornaments; in temperament, he inclines to melancholy; has a marked partiality for the care of animals; and, indolent in his habits, prefers a gallop over the *pusztas* to the following of his plough. The Slavonian, on the

other hand, though poor, is good humored; he likes music and the dance; and has no pride of country, but hatred of his conquerors instead. Not open and sincere in his disposition, like the Magyar, he is deceitful rather. His manners are insinuating, but to the last degree submissive; for while the Magyar, taking off his hat, stands erect in the presence of a superior, the Slavonian bows his neck, and never ventures to resume an upright posture until dismissed. Of Germans among the peasantry there are very few; they, together with a large number of Jews and some Greeks, having monopolized the trade of the towns. But wherever found, they exhibit the same manly, unostentatious character; and retain intact, for the most part, their national peculiarities.

The general condition of the servants and tenants of the Hungarian landlords has been superior, in most respects, to that of the peasantry of other European countries. Although the system of serfage was early introduced by Stephen, only the revolted peasant was held in personal and perpetual servitude; the others being allowed to pass from the domains of one lord to settle on those of another. They paid tithes to the clergy, and one ninth of the remaining products of the soil to the landlord. The great majority of the country people, being hired laborers or farmers, were bound by contracts to till the land for a stipulated rent or for their maintenance, in which cases they could not leave the farms until after having paid all advances made by the proprietors, nor could they be turned out, except on the condition of receiving an indemnity for their labor. Considerable relief was granted to this class of the people by the *Urbarium*, or rural code published under the auspices of Maria Theresa, which put an interpretation on contracts favorable to the farmer, and regulated in a more liberal manner the amount of labor which was to be accepted in the place of rent. The reforms of Joseph II. which swept away many of the fundamental laws of the kingdom, also abolished perpetual servitude, so far as it had been recognized by law; and when the old constitution was re-established under his successor, this enactment, together with others for the protection of the peasantry, was allowed

* Miss Pardoe's *City of the Magyars*.

to stand. Such was not the case, however, with the decrees sanctioning the right of acquiring heritable property by all Hungarians, and equalizing the imposts on all lands, whether in the possession of the noble or the ignoble. The ancient principle of Hungarian law was still maintained *fundo ne inhereat onus*. The peasant continued to pay tithes to priests and lords; to maintain the country magistracies; to labor on public works without remuneration; and to pay for the support of the army, in which the nobles served.

But although nearly all the burdens of the state have fallen upon the shoulders of the peasant, nature has dealt bountifully with him. The fertile soil of the plains and valleys yields its increase with little pains of tillage. He raises the largest oxen in Europe, and divides the care of them with his dog, roaming in companionship over the rolling hills, or lying at ease in fragrant meadows. If he has no money, he has few wants. If he cannot drive his cattle or cart his grain to the distant marts of trade, from inability to pay the tolls, neither does his simple frugality crave the luxuries of foreign fairs. He is content to obtain by barter with his neighbors whatever of raiment may not be supplied by the sheep which he shears, or whatever of food may not be furnished by the cattle which he slaughters. For him, whose ancestors never slept beneath a roof, it is no hardship to wrap his woolen guba around him, and lie down to sleep wherever beneath the heavens night-fall overtakes him—the wagoner in his cart, the shepherd by his fold, the husbandmen amid sheaves or hay-cocks. The monotony of his every-day life is sufficiently relieved by the diversity of his toils and the changes of the seasons. On holy days he piously says his prayers in church, shuffles through the intricacies of the Hungarian dances, sings the national songs with questions and answers, and supplies whatever may be lacking in these amusements to fill up the small measure of his delights by admiring the costly pastimes, the showy equipages, the luxurious entertainments, the gilded state and ceremony of his prodigal but perhaps not more happy lord.

Such, in brief, have been the Hungarians and their institutions. But the revo-

lutionary spirit which is now reforming the laws and governments of so many European states, has produced changes in this country, not less important than in those which have attained a higher degree of civilization. Hungary, in consequence, is no longer what she was. The spirit of the people, and the fundamental laws of the kingdom, bear alike the marks of the great revolution which, commencing a quarter of a century ago, has now just arrived at its climax, and regenerated the land.

The period when the rise of new political convictions first began to manifest itself in Hungary, was during the session of the diet, which took place in the years 1825-7. A popular party was then organized, which soon received the support of a large number of persons of high rank and ample fortunes. These friends of progress labored with much zeal to improve the condition of the lower classes, encouraged popular education both without law and against law, and pursued a system of political agitation which seemed to produce effect when other means failed. Count Szechényi took up the pen, an instrument which had been but little used by his countrymen, and won a European reputation by the ability of his dissertations on subjects connected with politics. The small number of newspapers and periodicals was enlarged; a theatre, in which the Magyar language was used, was erected at Presburg; and the national literature, which had not possessed much to boast of except the beauty of its lyrics, received a new impulse from the patronage of the nobility, and the increase of scholars. The diet of 1840 went still further than its predecessors in calling public attention to the necessity of a reform of the state. Much was done by it to protect both the moral and the material interests of the country, to develop more fully the Magyar nationality, and to diminish the power of Austrian and all foreign influence. This movement forwards was aided also by the imprisonment for political offences of two leading members of the liberal party, Baron Wesselenyi, and the since distinguished Mr. Kossuth, for a measure so severe and so tyrannical naturally gave rise to an earnest demand for the restoration of the old constitutional freedom of speech, independent of all interference of the

sovereign. Some partial concessions, in consequence, were made by the authorities, but no liberal plan of reform was timely introduced to satisfy the reasonable wishes of the great majority of the popular party, or to neutralize the extravagant claims of factious partisans. The disaffection continuing, as a matter of course, to gain ground, when the Diet assembled at the commencement of the present year, it demanded the recall of all Austrians in office, and remonstrated against the system of policy which, for forty years, had been pursued by the administration of Metternich.

At the time of the occurrence of the revolution at Paris, therefore, a great reform party had grown up in Hungary, and when that of Vienna followed, paralyzing for the time being the imperial authority, insurrection swept, like the wind, down the Danube and the Theiss. The conservative party, deprived of Austrian support, gave way at once, and the friends of reform succeeded in establishing a provisional government almost without opposition.

At Pesth, as at Vienna, it was the students of the university who led the van of the revolution. They named the members of the new national government, which were immediately accepted by the Chamber of Deputies. The choice seems to have been a judicious one, for it fell upon men possessing the confidence of the people and long distinguished by their valuable services in the cause of national improvement. They were Count Batthyányi, and Prince Esterházy, magnates of the highest distinction; the active Count Szechényi, who, as well as the more popular Déak, is one of the best informed men in the country, and Mr. Kossuth, a lawyer, well known for his zealous attachment to liberal principles. Their political opinions, indeed, were far from being the same; but in view of the magnitude of the crisis they cheerfully consented to act together for the common good.

After the organization of this new government a deputation was sent to Vienna by the Diet, to ask for it the approval of the Emperor. Ferdinand, making a virtue of necessity, granted all that was demanded, and the virtual independence of Hungary was proclaimed,

accordingly, on the 17th of March. The provisional government, which had been appointed, was confirmed; in future the ministry was to be elected by a majority of the national representatives, and to be responsible to the people of Hungary; the press was declared to be free; the ancient constitution, in all its independence and with all its privileges, was acknowledged as the fundamental law of the realm; and in place of the former Palatine, whose authority was very limited, the Archduke Etienne was appointed Viceroy, and clothed with all the powers for organizing the new state which could be lawfully exercised by the King-Emperor.

These concessions were not made any too soon to secure the loyalty of the Hungarians, for the messenger who brought the tidings of them to Pesth, found the National Guard assembled, and in the act of deliberating on the propriety of immediately proclaiming a republic. The people, however, had obtained all they asked for, and opposed as they had been to the administration of his ministers, they remained steadfastly attached to the Emperor, and expressed the wish that he would visit the country, and even establish his residence at Presburg.

The installation of the new order of things met with some slight opposition from the conservative county magistrates; while a small, but violent party of radicals, stimulated by clubs and journals, called for the abolition of the Chamber of Magnates, for the total subversion, in fact, of the ancient constitution, and even for the proclamation of a republic entirely independent of Austria. But both of these extreme classes of partisans were overpowered by the stronger common sense of the great majority of the nation. The local disturbances, however, attending the interregnum of authority were in many instances of a very serious nature. Armed bands of peasants roamed unresisted over several districts, committing the greatest excesses. Persons who had anything to lose, were plundered; many who had nothing were murdered; some towns were sacked, others were burned, and their inhabitants compelled to bivouac in the open fields. A large proportion of the Hungarian troops had before been sent into Italy, Bohemia and Moravia; and where there were detach-

ments of the National Guard, they aimed to maintain a sort of neutrality between anarchy and order, generally arriving at the scene of disturbances when, the plundering and sacking being over, their services were no longer needed. But it was against the Jews that the excited passions of the lower classes were chiefly directed. At Presburg, even the Jewish hospital became a mark for popular vengeance. The sick were driven into the streets; the dying were eased prematurely of their pains; and the persecution was stayed only by the expulsion of the Jews from the city.

The day of frenzy and license, however, was soon over. The new ministry exerted its influence to re-establish order; and aided by the general consent of the people, their efforts were crowned with success.

Meanwhile the Diet, assembled no longer as before at Presburg, but in the ancient capital of Pesth, proceeded, without delay, to confirm by legislation the reforms which had been introduced into the structure of the state, and also to alter some of the ancient laws of the kingdom. The "Robot" was summarily abolished, whereby the property of the different churches and the nobility was curtailed of those feudal rights of tythe and labor, which pressed most heavily upon the people; and the amount of compensation to be paid to the landlords was left to be determined at a future session of the Assembly. The right of owning the soil was extended to all classes. The peasant was admitted a citizen of the state, and endowed with a portion of the lands which he had before held in tenantry. Measures were taken to introduce a new system of internal improvements, to extend the freedom of industry, and to multiply the advantages of popular education.

To carry into execution all these plans of improvement will undoubtedly require no little time, and more means than seem to be at present at command in the country. For although Hungary has no national debt of its own, yet the entire farming interest is in arrear for the last quarter's rent; the incomes of the landed proprietors are to be temporarily reduced by the emancipation of two millions of laborers; and if anything like a just compensation for their services is to be made out of the public treasury to their former masters, it is im-

possible to see where the means will be found for building roads, digging canals, and improving the navigation of the rivers, or executing any other of the great national works now in contemplation. Heretofore the Austrian system of duties, the government monopolies of salt and tobacco, the numerous restrictions upon industry, the depressed condition of the lower classes, have not been favorable to a full development of the material resources of the country. The annual revenue, from all sources, domains, regalia and taxes, has not usually amounted to more than about fifteen millions of dollars; and although the receipts of the public treasury will now be increased by the contributions of the nobility, still the immediate augmentation cannot be great, as their luxurious habits have rendered almost the whole order *de facto* bankrupt. Nevertheless the stimulus of free institutions, and of liberal legislation, together with the English system of husbandry now being introduced, will, undoubtedly, unfold new resources, and add greatly to the amount of the national wealth. The immense estates in the Bannat and elsewhere, which have hardly done more than defray the cost of their cultivation, will now be sold or leased to independent farmers, greatly to the advantage of all parties. And if, in addition to all other measures for the improvement of the country, the immigration of settlers with some property be encouraged, and the old contempt for trade and labor and foreign blood be somewhat abated, the Hungarians may soon be able to sustain a public debt of considerable magnitude. At present, however, the condition of their finances, aside from the expenses of war, cannot be considered sufficiently encouraging to enable them to obtain any very large loans from abroad; and the friends of internal improvements and national advancement must content themselves with the old motto of *festinare lente*.*

But since the organization of the national government at Pesth, a new source of financial embarrassment has been opened, the consequences of which cannot, at present, be estimated. This is the war with the Slavonic appendages of Hungary,

* Die Allgemeine Zeitung von Augsburg, Gazette de Heidelberg, London Times.

which we now proceed briefly to notice.

Of these appendages, the principal one is Croatia. This kingdom is represented in the Hungarian diet by deputies, and has been a dependency of the Magyars since its original conquest in the ninth century. Two hundred years before, the Croats had come into the country, and founded the petty states of Carinthia, Friuli, Liburnia, or Croatia proper, Dalmatia and Slavonia. A warlike people, they have always been fond of breaking their spears with their neighbors, and were in the habit of making predatory incursions into the Ottoman territories, even up to the middle of the last century. At that period compelled by Austria to relinquish this amusement, they have since submitted to the discipline of the imperial service, and, though still preferring the chances of war, have occupied themselves more with the labors of peace. But they have made no great progress in civilization. Their houses are destitute of windows and chimneys, and might better be termed barns, as one large roof extends its protection alike to men and oxen, pigs and women. But though possessing the vices of semi-barbarians, they are not incapable of exalted sentiments, and have ever been loyal to the sovereign, whose government has accommodated itself to their prejudices, and left them in the enjoyment of a large share of native independence.

Next to Croatia, the most important of the revolted dependencies are those districts, on the confines of Turkey, called the Military Limits. They consist of a long line of frontier, extending from the Adriatic to Transylvania;—a sort of perpetual camp, in which all the inhabitants are both soldiers and husbandmen. The constitution of society is, in other respects, peculiar. One or more families form what is termed a house or society, in which the oldest member exercises a patriarchal power, under the title of *gospodar*. The land, not divided into individual possessions, is owned by the community at large, as were the woods of Germany, in the days of Hermann. The flocks, money and movables of a particular society are also held in common by all its members; and if a female marries any one of a different household that to which she belongs, she goes

to her new home with but a wedding garment for her dower. The number of merchants, or hucksters rather, and of priests, is limited by law; every inhabitant is required to contribute by some kind of labor to the common stock; and whoever absents himself, without the permission of his *gospodar*, is considered a deserter. The population, though naturally clever, are ill-informed, their military government being, of course, not favorable to the progress of civilization. Attached to the Emperor, these districts supply Austria with some of the most trustworthy and efficient soldiers in her service. They furnished, also, in the famous thirty years' war of the Catholics and Protestants, and in the seven years' war, against Frederic the Great, those irresistible Pandours and Croats, whose very aspect spread dismay even to the western borders of Germany.

The cause of the revolt of these kingdoms from Hungary, is the antipathy of the two races. The Croats, Slavonians, Servians, and Dalmatians, are all of Slavonian origin. They hate—they have always hated the Magyars. And in return, the Magyar despises the Slave. "*Tot nem ember!*—the Slave is not a man!" is a proverb constantly on the lips of the Hungarian noble. Indeed, instances are not wanting of villages, in which the Magyar inhabitants hold no communication with their Slavonic neighbors for any purpose; where they do not even understand each other's language, and will not permit the intermarriage of their children.

The more immediate cause of the breaking out of civil war, however, is to be found in the numerous and very earnest attempts, which have been made within the last few years by the Magyars, to extend the influence of their own language, and to revive the observance of their national customs. Their aim has been to strengthen their authority by suppressing all languages in the country except their own. Formerly, the official language of the State was Latin. But since 1836, the laws have been published in the Hungarian tongue also. The representations made to the sovereign have been drawn up laterally in Hungarian and Latin, the former being declared, by virtue of a recent decree, to be the original or responsible language, in case of any tech-

nical difficulty. With the exception of those of certain magnates and magistrates, the speeches made in the Diet are exclusively in the Magyar dialect. All the transactions between the two Chambers are carried on in the same; and the Latin maintains its former pre-eminence only in the Resolutions of the king.

This new policy of the conquerors did not escape the jealous vigilance of the leaders of the party of the conquered. The lower classes, however, being destitute of all political education and sympathies, the illuminated kept their plans of opposition to themselves; and left it to the papas of the Greek church, to which confession most of the Slavonians belong, to persuade the peasantry that this design of degrading their language was but one of a series of attacks upon the independence of their faith. Thus the fanatical passions of the people were aroused; while their leaders, forming affiliated associations throughout all the Slavonic countries, for the purpose of simplifying their various dialects, so that they might all be reduced into one, cloaked beneath this garb the plan of forming a Panslavonic confederacy.

An event which any impartial person would suppose must have tended to heal the dissensions between the two races, furnished the occasion for the long meditated outbreak. When in consequence of the Revolution in Hungary, the franchise was accorded to all without regard to nationality or religion, and both surplice and tithes were totally abolished, it would seem as though no shadow of discontent between the ruling and the ruled could any longer have existed. But it was stipulated by the Magyars that the debates in the diet should be held in their language. To this the German inhabitants made no objection, and received the new reforms with joy. Nor was there any reasonable ground of objection, as the Hungarian tongue was generally familiar to all the inhabitants of the country, whatever their origin. But the leaders of the Slavonic party, seeing that then or never their time had come for shaking off the ancient yoke of bondage, gave the word of command; and every every Slave ran to arms.

The headquarters of revolt were established at Carlowitz, in Slavonia, the seat

of the Greek archbishop. A committee of public safety, or, in other words, a provisional government was here organized; and its authority was at once recognized throughout the district, inhabited as it is mostly by Slavonians. A camp of twenty thousand men was soon formed; and funds were liberally furnished by the Greek convents. But the governor of the town of Peterwaradin, on the Danube, ventured to attack the insurgent forces; and his attempt, though not successful, was followed by a truce, to give time for the revolted to submit their case to the Emperor. A deputation, accordingly, was dispatched to Vienna, instructed to demand the independence of the Slavonians from Hungary.

Meanwhile, the insurrection spread rapidly through all the Slavonic dependencies, south of the Danube. Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, put himself at the head of the movement, and the Croatian diet, illegally assembled at Agram, invited the States of Bohemia to meet those of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia in general diet, for the purpose of throwing off the yoke of the Magyars. The enthusiasm of the Croatians rose to the highest pitch. When, in the last session of the diet at Agram, it was stated that there was a deficiency of funds necessary for sending troops to the threatened quarters, all the deputies, together with the auditors, rose to offer voluntary contributions. Several gave five hundred, others a thousand or two thousand florins. The fair sex, following the example of their lords, threw their watches, chains, rings, and various trinkets into the treasury of war. And thus, in the space of a short half hour, upwards of fifteen thousand florins were collected, besides other objects of value.

The Croatian call to arms has been answered also by other tribes. The Servians, the flower of the race, have sent large bodies of volunteers from the distant Balkan. The Dalmatian has come, even from the Porta Hungarica of Fiume. The Wallachians have taken the field, from the remoter East. And all are impressed with the belief that they shall have the sympathy of Russia, regarded as the head of their religion and their race. As many as eighty or ninety thousand men, accustomed to arms and trained up in regiments, are reported as now concentrating on the

Danube. Already several sanguinary, though not decisive engagements have taken place between the two contending parties; and by the last advices, the insurgents had advanced within two days' march of both Pesth and Vienna.

On the other hand, the Magyars, although in the midst of the confusion attending a popular revolution, have made spirited efforts ultimately to quell the revolt. A large number of their soldiers are absent from the kingdom, in the service of the empire; but, the landsturm having been convoked, it is expected that a force double that of their enemy will be brought into the field; and it is confidently believed that, terrible as is the advance of such hordes of Croats and Pandours, the campaign will result in the triumph of the ancient cross of St. Stephen. This issue may be looked for with the greater certainty in consequence of the recent timely incorporation into Hungary of the dependant kingdom of Transylvania, whereby the strength of the Magyars is increased by a more close alliance with a million and a half of their countrymen.

To the same end, the stand lately taken by the government at Vienna will no doubt contribute. At the commencement of the insurrection, the unsettled state of Austrian affairs, and, probably, a secret disposition in the imperial court to allow the Hungarian revolution to be embarrassed by the disaffection of the more loyal and less democratic Slavonians, prevented any decisive interference on the part of the sovereign. Hitherto, also, the negotiations carried on at Vienna between the Ban of Croatia and the Hungarian minister, Prince Esterhazy, as well as the mediation of the Archduke John, of Austria, have been altogether unavailing. But the increasing magnitude of this Croatian movement, not second in the importance of its possible effects on the Austrian empire to that in Italy, has at length forced the imperial government to take a decisive part. A manifesto, expressed in the strongest terms, has been issued, requiring both the contending parties to lay down their arms, and put an end to the war. The Austrian government has come to the conclusion, doubtless, that it is prudent to check the rising ambition of the Ban of Croatia, for, although the loyalty of the Sla-

vonians has not heretofore been questioned, still if they should be successful in overmastering the Hungarians, this war might be the means of laying the foundations of the great Panslavonic Empire. At the present moment, in fact, the greatest peril which threatens the Austrian State, is not that it may lose an unprofitable province or two in Italy, but that, while the Germanic parts of the empire are allying themselves more closely to the fatherland, the Slavonic portions may become leagued together in a separate national confederacy.*

* Advices received since the writing of the above, put a somewhat new aspect upon the affairs of Hungary. It now appears that the imperial government has not been acting towards that country in good faith, but has long had a secret understanding with Jellachich, that the latter should be allowed to conquer Hungary, if possible, on the condition of repressing the revolution, and restoring the former influence of Austria. To aid in accomplishing this purpose, the Emperor, in the latter part of September, appointed Count Lamberg to the chief command of the army in Hungary, and sent manifestoes requiring the submission of both the troops and the people to the new commissary. But as these decrees did not bear the countersign of a Hungarian minister, as required by the new constitution, the Diet unanimously pronounced them to be in violation of the laws of the land, and forbade them either to be circulated or obeyed in the kingdom. The day following this vote of the Diet, Count Lamberg arriving himself at the capital, and attempting to assume the command of the national guard, he was seized by the people, while on his way to the Diet, for the purpose of presenting his credentials to that body, and put to death by violence. After the commission of this unhappy act by the popular fury, the Diet made the rupture between the kingdom and the empire absolute and irretrievable, by the adoption of a resolution in the following terms:—

“In the absence of a supreme government, the Chamber appoints the six members who have been associated with Bathyanyi for the conduct of the war, a provisional government, with unlimited powers.”

This act became the signal for universal rebellion against the authority of the Emperor. At the same time, to blow into a flame the popular enthusiasm in behalf of the independence of the country, the publication of intercepted correspondence, addressed by the Emperor to the Ban of Croatia, revealed the dastardly plot, which had been formed at Vienna, for effecting the overthrow of the new Hungarian constitution. These papers brought to light three decrees of the Emperor, of which the first appointed Count Adam Veczy President of a new Hungarian ministry, with authority to select its members. This doc-

To this greater Slavonic movement, embracing also the insurrection of the Bohemians at Prague, the contests between the Germans and the Poles, both in Posen and Galicia, and the revolution in the Danubian principalities of Turkey, we now turn more directly our attention.

The Slavonic race, coming originally from Asia, appears to have existed for some thousand years in the north-east of Europe. The Greeks and Romans despised the distant Slavi, and contented themselves with giving to the vast regions occupied by them, in connection with the Finni, the vague names of Scythia and Sarmatia. Their descendants, which still possess a large part of Eastern Europe, consist principally of the Russians, the different Slavonic tribes in Hungary, the Bohemians, the Poles, and the Lithuanians.

The relationship of a common descent is acknowledged among all these nations, excepting between the Poles and the Russians; and within a few years, many of the leading minds of the more westerly Slavonic countries have entertained the design

ument was not countersigned by an Austrian minister, but by Count Veczy himself. The second decree, addressed to the county magistracies, placed the kingdom under martial law, the third dissolved the Diet, on the ground of the illegality of its late proceedings, declaring all its acts to be null and void, which had not received the imperial sanction; and appointed Baron Joseph Jellachich dictator of Hungary, with supreme powers, both civil and military.

This assassin's blow, aimed from behind at the liberty of a great enfranchised nation, has been paralyzed by still another insurrection at Vienna, and by the second flight of Ferdinand, as pusillanimous as double-faced, from his capital. On the occurrence of these events, the Constituent Assembly of Austria immediately revoked the powers conferred upon Jellachich; and the latter, in consequence, will no longer be sustained by the secret intrigues or the open aid of the governing power at Vienna. The latest reports represent him to have been defeated. This will, undoubtedly, be his fate, sooner or later, as, although his position, extending from Raab on the Danube, on the left, to the Platten See and the Bakonyes forest, on the right, is one of great military strength, his army, hastily collected and imperfectly equipped, is particularly deficient in that right arm of war, the artillery. The independence of Hungary, favored as it will be by the supremacy of the popular party at Vienna, cannot fail, we think, to be established, whatever may be the fate of the Austrian Empire, now shaken again by insurrection at its centre, as well as by revolt in its extremities. [*Vienna correspondence of London papers.*]

of strengthening these ties of brotherhood. The principal means employed for effecting this purpose have been the interchange of sentiments, various forms of association, and the cultivation of their common language and literature. Russia, also, favoring the idea of a national hegemony, has zealously patronized Slavonic letters beyond her own borders, and particularly in Hungary. Every Hungarian writer of reputation, employing this tongue, has been openly and freely rewarded with Russian favor, if not with stipends. A Slavonic propaganda is said to have been founded and maintained in this country by northern gold and influence; and that it has been mainly in consequence of its exertions, that the dream has been cherished by some ardent friends of Slavonic nationality, of establishing a monarchy of their own on the ruins of the Magyar dominion. Certain it is that the principal portion of the Slavonic population in Hungary delight to call themselves by the name of Russnyaks, and, being of the Greek communion, openly pray for the Emperor of Russia, as our "Czar," even at Pesth and Presburg.

The recent revolution in France, and the political disorganization of the German States, gave a very great impulse to the centralizing tendency among the Slavonians. Hence the origin of the Congress of Prague. Immediately after the triumph of the people of Vienna, the friends of Slavonic nationality in the Austrian Empire agreed to assemble at Prague, on the thirty-first day of May, to deliberate on their common interests. Besides representatives from the various Slavonic provinces of Austria, a considerable number of distinguished individuals from other lands inhabited by the same race, were invited to be present. The call was very generally answered; and at the time appointed, the ancient city of Prague saw its quiet streets animated with deputies, speaking in different dialects, and dressed in the various and gaunt costumes of Czecks, Poles, Croatians, Dalmatians and Illyrians. They represented eleven millions of their countrymen. On the second of June, the Congress was formally organized. A committee, appointed to draw up a series of resolutions, expressive of the views of the Assembly respecting the subject of Slavonic interests, subsequently

made an elaborate report. Of this, the first clause asserted the necessity of forming a league offensive and defensive between all Slaves, as the only means of restoring the lost strength and faded splendor, as well as maintaining the new constitutional liberties of the empire. The second clause declared the importance of preserving, as the basis of this peoples' league, each one of the distinct nationalities of Austria; and to this end, recommending the formation at Vienna of a general Austrian diet, in which the different nationalities should be duly represented. The third resolution advises the establishment of a system of literary intercourse between different branches of the race. The fourth asserts that they will not allow Austria to occupy a subordinate position in the proposed German Empire; and that the Slaves will not recognize the decrees of the Frankfort Parliament as binding. The last clause proposes that a deputation should wait upon the Emperor, informing him of the resolutions of the Congress.

Before any action, however, was taken on these resolutions, the breaking out of the Czeckish insurrection in Prague put a stop to the deliberations of the Congress, and finally resulted in its premature dissolution.*

The Congress, it is true, observed the form of loyalty to the Emperor, but whether it possessed its spirit may well be the subject of doubt. It appears to have been the sense of the members of the Assembly that the Austrian Empire ought to be Slave, a majority of its people being of that race; and that if the German provinces should become incorporated with the new Teutonic confederation, it would become necessary for the others to form a separate state.

This idea the Slavonic population of Bohemia were quite too ready to reduce to practice; for some vision of a national empire, including Russia, seems to have been one of the principal causes of the insurrection at Prague. Their hatred of the Austrian Government, however, was of long standing. For many years a systematic effort has been making to revive the use of the Czeckish language and customs, in opposition to those of their con-

querors. Previously to the breaking out of the recent Revolutions, therefore, the national feeling had become very strong, and the national party well organized in Bohemia. So imbibed, indeed, had this province become against the aggressive, yet weak and vacillating policy of the administration of Metternich, that armed bands of Czecks were formed in various districts, for the purpose of overawing the German population, and ultimately resisting the Austrian government. These consisted principally of fanatical young men, who dressed and armed themselves after the fashion of the time of the patriot Zyska, and were called the Swornorst—in all about twenty thousand. The triumph of the people at Vienna weakened still further the German party in Bohemia; and when the governor, in obedience to instructions received from the new Austrian administration, gave orders for the election of members to the Frankfort Parliament to be held in Prague, only three votes were tendered, and the people could hardly be restrained from expelling the officer who had ordered the opening of the polls.

At length, when the abrupt departure of Ferdinand from his capital had produced an interregnum of authority in the empire, the National Committee at Prague resolved on establishing a separate national administration in Bohemia. A provisional government was accordingly formed, with Count Leo Thun at its head, and with a majority of its members selected from the most determined friends of Czeckish nationality. The new ministry immediately sent a deputation to Innspruck, to request the imperial sanction for the revolution, and to demand the recognition of the right of Bohemia to a separate administration of government, responsible to itself alone.

This mission was unsuccessful; and a conflict of protocols, which had been opened with the Cabinet at Vienna, was followed by a more serious war of arms. The immediate occasion of the outbreak, which occurred on the twelfth of June, was the refusal of the commander of the garrison in Prague, Prince Windischgrätz, to supply the students of that city with arms and ammunition. The Czeckish population, encouraged to revolt by their priests, took up the cause of the latter.

* Die Allgemeine Zeitung von Augsburg.

Barricades thereupon were erected ; and the populace, at the same time, proceeded in great numbers to the head-quarters of the commandant. Here, amid the uproar of the people, a fatal shot, directed towards the windows of the palace, struck down the wife of Prince Windischgrätz ; another severely wounded his eldest son, an officer of the Cuirassiers. But the commander, meeting with Roman equanimity the shock of this sudden calamity, appeared before the infuriated people, and addressed them in words, which deserve to be recorded on the page of history to his honor.

"If this is meant," said he, "as a charivari for me, because my name is Windischgrätz, and because I am called an aristocrat, yonder is my private residence. You are free to go to it. But if it is directed against me as an officer, and against this public edifice, I will show you a commander who knows how to do his duty.

"My wife lies before me a pallid corpse ; but I address you with words of kindness and conciliation."

But the time for words was past ; that for actions had come. The people, becoming more riotous, were forced back by the cannon of the artillery ; and the troops took possession of the principal streets. But more or less skirmishing continued until the 15th, the women acting their part in the fray with characteristic fury ; and the fighting, wherever it did take place, was of the most desperate character. One man, who had rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the Czecks, was crucified ; several captured soldiers were murdered ; noses and ears were cut off ; and many other acts of atrocity were committed, as cruel as those which, during the Hussite wars, stained the name of the Taborites.

On the 15th, after negotiations had been tried to no purpose, and the military had been galled by the irregular firing of the people, until their patience was well nigh exhausted, the commanding general withdrew his troops from the streets, in which they could act with little advantage, and bombarded the town from the neighboring heights. The old city of Prague was shaken to its foundations, and many a venerable relic of the middle ages was cast down to the ground. These severe

measures soon quelled the spirits of the insurrection. The leaders surrendered on the evening of the 17th ; the town was reoccupied by the troops ; and the dominion of Austria was established more firmly than before.

Thus ended the plot to drive the Germans out of Bohemia, and to found on the ruins of the Austrian dominion an Empire of the Czecks. For that this was the design of the leaders of the insurrection was known, in fact, beforehand by the government at Vienna, by means of information communicated from Russia, whose aid had been invoked by the conspirators. The hopes of the rebellion having been completely annihilated, the Czeckish and German parties in Bohemia, when the new constitution for the States of Austria was proclaimed, went through the ceremony of a reconciliation in a "grand festival of fraternity." We hope that it was more than a ceremony ; but until Slavonic and Teutonic blood mingle more freely together than it has yet done, the old enmity of the races, it is to be feared, will not die out in Bohemia.*

Equally futile, though far more sanguinary than the insurrection of the Czecks against the Austrians, has been that of the Poles in the grand duchy of Posen against the Prussians. Here the contest seems to have had no other purpose than to gratify the antipathy of the two races, though it had for a pretence the line of division recently run through the duchy, by order of the Prussian government, with the design of incorporating the western districts into Germany, and conferring a separate and national organization upon the eastern division, inhabited principally by Poles.

After the establishment of constitutional liberty at Berlin, the Poles inhabiting the grand duchy of Posen demanded of the Prussian monarch a national reorganization of the province, similar to that asked for by the kingdom of Bohemia, from the Emperor of Austria. Public opinion in Prussia, then enthusiastic in the cause of free institutions, compelled the King to grant the petition of his Polish subjects. Accordingly, a committee, composed half of Germans and half of Poles, was appointed to confer with a royal commis-

* Gazette de Cologne, London Times.

sioner, Count Wilbain, on the necessary proceedings to be adopted in order to carry the wishes of the people, and the consent of the King into effect. The plan, at first, was very favorably received by the German inhabitants of the grand duchy. But when the self-styled National Committee, which had been formed at Posen, consisting entirely of Poles, undertook to supersede the then existing German authorities; to give orders to the troops; and, by various acts, assumed an attitude toward the German population, which said, You are our subjects, the old jealousy and enmity of race was aroused throughout the western districts. Thereupon the Germans lost no time in remonstrating against the proposed changes, which threatened to bring them under Slavonic rule; and afterwards, the Prussian cabinet delaying to proceed with the proposed reorganization, they followed up their remonstrance with a prayer to be separated from the duchy, and to be incorporated into Germany.

The king was not reluctant to comply with the wishes of those who desired to become more closely allied to their fatherland. The province was divided. The line of demarcation left the portion inhabited principally by the Poles on one side, and on the other the districts which had originally belonged to Pomerania, and the population of which is now almost exclusively German, and unacquainted with the Polish language. But as Prussia was unwilling to give up the fortress of Posen, the most important point on her eastern frontier, together with the rivers, canals and high roads subsidiary to it, some districts which were strictly Polish in their character found themselves separated from the fortunes of their countrymen, and allied to strangers.

The line of division, therefore, did not satisfy the Poles. On the other hand, the appointment of Count Willisen to the presidency of the province, whose partiality towards the conquered race was well known, and the first acts of whose administration were regarded as expressive of his preferences, displeased the Germans. It took but a little matter to kindle the flames of civil war in a land so long oppressed, and possessing such an indestructible nationality as Poland. Serious disturbances had some time before occurred

in several places; but now the war between German and Pole broke out with terrible violence. The peasantry of the former race, assembling in large numbers, directed their attacks upon the residences of the Polish nobility. Many were sacked; many burned. On the other hand, the Polish peasantry seized their scythes and axes, and rushed still more furious into the fight. Mieroslawski, who in 1846-7 had acted a conspicuous part in the conspiracy at Berlin, espoused the cause of his countrymen, and put himself at the head of their troops. These amounted to about twenty thousand men, poorly supplied with arms, though abundantly with passion. On the other side, Count Willisen having been recalled in consequence of the unhappy posture of affairs brought about by his administration, General Colomb was placed in command. He immediately resorted to the most vigorous measures for putting down the insurrection. At the head of disciplined troops, and amply furnished with heavy artillery, he commenced his attack upon the insurgents with every advantage. Still in several minor contests the Poles were successful. Animated with the fiercest hate of the enemy, they fought with a bravery worthy of a better cause. With scythes and pitch-forks they faced the cannon's mouth, and stood to be shot down in their places, rather than turn their backs in flight. Alas, that Polish blood should always flow in vain! Here, as in all their conflicts with the conquerors of their country, there was no possible chance of success. The first general engagement closed the war. In the battle of Xiong, on the fifth of May, Mieroslawski was taken prisoner, his followers defeated, and his cause ruined.

The war having been terminated by one terrible struggle, in which Polish and German blood was made for once to flow in common channels, order was soon re-established throughout Posen. This work done, General Colomb was withdrawn; and the new President, General Pfuehl, by conciliatory but determined measures, readily succeeded in pacifying the minds of both parties, and preparing the way for the speedy introduction of the changes determined upon by the cabinet at Berlin.*

* Die Allgem. Zeitung. Die Zeitung von Berlin.

In Austrian Poland important and liberal concessions have been made by the imperial government to the people. A popular governor has been appointed in Galicia, with instructions to effect an administrative re-organization of the province. Cracow is to have a separate council of government; Polish is to be the official language in the transaction of all internal affairs, and the peasantry are to be released from feudal services, a compensation being made from the treasury to the landlords.

These political privileges, however, were not granted to what was once the republic of Cracow, until after the occurrence of serious disturbances and some bloodshed. The principal outbreak of Polish discontent took place on the twenty-eighth of April. While the commandant Count de Castiglione was riding through the town at the head of his staff, and exhorting the disaffected people to keep the peace, he was fired upon from a window and badly wounded. Thereupon General Moltke, taking the command, ordered the troops to fire upon the populace. These being collected in dense masses, the execution was terrible. But the inhabitants, instead of being cowed into submission, immediately turned to the work of barricading the streets. Behind their hasty defences they withstood for the space of three hours the attacks of the artillery. But it was idle to contend against such unequal odds. The city submitted and sued for pardon. The principal insurgents and what few of the Polish émigrés survived the contest, escaped by flight. Of the troops, ten were killed and forty wounded; but of the people, a much greater number. The timely bestowal, soon afterwards, of an independent and national administration of government, prevented the occurrence of insurrection.*

It remains for us only to chronicle the progress of Slavonic liberty in the principalities of the Danube, belonging to Turkey. For even so far eastward have advanced the European revolution and the ideas of popular reform.

The Moldavians and Wallachians are the descendants of the ancient Getæ and Dacians, mixed with the Roman colonists sent into the country by Trajan, and speak

a language composed of Slavonic and Latin, hardly inferior in richness and harmony to any of the modern languages, which have sprung from the amalgamation of the Romans and the barbarians. Their country, lying on the Danube and the Pruth, has been from time immemorial the high road, by which the Asiatic hordes have driven their herds and flocks into the pastures of Europe. Here their spears first met the swords of Roman and Gothic civilization. During the earlier Christian centuries, these now flowery plains were a field of death. The light Sarmatian horsemen charged upon the heavy legions of Rome; the Hun, more brutal than the Sarmatian, pursued the scattered Goths; and nation after nation established an ephemeral dominion, until the white eagle of Poland, which for a time built its nest on the woody hills of Moldavia, was scared away by the crescent of the Osmanli. The unchanging despotism of Turkey, under which the inhabitants of these countries dragged out a precarious and miserable existence, lasted until it became somewhat modified, though scarce improved by the protectorship of Russia, established by treaty in the year 1828. Since that period, the long interval of peace which has enriched and elevated the middling classes of most European lands, has extended a degree of its material prosperity and its political influence even to the banks of the Lower Danube. A liberal party has gradually sprung up, still more powerful than in other parts of Turkey, and in the early part of the present year, had made such progress as to attract the attention of the ever watchful Czar.

After the occurrence of the western revolutions, the disaffection having greatly increased, and having led to the expression of a desire on the part of some of the friends of progress that the principalities might be detached from Turkey and formed into a kingdom dependent upon Hungary, the Emperor of Russia threatened to exercise his office of protector by an armed intervention, and ordered an additional number of troops to the northern frontier of Moldavia, which, like a promontory between two boisterous seas, threatening to overwhelm it, lies exposed between the dominions of Russia on the one side, and Austria on the other. But the activi-

* Die Kölnische Zeitung.

ty of the Russian government produced no more effect in staying the progress of democracy than the lethargy of the Turkish. The people arose in Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, and declaring that the ancient order of things had come to an end, formed a Provisional Government. Bibesco, the *pospidar*, an officer invested with powers little inferior to those of a Turkish Pacha or a Roman proconsul, after having undertaken in vain to place himself at the head of the new movement, was compelled to abdicate. The people mistrusted his motives, and preferred to intrust their liberties to men of their own choice. The popular council of government commenced its administration by suppressing all titles and ranks in the two sister principalities; removing the censorship from the press; requiring the surrender of all fire-arms in the possession of the people to the state, with the exception of one for each man; and abolishing capital punishment, together with that of the *Schlague*. These decrees form the principal features of the popular constitution, which has superseded the former arbitrary administration of the laws of Justinian.

The flight of Bibesco was the signal for the Russians to cross the Pruth. On the 26th of June, General Duhamel marched his Cossacks and Huhlans—in all an army of ten thousand men—upon Jassy, the capital of Moldavia; and the advance of this Russian force was soon followed by the arrival in Wallachia of a Turkish detachment of five thousand men, by the way of the Danube. Before this display of the men of war, the Provisional Government hid its head, for a time; and only the liberal propaganda, consisting of the young men of Bucharest, remained at their post. Remonstrances, however, were made against the Russian intervention both by the people and by the Turkish authorities; and the invading generals, contenting themselves with occupying the principalities, awaited the slower action of the diplomatists. On the 25th of August, a note from the Russian minister of foreign affairs was presented to the Divan, stating the designs and the demands of the Czar. It required the recall of Suleyman-Pacha, the Turkish commissioner extraordinary in the principalities, who had remonstrated against the entrance into Moldavia of General Duhamel, and the restoration without

delay of the ancient order of things, declaring that Russia would never consent to the establishment of a democratic propaganda on the banks of the Pruth. The Divan, through the influence of Reschid-Pacha, and the party in favor of political reforms, decided to send a new commissioner to Jassy, before taking any decisive action with reference to the revolution, and thereby give time for the diplomacy of the other European courts to counteract the designs of Russia. Meanwhile the Russian troops have retired; the authority of the Provisional Government has been recognized by the Sultan; and the new commissioner, Enad-Effendi, is said to be equally intelligent and liberal in his sentiments as his predecessor, Suleyman.*

The diplomatic question now pending respecting the affairs of these principalities, is one not only of vital importance to themselves, but one also of great moment to the adjacent countries, and to the cause of freedom in Europe. These provinces, so fruitful, yet so neglected that they may be termed a beautiful wilderness, need only the protection of free institutions, in order that the solicitations of nature may be cheerfully met by the industry of man. But besides its own banks, promising the most generous rewards to the enterprising husbandman, the lower Danube furnishes, also, an outlet for the superfluous produce of Hungary and Austria, and a way of communication between Europe and Asia. May this great high road of the nations be set free and open! As over it once passed the barbarous tribes of the East to vanquish the arms and the arts of Athens and of Rome, so may now the civilization of the West proceed unobstructed along the same pathway to Asia, until, at some future day, the freedom which has sprung so unexpectedly into existence on the western shores of the Euxine, and which seems to encourage, by its near presence, the struggling independence which has made forever memorable the mountain land of the opposite coast, shall surprise the world by returning to dwell between "the river of Egypt and the great river, the river Euphrates"—to rebuild the fallen cities of the Syrian plains—and even to till again that sacred Garden, whence it originally sprang.

* Correspondence of London Times.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONS.*

THE work, of which this is the first volume, is intended to portray "the French Revolution, which commenced under Louis XVI., in 1789, and which, under various modifications and phases, has been in operation ever since." It would be difficult to find a subject upon which so much has been written already, yet the work before us is well deserving a perusal. Even those familiar with the astounding events of that period will feel an interest in again passing them in review under the author's guidance, whose clear statements present a distinct view of each great occurrence, with its dependence and influence on those which precede and follow.

It is no new matter of remark that the previous histories of this period have been greatly tinctured with the peculiar bias of each writer. Thus it has been difficult to reconcile conflicting statements, and an impression previously formed has often been shaken, without our being able to decide whether it was actually right or wrong. The strong prejudices evinced by the writers have been so apparent, that after reading both sides, we felt convinced that neither was entitled to implicit confidence. Besides the works professing to be histories of this period, there has been such a vast collection of biographies, memoirs and personal narratives of the actors and sufferers in this great convulsion, that no person of ordinary leisure could spare time for their perusal. Of all these Mr. Redhead appears to have made good use, and we give him credit for having written of the French Revolution, in the spirit of his preface, that "the time is now come, when it may be described with truth and impartiality; when the passions of the partisan may merge in the cooler deductions of reason; when it may be considered without any bias tending to obscure

the judgment or vitiate the veritable development."

The work commences with the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne of France, on the death of his grandfather, Louis XV., in 1774. In the twentieth year of his age, of a virtuous disposition, with the best intentions and sincerely desirous of doing good, he succeeded to a power in theory almost unlimited. Totally inexperienced as he was in all business, obliged to rely on the counsel and agency of others, and with a mind naturally weak and vacillating, he required a minister with the genius of a Richelieu and with honesty equal to his genius, to save the nation from the abyss over which it was trembling. An empty exchequer, and a people already exhausted by taxation, the spoils of which had been squandered in debauchery by a greedy and frivolous aristocracy, without affording any stability or support to the government, left this monarch more powerless than the meanest of his subjects; whilst every office of trust and emolument was in the hands of titled paupers who cared neither for the King nor the people, each being intent only on filling his own pockets.

That such a state of affairs should produce a revolution was inevitable, and that in that revolution this selfish and useless herd should be swept away, is not to be regretted: but, as is the case in all great changes, the innocent suffered with the guilty, and the good and virtuous were confounded with the dissolute and rapacious in one common ruin. The work before us gives a very clear and distinct view of all the stages through which that unfortunate country was hurried, in the short space of three years, from the state we have described to the opposite extreme of a domineering and Jacobin Democracy,

* The French Revolutions from 1789 to 1848. By T. W. Redhead. Vol. I. Boston: Gould Kendall & Lincoln. 1848.

which, far from mitigating any of the evils it pretended a *mission* to extirpate, added such scenes of cruelty and bloodthirstiness as the world had never before witnessed.

The present events in France have greatly revived the interest of the story of her old Revolution, and it would be gratifying to our readers, did space permit, to show the many points of resemblance between the proceedings of that and the present. We look upon the great error of the former, to be the entirely democratic form of government which was sought to be established. So great was the hatred and fear of anything aristocratic that one chamber elected by universal suffrage was the only legislative body which the majority would tolerate. This, while the King was permitted to remain nominally on the throne, rendered him worse than a mere cipher, for his person and office were alike contemptible in the eyes of the nation; and if we substitute a President in the place of the King, we shall find the head of the executive department in constant accordance and actuated by the same impulses, right or wrong, as the legislative chamber, without even the control of public opinion, which each claim to represent during their whole term of office, notwithstanding the changes which may take place in the mind of the nation at large, and it must be borne in mind that the vast majority of the French nation are entirely without political knowledge or education, not having hitherto had the slightest influence or share in the election of representatives.

Another point of resemblance, or rather another idea borrowed from the old Jacobin Democracy, is the overweening insolence of the Parisian mob and its leaders. "Paris," says Louis Blanc, "is the heart and brain of the world." So thought the Jacobins of 1793, when the fall of the Girondins, and a rapidly approaching anarchy, was to establish their bloody and ferocious ascendancy. The Girondins, with a majority in the Convention, were powerless before their fearful audacity. Backed by the Commune of Paris and the clubs, with a ferocious mob ready at their call, they overawed the representatives of the nation. The departments generally manifested a determination to support the Convention, and threatened a hostile movement against

Paris, for the emancipation of the national representatives. Seizing upon the pretext of foreign invasion, but for the real purpose of establishing their own supremacy, the cry of the Jacobins was for "a centralization of the powers of the government, as Marat expressed it, for an organization of the despotism of liberty to counteract the despotism of kings;" but as all parties were equally resolved on repelling foreign aggression, the real reason for the decree of centralization, was to put down opposition to Jacobin rule at home.

The following is the account given of the state of political parties in the Convention:—

"France was declared a republic before a single clause of the constitution appropriate to such a form of government was framed; and in the interim the reins of power were left to be grasped by the boldest and the strongest. Three competitors were in the lists to struggle for this supremacy—the Convention, the Commune, and the Jacobin Club. In the first the Girondins continued to possess a numerical majority. * * * But the two latter were wholly in the hands of their adversaries, who consequently had means of action at their command on the decisive point on which they had always proved so efficacious. These adversaries always ranged themselves on the left side of the Convention, and being perched on the higher benches, obtained the appellation of the *Mountain*. Between the Girondins and the Mountain sat a large number of deputies, who affected to be impartial, and who, in fact, when not under the direct influence of fear, generally inclined to the side of moderation and reason. They were called the *Plain*, and subsequently in contempt, the *Belly*, when they devolved into the passive instruments of tyranny. In theory the differences dividing the Girondins and Jacobins were not very broadly or even distinctly marked. They both professed to be republicans, although many of the former were doubtless reluctant converts in their faith, and sailed with a current they could not hope to stem. * * * Save that the Girondins dreamt of a republic in which virtue and talent should exercise their legitimate sway, both parties were agreed that it should be based on the widest principle of equality, in the most extended signification of the phrase 'sovereignty of the people.' * * * The differences therefore were extraneous to mere elementary opinions, and sprung from personal rivalries and animosities, which arrayed them in bitter and implacable antagonism."

Their great difference was in the man-

ner in which the people should be allowed to interfere in the government, the Girondins holding that the people delegated the right of sovereignty to their representatives, while the Jacobins, palliating the massacres of September, maintained that the people, meaning the Paris mob, through whom they expected to rule, re-

tained the right of controlling their representatives.

We shall be glad to see a continuation of this work. We do not say its completion, for judging from present appearances, it is impossible to anticipate that our generation will witness the end of the "*French Revolutions*."

GHOST STORIES.

WHETHER or not the evening on which I first heard the following narrative was the one succeeding that in which the schoolmaster gave us the history of Allison and Ellen, I cannot now remember. But it must have been some one of the evenings during that visit at uncle Robert's, for I well recollect his bringing home from the post-office a number of a monthly magazine, and Mary Horton's persuading the schoolmaster to read aloud a story which happened to strike her fancy.

The tale so much interested me that I have often since looked to find it among the bound volumes of magazines in libraries, but have never been able to light upon a set of the "Entertaining Magazine"—(for so it runs in my memory the periodical was entitled.) The endeavor to recall and reproduce it will please myself, though perhaps it may trespass upon the indulgence of some readers who may have met with the original. Certain circumstances, however, persuade me that their number cannot be many.

It is not so long since the railroad was cut through the heart of it, that the West-hill estate will have been forgotten by the inhabitants of Norfolk county in the Old Bay State. The mansion house, a large three story dwelling, with a square roof, and portico, used to be a conspicuous object for several miles along the —sford and Boston turnpike. It was situated on

the summit of a gentle rise of land; a wide smooth lawn left its western front exposed, while the swell of the ridge almost concealed the village of barns and out-houses which clustered behind it, so that by strangers it was often mistaken at a distance for a meeting-house. Near by, however, and from the house itself, the view was delightful; a famous orchard spread along the south-eastern descent, and over the north a patch of woodland extended nearly up to the kitchen garden. Altogether the site was very desirable, and it seemed almost a pity when the railroad was pushed through it, leaving the house on the edge of a fifty foot deep cut. But the estate has trebled in value, and as the family had moved to the city some time before, residing on it only during the summer, they have cheerfully submitted to what has proved so profitable.

The estate came into the hands of its present proprietor by marriage with the only daughter of Colonel Blanding, who bought it of old Mr. Dalton's heirs. Mr. Dalton was a Boston merchant, who after a long life spent in business, found himself compelled by increasing infirmities to retire from active pursuits. He was rich, but his wife had died childless several years before his retirement, and his only connexions were some distant relatives in the western part of the State. Left thus almost alone in the world, his solitude, combined with the restlessness of a mind

suddenly torn from its habitual toil, rendered him somewhat eccentric in his habits.

He had kept at his post in his counting-house till a shock of palsy almost deprived him of the use of his limbs. Upon his partial recovery from this, he caused his affairs to be wound up, and purchased this estate, whence after building the house, and domiciling himself within it, he seldom ventured. A favorite porter, who had been with him many years, an old house-keeper and a kitchen maid composed his whole household.

He was not a man, however, to let any property of his run to decay. The lands were kept under proper cultivation by an experienced farmer, who, with his family, occupied the original dwelling below the patch of woodland; and it was the old gentleman's chief amusement to give directions for the necessary annual changes and repairs. He was of a mechanical turn, and introduced many improvements in the implements of husbandry and the economy of the household. Under his superintendence the whole place wore an air of neatness and order. Out of doors, the fences were all in good keeping; the lawn was always well trimmed. Within, the floors were polished, the windows bright; rooms never opened for any other purpose, and beds never slept on, were kept well aired. The old man evidently had the art of being faithfully served. It was a fine sight to see him sitting in his portico of a summer evening reading the ship news in the *Daily Patriot*, which the stage brought him every afternoon from the city.

But as time went by he grew more solitary. At length, for nearly three years before his death, he was confined to his chamber, and latterly to his bed. He grew more subject to whims, and for some time before the close of his life it was said he would allow none of his servants to sleep in the house, nor any of them to approach him except John, the old porter, and even he was never suffered to remain longer than was necessary to attend to his master's wants and receive directions. The nature of his afflictions, aided probably by his constitutional tendencies, rendered him unable to endure the most minute annoyances.

At length he died, and the estate passed into the possession of his heirs; to whom, after making suitable provision for his faithful domestics, he had devised it in equal portions. There being several heirs, most of whom were in good circumstances and living many miles away, they at once agreed to turn the property into money, and thus it fell, within a few months, into the hands of Colonel Blanding, almost as it stood on the very day of the old gentleman's decease.

The Colonel was one of those middle-aged gentlemen common in New England who acquire titles of dignity, to which they have no legal claim, by their personal peculiarities. He had never seen any actual service; never even had he commanded a regiment of his fellow-citizens at an annual militia muster. Yet, owing probably to certain authority in his figure and bearing, the sense of propriety which is everywhere latent among mankind, had conferred upon him that particular rank. Not a colonel in fact, he was the embodiment of the common ideal in that part of the country of what a colonel should be in manner and appearance.

He was a rather portly, well-built old gentleman of fifty-five or thereabout, with a round bald head flanked by grayish locks which certainly had a very military aspect. His mode of speech was also abrupt and decided, like that of an officer giving the word of command. In complexion his countenance was inclining to red, which tint, if the truth must be told, deepened as you approached the extremity of his nose. He had all his life been accustomed to a free country style of living, having inherited ample means, and being a man of social qualities. Few men were better known in that region, or more popular with those whom he represented in the Senate of the Commonwealth, than "the Colonel."

At the time of his purchasing the West-hill estate, his family consisted of his wife, a comfortable old lady, his son Stephen, a sophomore at Cambridge, and his daughter Julia, whom it is necessary for the purpose of our narrative to describe more minutely.

Yet how to describe such a creature as was Julia Blanding in her seventeenth year, is a matter that might give any

chronicler pause. Even now, when she is the mother of one whom—even now, I should say, she is one of the most beautiful as well as the gayest ladies you can meet in society. But from what is remembered of her when she was in what Shakspeare calls “that unmatched form and feature of blown youth,” it is no wonder she was the pride of her parents and the talk of the country round. They say she was then the living image of Aurora, goddess of the morning. Her eyes were blue, her cheeks rosy, and her hair deep golden—the tints of sunrise; while there was that in her disposition which, had she been far less beautiful than she was, would have warranted the comparison. Her presence was like the opening dawn; it inspired all who saw her with fresher life. She was a perfect specimen of a “bonny country lassie,” capable, had she known it, of piercing a thousand hearts, but as innocent of that sort of knowledge as a young antelope. She laughed much, she ran faster than most city girls can, she talked, and sang, and danced with more zest and spirit—all because she could not help it. Yet she was not a romp, and what was singular, in the midst of noisy gaiety her eyes would sometimes fill with tears, and there would be much pointing of fingers because Julia was crying, “for nothing at all only that she was so happy.”

The truth is, extremes of feeling lie nearer together than is generally suspected. Excessive laughter will often lead to tears. The phase of mirth not infrequently ends in sadness. So in artless young girls, who seem to be compounded of more music and poetry than any other mortal creatures, we that are old may often discern a hundred shades passing over them in a few moments, according as they are touched by influences around them. They are so delicate that like harps played upon by the wind, they give out broken harmonies under the slightest impressions; whereas we men require rough blows, and then we answer only in coarse low notes that have in them no sweetness or beauty. But all these effects fall in and help to perform the one great dirge of fallen humanity.

Julia's cousin Henrietta (for so she was called, though in reality she was not related, being the daughter of the second wife of a

gentleman whose first wife had been Colonel Blanding's sister,) lived with her as a companion; her father and mother were both dead, and she was the ward of her uncle. She was as different from Julia as ever were two young ladies in a story. She was taller and thinner, with dark eyes and hair, and a more quiet manner; she had suffered affliction, and its traces more than counterbalanced the few months' difference between her age and her cousin's. But perhaps the very points of contrast in these two girls made each seem lovelier, by bringing what in each was peculiar into stronger relief. However that may have been, the two in combination imparted a cheerfulness and vivacity to the Colonel's household that only results to a family from the possession of similar attractions. To all the young people in that vicinity the Colonel's parlor seemed, they hardly knew why, the pleasantest place in the world.

It will not appear surprising, therefore, that when, after the family had moved to Westhill, the young ladies were permitted to give a little house-warming at their new home, they should have had, for the country, a numerous party, and a gay one. It was, as it happened, a thanksgiving eve; Stephen had come over from Cambridge and brought with him his classmate and chum, Harry Ide, the same lively fellow then that he is now, and a much better scholar, I fancy, than he is now that he gives all his time to his extensive practice. There were the Joneses, the Smiths, and the Browns, (for one cannot spare time to invent names for so many,)—even the minister of the parish came and staid till after the supper.

But as our story only concerns a few individuals, we will confine ourselves to them, leaving the figures in the background to be filled out as the reader may fancy.

Among the other guests was Fogger, John Fogger, the lawyer of the next village, a shrewd calculating chap, suspected by some of the better sort of being cunning enough to conceal petty dishonesties without having courage to involve himself in great ones. He was a thin, ill-made man, yet he fancied all the girls adored him, and only became an old bachelor because he waited to find one rich enough to marry. He talked constantly, and bored

every one with his conceit ; still he flattered or endeavored to flatter all he spoke with, and if there were points on which any seemed a little tender, he was uneasy till he had cross-questioned and found out the secret ; he was thus a great prober of wounds, but had no balm to pour into them. In brief, he was coarse-grained, wiry, hard and cunning. The Colonel, who, though he had his weak sides, had no sympathy with meanness, never liked him.

Still he must be invited, and he was sure to come, and *did* come. He not only came, but came wide awake, and more disagreeable than usual. To narrate how many unpleasant things he contrived to do and say in this single evening, would occupy more pages than ought to be filled with such details. But for so simple an accident as a change in the weather, he would only have passed as the most displeasing of the few bores of the party.

About eleven o'clock, as some of the guests were leaving, the front door was opened, and it was discovered, to the general surprise, that it was snowing fast and the wind high ; for hitherto the old piano had been kept so busy with country dances and reels, the company had no ears for aught but that. But now in the lull which the intelligence created they could hear the noise of the storm around the house corner, and the snow driving against the the eastern windows. What was to be done ? Many of the party had come from a distance ; all had come unprovided with winter gear, for the night had been fine and this was almost the first snowstorm of that season. Harriet and Jane and Charlotte and Carry, &c., must not think of going ; they had plenty of room ; the house was large and every room well provided ; they could stay as well as not, and they must, and their brothers. As for Emily and Sarah and Abby, &c., if they *must* go, as they lived so near, they should have old cloaks and hoods.

The upshot was that when the company broke up, the half who lived nearest went away muffled up like Hudson Bay voyagers ; while the other half, who came from more than five miles, when they went to look for their horses, found the Colonel had given orders to have them stabled for the night, and the carriages put under cover ; so there was no resource but submission.

Among those who staid was Fogger, who did not reside more than three miles off, and might have gone without the least inconvenience, for he came alone in a chaise of his own. But he knew that his horse would be well taken care of, and thought on the whole it would be more pleasant to ride over in the morning. Besides, he began to think Miss Julia a "smart young lady," and thought he might as well throw out an anchor that way to windward ; she was rather young yet, it was true, and there might be another heir : still it was well enough to "look over the ground," as the farmers say, "against you may wish to buy."

It was not more than twelve o'clock, for they keep early hours in the country, when all who remained had been snugly disposed of—the young ladies occupying the third floor, and their brothers the rooms on the second. Fogger thought himself lucky in securing a large corner room with a spacious old-fashioned bed all to himself, while Ide and young Blanding were obliged to precede an ex-president and a distinguished Whig member of the House, in a mode of sleeping, to say the least, extremely uncomfortable. He chuckled not a little as he sank into the depths of an unfathomable feather-bed and pillow, on his comparative comfort, and listened with satisfaction to the fierce dashing of the snow against the windows. He had partaken freely of the good things at the supper, the boned turkey, and the chicken salad—nay, he had even quaffed more than one glass of the Colonel's old Scotch whiskey in a private apartment, unknown to but few of the older guests, the younger ones being restricted to lemonade and coffee with a few rounds of grape after supper. Consequently he did not feel very sleepy, but rather disposed to pleasurable contemplation.

To this another circumstance might also have contributed, since it is a historian's duty to relate all the facts which give a turn to events. Our lawyer was a little advanced in life ; all things about him were not what they seemed ; in brief, since it must out, to supply the deficiencies of age or early sorrow—he wore—a wig. Now the taking off this article of harmless disguise, rubbing his poll with a cold towel and putting on his nightcap, (for he never

was without one and a small hair-brush in his pocket,) may have contributed to this wakefulness. At all events he did not pop off into a good ten knot an hour sleep, but thought over his cases, and got involved at last in a series of short dozes that left him doubtful whether he was asleep or awake, or whether he ever would sleep again, where he was, or which way was north, and the like.

Out of this demi-torpid condition he was roused suddenly by a strange voice in the room. He started up and leaned on his elbow. The snow-clouds had not so much obscured the moon but that he could make out the room quite distinctly. As he recalled his scattered senses, suddenly, almost in his very ears, there came a chorus of strange uproarious laughter:—

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! O—ho!"

It was not like human laughter or horse laughter, but fearfully grim and hollow like the voices of demons.

Hardly had it ceased when he, "distilled almost to jelly," heard the following words uttered in an awful measured voice:

"Ten—three—five—eighteen—twenty-eight—thirty-two—thirty-three—forty-three! Jack, you cheated—you can't cheat me! I'll do your business yet! YOU'RE A GONE KOON!!"

This was too terrible. To hear the years of his life numbered, his name syllabled, his secret crimes thrown in his teeth, and his doom pronounced by devils, was too much. Poor Fogger groaned aloud as he groped for the door. The room echoed with a confused noise. He rushed into the hall and burst into the next room, which happened to be Ide and Blanding's, crying, "O dear! wake! help!"

The young gentlemen were roused in a moment, and Blanding, thinking the lawyer was ill, proceeded at once to light a candle. This done, the spectacle Fogger presented as he stood in his night-gear and night-cap, with his eyes half out of his head, along with his broken words, telling how the chamber was haunted, and that he had heard awful noises, was so horribly ludicrous to these college boys that as they looked at each other they could not restrain their mirth; Ide in particular, who always made more noise than any one else, actually roared, while Blanding ran up and down the chamber holding

his sides. The noise woke up several young fellows in the adjacent apartments, who suspecting some college trick, ran in to see what was the matter. Then came to light the mystery of the lawyer's raven locks, which one of the party, a red-haired man, had secretly envied; and what with his appearance and his fright, the effect was altogether so overpowering, he was glad to creep into the bed and cover himself with the comforter. As soon as they could compose their nerves, the young men whispered among themselves and very soon settled it that the lawyer must have paid too much attention to the whiskey, with which natural conclusion they retired to their chambers, reserving the full enjoyment of the jest till the morrow.

When they had gone, Blanding told Ide to jump into bed with Fogger, saying that he would go and occupy the couch Fogger had left. But Ide, whose real motive, as well as Blanding's, was to avoid their new bed-fellow, protested against this, saying that he had a passion for ghosts, and had always hoped to scare one up some time or other; Blanding, perceiving his object, thought it due to the character of host to yield at once. So Ide taking the light, touched the lawyer's shoulder as he lay bundled up in the clothes, and telling him he should make him join a temperance society in the morning, and bidding his friend good-night, left them and went to the lawyer's chamber.

There was nothing in the chamber at all remarkable, much less indicating the presence of supernatural visitors. The lawyer's garments were carefully deposited over the backs of a couple of chairs, and on the table under the old oval mirror were his watch and his wig. Ide was no Paul Pry, but he had never seen an isolated specimen of the latter article before in his life, and he thought it was no harm to avail himself of the unexpected opportunity to give this a careful examination. He was curious to see how the things he had read of, and which were once a necessary part of a gentleman's apparel, were put together. He accordingly held the light close, and stooped over to have a good view.

While thus occupied he was startled, though not alarmed, by a confused noise, similar to that which had frightened the

lawyer. It sounded like a mingling of hoarse voices in disputation, and seemed to come from behind the curtains at the head of the bed. He reflected a moment, and concluded it must be the creaking of the window shutters, though it was certainly an odd sound. Walking up to the window, therefore, which opened near the head of the bed, he examined the shutters by moving them to and fro, till he satisfied himself it could not be they. The wind howled piteously without, and the snow drove against the panes, but it could not be they. He stepped cautiously around the bed's head and harkened.

Presently (all this, by the bye, passed in a few moments,) there came another sort of noise—a loud whistling sound, very coarse and hollow, something like what one may make by whistling into the end of an empty cask. It was so very singular a sound that Ide, bold as he was, was not a little relieved to recognize in a moment a popular Methodist melody! He had begun to feel rather uncomfortable, but surely no stray current of air nor any restless ghost would entertain itself on such a wild night with the tune of "O how happy are they!"

But how was it that he heard it so distinctly? The room below was the parlor; beside him were Blanding and the lawyer; above slept the young ladies; the kitchen adjoined the house on the other side, being the first of the long range of out-buildings. While he thus busily surmised, the whistling was interrupted by speech, and he heard clearly pronounced, in the same voice which so astonished the lawyer, the following mysterious words:

"The King is after you—look out!"

And before he had time to recover from his surprise, the following, from different speakers:

"One—eleven—fifteen—eighteen—twenty-eight—twenty-nine—thirty-three—thirty-seven."

This was spoken in the awful monotonous manner which had so overcome Fogger, and it would, perhaps, have been too much for Ide, had he not listened more attentively while it proceeded:

"—forty—forty-two—fifty-two—GAME! HURRA FOR JACKSON!"

"Don't swear—you'll raise the devil again."

"Hush, Jim; hurra for Jackson aint swearing."

"Game!—high—low—Jack, and the game; three and four are seven—WE ARE OUT!"

This explained itself. Henry Ide was never a youth who kept low company, nor was he fond of low amusements; but what country-bred New Englander ever got through his teens without an initiation into the mysteries of the famous game of All Fours? In various parts of the country this game takes different names; on the western boats one may hear it styled "Old Sledge," a title which is probably a primitive root, since it is not easy to imagine aught from which it could have been a derivative; in other parts it is called "Seven Up," a name given it on account of the game being up when the winner counts seven.

But under whatever appellation this amusement passes, it must be indigenous to New England; there is not, it is likely, a hay-loft in that region that is unfamiliar with its technical phrases; and the sunny sides of many stone fences, if stones could preach sermons, might utter moving discourses respecting the time they had seen wasted in its excitements.

It was plain to Ide, therefore, the moment his ears caught the above words, that the mysterious voices, so far from having a supernatural origin, actually belonged to some rustic card party somewhere within hearing. But the accounting for their singular audibleness was still as much a problem as before. However, our young student was somewhat of a mechanician, and had read Sir David Brewster's Natural Magic enough to take an interest in the solution of such apparent impossibilities.

The reader must remember that what transpires in less than a minute may sometimes occupy several in relating; otherwise I should justly incur the severest penalties of criticism for having kept my hero, or as it may be, one of my heroes, thus standing on a cold night in his night clothes all this while we have been telling what happened to him. The whole affair, in fact, passed in five minutes by the watch; but as it is necessary to this narrative that it should be minutely recorded, and every circumstance fully explained, I take the liberty of using so

much space as is required for that purpose.

The voices did not cease with what has been here given; they kept on talking, and gave Ide ample opportunity to make his investigation. Finding that the sounds were more distinct the nearer he came to the head of the bed, it occurred to him whether the tall bed-post might not be hollow, and thus transmit echoes as if it were the tube of a huge bassoon, from some other part of the house—the cellar, perhaps. As he bent down to examine, however, he caught the sound more distinctly than ever in his right ear, which thus came within a foot of the wall. Turning that way, and closing the shutter which he had thrown back, he discovered just underneath the high wainscot that ran around the room, and at about a level with the head of the bed, a round aperture three or four inches in diameter, which on examination proved to be the funnel-shaped extremity of a tube set in the wall.

The mystery was now fully explained. Old Mr. Dalton, of whom and whose eccentricities he had often heard from his friend Blanding, had no doubt contrived this mode of communicating with his servant in some distant part of the house.

This application of acoustic tubes is by no means a new one; most large boarding-houses in the city are now furnished with similar contrivances to save the time of attendants; and any reader who has heard in eating-houses the command,—

Hurryupthemcakes!

to the regions of below, and the response,

Komingrightup!

can form an accurate idea of the singular change in quality of tone produced on the human voice by the use of such an apparatus.

Ide was, as has been stated, a young gentleman who had the organ of mirthfulness rather fully developed; indeed, most persons at his time of life, and particularly college students, are as little distinguished for a predisposition to melancholy as any portion of the human family. With them no occurrence comes amiss which can afford food for merriment.

It was but natural therefore, that Ide's first thought was how his discovery might be turned to advantage. To this end it was necessary to find the other extremity of the tube, for from the boisterousness of the players he could not suppose the apartment they were in to be in the main building.

With his ear close to the tube he could distinguish the voices quite distinctly, and at once recognized one of them as belonging to Wilber Wells, the Colonel's coachman—a harmless fellow, who might easily be frightened out of his senses. It appeared he and some others, probably servants, had got a small jug of "stuff" and were taking advantage of the night for enjoying themselves at their favorite amusement.

Ide listened to their talk till he began to grow cold, when he bethought himself it might be a good scheme to find out where they were, to frighten them into the belief that their card-playing had attracted the especial displeasure of the adversary of souls. There is still a latent superstition in the breast of a great portion of the Puritan descendants respecting the use of the "devil's Bible," and many a stout rustic has, after an evening spent in such sinful indulgence, paid dearly for his pleasure when the hour has approached that "Tam maun ride." I remember the house-carpenter, when the new shed was built, telling us children one day at dinner, how in crossing the Great Side-Hill Piece one pitch-dark night, he stumbled over an old black cow, who suddenly started up and "moored," (as well she might,) whereupon he threw his cards away and fell on his knees crying "Spare me!"—and that though it soon came to him what had happened, yet those few moments of agony were enough to make him resolve never to burden his conscience with the sin again, and that he had "never touched a card from that hour."

Of course, through a tube constructed for the purpose, it makes no difference which way the sound passes. Ide, however, was so full of glee at the thought of what he was going to do, that he could hardly compose his muscles as he placed his mouth close to the aperture and gave a low prolonged groan. Instantly the conversation at the other terminus was

hushed into silence. Ide then called three times in feigned voice, distinctly and slowly,—

"Wilber Wells? Wilber Wells? Wilber Wells?"

He was answered by a real groan, evidently more heartfelt than the counterfeit one he had just uttered. He hastened to relieve the poor fellow:

"Speak to Henry Ide—he can help you!"

"I will;—oo—oo!" was the tremulous response.

To end their sport, for it must be now near two o'clock in the morning, Henry then cried in a commanding tone,—

"Depart hence!"

Immediately he heard a clatter of boots and boards, and in a moment all was still. He blew out his light and jumped into bed shaking with cold and laughter.

Next morning, (and a bright snowy morning it was,) when all were assembled in the breakfast-room, there was much ill-concealed mirth when the lawyer made his appearance with red eyes and haggard cheeks, but with locks as glossy as ever. The story of his being tipsy the night before had got among the young ladies, and there was a vast deal of sly remark; the conversation hung upon the subject of temperance, till some one asked the lawyer whether he believed in spirits?

He was too thoroughly horrified by what he had passed through not to answer yes. This only provoked the query as to what sort of *spirits* he believed in, and there was then so much smiling and exchanging of glances that it finally attracted the attention of Mrs. Blanding, who would not have any of her guests treated impolitely.

But she was only able to restrain the young people within the limits of decency. The lawyer's disposition had never made him a general favorite, and now his having drunk too much in the presence of young ladies at a social party, and disturbed the house of his entertainer at night by hearing hobgoblins in his chamber, was an offence which his tormentors were not disposed to consider very venial. As to the wig, the young gentlemen found that little was to be made of *that*—the girls being already accurately informed respecting the fact of its existence. But

there was enough against him besides, and John Fogger was made pretty clearly aware by the time he got into his chaise, that his character was as well understood by his associates as it appeared to be by the beings Providence permits to infest the darkness.

This night did more to shake his inordinate conceit, and render him careful of wounding his conscience, than anything which had ever occurred to him in all his life before. Whenever he visited hereafter, he saw that he must, if he wished to retain a place in the esteem of his acquaintances, exert himself to be agreeable. Whenever, in the course of his practice, he was tempted to dishonor his profession by mean artifices, or acts of unfaithfulness to his clients, the terrible words,

"Jack, you cheated—you're a GONE KOON!" seemed to ring in his ears and warn him of the danger of yielding.

In all these respects the incident had upon him an effect most salutary. He dared not mention the subject to any one. Once or twice he did so, but the absurdity of the words he affirmed that he heard, only confirmed the opinion of his inebriety, and he was obliged to beg, with tears in his eyes, that nothing might be mentioned of it, lest the "Gone Koon" should adhere to him and become a nickname.

When the company had mostly departed that morning, one of the housemaids whispered to Harry, that the coachman would take it a great favor to be allowed a word with him. This was what he had expected. He accordingly put on his hat and sauntered down to the stables, wishing to give Wells an opportunity to unburden himself, unseen by others. That individual, who appeared much agitated, was attending to his horses. In order to bring him to the point at once, and at the same time awe him into keeping the affair a secret, Harry began by saying, in a grave tone, that he believed there had been some *card-playing* about there last night. Poor Wells, seeing that Ide knew so much of the matter, became on the instant like a timid school-boy, who dares not speak untruth.

He said that seeing they were together, himself and the hired man, along with Squire Davis's and Mr. Hodgkinson's drivers, had thought to have a good time,

and had taken a little jug of "Stingo," which belonged to the hired man, and an old pack of cards he himself had in his chest, and had gone up into the room over the stable to play—only for fun. This room, he said, had been roughly finished off in Mr. Dalton's time, for the porter, who used to stay there; that it had a fire-place, and thus they could make themselves comfortable. There they were, after they had done waiting in the house, till some time after midnight, when they thought they heard a queer noise; however, they did not mind that much, but took another pull at the jug and went on with their game.

About an hour after—but I need not repeat what the reader knows already. The consternation and confusion in which they broke up can be imagined.

Ide listened to all this with the most solemn face he could assume, and then asked Wells to show him the room. This he readily did; but no persuasion could induce him to enter. Our young necromancer found it to be a small, roughly-plastered apartment, with a pine table overturned, and two or three old chairs, only one of which remained upright. After a little searching he soon discovered the extremity of the tube, which was just covered by the plastering, and was placed in a part of the room which might have been by the head of the old porter's couch, when he inhabited it.

He said nothing of this as he came out, but advised Wells, with an air of the most profound mystery, to give him the key; the room was not needed or used for any purpose, and there were "important reasons" why it had better remain closed. He also enjoined upon Wells the strictest secrecy; should it come to the ear of any but those who knew it already, "though he had learned many strange things in books, he could not be answerable for the consequences." As to card-playing, if it ever were repeated by Wells after what had occurred, let it never be done after ten o'clock at night, or on Sundays; on holidays, such as election days, and May trainings, it might be indulged in to a limited extent harmlessly; at all other hours, beware. The jug must be broken and the pieces buried that night, thirty paces from the corner of the barn, towards the North Star. Liquor, of the sort it

contained, could only be taken three times a week by those who had been *three times called*, and never, then, to excess. If he carefully followed these directions, Harry assured Wells no harm would come to him—but he must particularly avoid hinting of it to Sally, the housemaid.

So saying, Ide took the rusty key and left the coachman much relieved to find the condition of things no worse. As for the telling of it, Wells felt pretty secure, for he knew the others would never let out what would cost them their places. Indeed, two of them had already begun to fancy, either that one of the rest had played upon the others, or that it was but a freak of their tipsy imaginations; for no two of them had accurate memories enough to be able to agree as to the precise words they seemed to have heard.

Ide resolved to reserve his discovery till some favorable opportunity for having a frolic out of it, and therefore said nothing to his friend Stephen. They remained till the end of the week, two days after the party; and we may be sure that during their stay, the old mansion contained a merry household. The young folks told stories of evenings, sang, danced, played at forfeits, quarrelled, made up again, and amused themselves in general after this fashion, till Stephen, who was of a rather quiet temperament, like his mother, grew no more afraid of his cousin, while Ide and Miss Julia openly declared themselves lovers, in order to conceal that they were so in secret.

No opportunity occurred for his contemplated jest, and he forgot it entirely, till some days after, in his room, at college, he found the old key in a pocket and thrust it into his desk.

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Were I to follow the example of many great narrators, and preface the divisions of this history with mottoes from the poets, I might now use the words which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Gower, in the prologue to the fourth act of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* :—

"The unborn event
I do commend to your content :
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey
Unless your thoughts went on my way."

For the reader must now be requested to transport himself in fancy to a period three years later than events herein previously recorded.

During this time our fair demoiselles had become young women, and our gay cavaliers had graduated and were preparing, each in his own way, to enter upon the duties of manhood. Their youthful acquaintance had ripened into intimate friendship, and something considerably more. Harry Ide and Julia Blanding had long been what in sport they used formerly to style themselves, avowed lovers; while between Stephen and his cousin Henrietta there existed a mutual attachment which, though it had never expressed itself, except in slight pressures of hands, or, it may have been, a few stolen kisses, was perhaps quite as strong and tender as if it had found language.

Ide and Julia were of a free cheerful temperament. They could command their nerves, in situations which to others no less brave, would have been embarrassing. Nothing could shake their vivacity or shed a paleness over their glow of health. What they resolved they could accomplish; as for sentiment, though they had it in plenty, yet they would never confess so much to themselves. They were the life of all companies where they visited. Never was such a dancer as Julia Blanding, or so capital a fellow or "puffickly gemmy" (as the dandy students phrased it) a man as Harry Ide. But nothing was known of any engagement between them; they were quite competent to the management of their own affairs, in their own way. By the growth of their affection, each had, without being aware of it, exchanged some portion of original disposition with the other; thus Julia, without losing aught of her original feminineness, had acquired something of Harry's manly courage; while he, the most athletic of his time at the university, instead of turning out a boisterous merry companion, the hero of convivial clubs and anniversary dinners, had falsified prophecy by subsiding into a person of gentle thoughts and manners.

The same interfusion had taken place between Stephen and Henrietta. He who it was feared would injure his health by too close an application to study, had

found a worthier object in the world of real life; his reserve also, which it was supposed would always stand in his way, had vanished out and left him simply a plain business man of unobtrusive manners, but quite social and open in conversation. Henrietta also had passed safely over the great ocean of sentiment, upon whose dark heaving bosom so many tall young girls, like beautiful seaboats, founder and perish,—some (if the figure may be so hunted,) to sink into the fathomless depths of speculation, others to be riven and scattered by superstition and the many *cross* currents that make havoc of such poor wrecks. She had found rest for her heart, and thereby her pure mind had opportunity to expand and her delicate fancy to bloom and ripen. Both she and Stephen were constitutionally fond of music, and through the enjoyment of this congeniality they had a life and a language of their own. Though each still seemed to others, if anything, cold and formal towards the other, and though no words had ever passed between them, they lived in a world where their manners seemed to each most affectionate, and possessed a language through which they could express in a moment what poor halting speech would toil after in vain. Thus their hearts grew together as time went by, and thus the two whom even Julia was often puzzled about, sometimes holding to the opinion that they loved each other, and then (when in her *badinage* she had said something unwittingly which had alarmed her cousin's excessive privacy,) thinking herself deceived, each felt that life would be intolerable without the other.

But when did the course of love run smooth? When did youth ever pass to age without having previously suffered from its infirmities? It seems that the most critical part of this existence of probation is its latter end, and that more and more as we grow old, so long as we remain undecayed, does the good or evil that is in us come out and have its effect on those around us. How beautiful it is to see benevolent old men and women of enlarged hearts and minds, full of all charity, intent only on that which aims to nurse the life! But then the number of such is so few! By far the greater por-

tion of the old carry into age so much *profound knowledge* that they are a burden upon the succeeding generation. There is nothing that Youth need pray more heartily to be preserved from than Age clothed with brief authority, and wise in its own conceit.

Colonel Blanding was, as we have seen, far from being one whom, as the world goes, we ought to set down as a bad man. He had worthily maintained the reputation of an estimable member of society and a kind father. In disposition he had always been open and genial, hospitable in his housekeeping, and generous in his business. In all the contacts of life to which a country gentleman, the inheritor of wealth and respectability, is exposed, he had always borne himself so as to win and retain the position of a man of large influence; neither his integrity nor his ability was ever called in question.

But all of us have our failings, and a very little one will sometimes make itself the occasion of a great deal of mischief. The Colonel had, mixed with his good qualities, a certain self-complacency, which, while it made him only a more pleasant companion among his equals and superiors, was far from being so agreeable to those over whom he was called to exercise authority. With his inferiors among his fellow-citizens at large, this infirmity bred in him that peculiar shade of pomposity which had probably been the means of elevating him to the brevet rank of commander in some imaginary regiment; it was a mere personal weakness that his political opponents could just turn into jest—nothing more.

The bare power of one man over another, among that intelligent race of men called Yankees, is so slight that anything in a man which looks like an overbearing temper, whatever may be his station, is regarded purely as the harmless manifestation of a foible. The individual is sure to receive some fanciful title, but, except in extreme instances, he is not the less esteemed. The reason is, that there is so much innate impudence in your genuine Yankee, that he has never, from the time of George the Third until now, allowed any man, friend or enemy, to put him down by mere force of countenance; his visage is as good as anybody's, and

anybody's as good as his. He is quite willing to submit to what is reasonable, but there is not a drop of servile blood in his veins. Hence a man may grow up in New England easier than anywhere else, and have a little spice of the tyrant in him, which shall never display itself disagreeably until he has gained the dignity of gray hairs, and has a parent's cares or responsibilities, or until circumstances, by placing him over others, in the post of master or minister, for example, shall have concurred in its development.

Hence it often there happens, as happens everywhere, that a man has two phases; one a warm, hearty, out-door phase, for those who are not afraid of him, the other a grim, distant, in-door phase, for those who tremble at his frown.

Again, I have remarked that this devil of self-will, or self-conceit, or love of dictation, call it what we please, when it is by a man's own good sense kept in almost all respects under proper control, will still sometimes take refuge in a corner, so that its possessor shall be generally a reasonable, yielding man, but in one particular point as obstinate and impracticable as a "hedge fence." Thus one shall be clear-headed and able to reason on all topics except such as touch his religious belief; another shall fly off upon medicine; another upon politics; one lays more stress upon keeping Saturday night than the whole of Sunday; another has the first fire of each winter lighted on the fifteenth of October, howsoever cold it may be on the second, or fifth, or tenth of that month; and each of these peculiarities shall be as fixed and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Smile not, gentle reader, for there are none of us exempt from such weaknesses! No amount of learning can save us from them; even I have my omens!

One of the Colonel's favorite hobbies was parental authority. He thought the discipline of the present age, especially in our republican country, much too lax; on this topic he was ever ready to converse, and had all the arguments at his tongue's end, including traditions of the Puritan family system, handed down from his great-grandfather.

And it must be admitted that his arguments were generally sound. They were

only incomplete in this, that they left completely out of the question, as all New England education does, *the proper training and degree of indulgence to be given to the social part of our nature.* They never took into account the fact that boys and girls came from their Maker's hand with *human affections*, which are to be guided and indulged under and along with the reason for their happiness. The question how far the heart must be thwarted or yielded to being a difficult one, the old system leaves it out altogether. Indeed, a large majority of fathers and mothers set to work with a direct determination to kill out the hearts of their children altogether, and feel never so proud of their sons and daughters as when they have brought them to that pitch of refinement when they have no more the power of preference. What must such children have left to take pleasure in? Where must be the secret life of their souls? Where but in some selfish passion, in the *auri sacra fames*, for instance, or in that awful Habit, by which man seeks to avoid the primal curse and eat his bread no more in sorrow—by which he narrows himself into a working-machine, and compels himself to find a constrained pleasure in the "sweat of his face."

But this is considering too gloomily. The young dogs do contrive to break through sometimes and enjoy themselves after their own fashion.

Two years previous to the time at which this part of my story commences, it was the Colonel's misfortune to become involved in some stock speculations, which turning out badly, considerably embarrassed his estate and obliged him to mortgage a large portion of the lands of which it chiefly consisted. About the same time, also, Fogger, who since his failure among the better sort of people, had turned demagogue, ran against him for the Senate and was elected over him. But the worst misfortune to him was the death of his wife, which, as misfortunes never come singly, took place after a brief illness, that same winter. She had been his good angel; her evenness and gentleness of temper had softened his constitutional irritability and restrained his impetuosity.

But now she was gone; his lands upon which he had expended so much care, and

out of which he desired to make a handsome provision for his children, seemed to be slipping through his fingers; and what was to one of his temper a most unkind cut, his fellow-citizens had chosen a sneaking lawyer to represent them in place of a gentleman. Altogether it was not wonderful that the farmers in the vicinity, as he nodded to them from his gig, should remark that the Colonel "seemed to take it not so easy lately."

It is hard when a merchant in the city meets heavy losses, and sees the accumulations of years vanishing from his eyes; but merchants are accustomed to constant risks and speculations. With country gentlemen who live upon the rents of land, their returns are so secure that they are little used to anxiety, and consequently, the loss of property is to them a blow from which they rarely recover. They only know how to manage the particular estate they have owned; of business education, which is a sort of profession or art, they have only so much as they have acquired in the course of life—in short, they are like trees whose roots lie deep in the soil: they seldom survive transplanting.

The Colonel began to dread the approach of want. True, he could manage for the present, though his estate was heavily encumbered; but in a few years the mortgages must be paid off, and how was this to be accomplished by barren certificates of stock which nobody would buy?

It was but natural that under all this present and prospective trouble, the old man's bad points began to come out in strong relief. He grew day by day more and more irritable and imperious. His head became a wilderness of schemes; and besides these, his old hobbies were his only themes of talk. While his wife lived there was never a better conducted household in the country; she did not govern but influenced him to forbearance. His hobby of parental authority had been then only a matter of speculation; he controlled his children without his or their feeling the relation irksome. So he would still, in all probability, had nothing occurred to set him on a wrong track.

Among his nearest neighbors, was a large farmer who owned an estate adjoining his own—Mr. Oliver Jones, a shrewd industrious old man, who understood how

to make bargains, and was held to be rather economical in his dealings. He, by a little of what country people call "sarching the registry," easily ascertained the extent of the incumbrances on the Westhill place; and then set to work upon the mortgagees, many of whom were city men, and by judiciously depreciating the value of the land, induced most of them to assign their deeds to him at a discount. He knew the Colonel's property well, and was confident the interest would be paid, or at any rate, that the lands were amply sufficient. In this way, by fair means, he became the Colonel's principal creditor, much to that gentleman's liking, for he had known Jones many years, and was more willing an old neighbor should hold his securities than that they should pass into the hands of strangers.

Mr. Jones and the Colonel having now in a manner identified their interests, were brought more together than they had been before. They frequently rode over to each other's houses, and talked over the value of lots, the prices of neat stock, wood, hay, and grain. In his visits to the Colonel, the old farmer could not but be struck by the beauty and elegant manners of the two young ladies—especially Miss July's, as he was wont to call her.

He was a pretty selfish old man, and next to himself he had an only son, Oliver Jones, Junior, whom he loved as the apple of his eye. This young Oliver, his father intended should be the pride of mankind; all that money could buy should in time be his; all that plotting and toiling could do to place him in an honorable station, should be done. Accordingly it began now to dawn upon the old man that Julia Blanding would make him a capital wife. She was, he considered, the prettiest and best behaved young miss he had ever seen; while Oliver, in his eyes, was the paragon of youths. The property lay together; the Colonel was a man above him in station; in short, the more he turned the matter over in his mind, the more desirable did it appear—and that especially, as he had a kind of suspicion which he would not confess to himself, that Oliver was a little wild, and spent money rather too fast, and it would be wise to marry him and settle him down. But the old man's estimate of

his son's perfections was far from being a correct one.

Of all creatures in this world there is none I hate worse than your country dandy—one who wears great plaid pants, and chews tobacco—whose clothes are cut in the extreme tailor fashion, and whose brains have nothing in them but conceit and mean ideas—who drives a buggy, and lounges and talks loud at grocery corners, or sits tilted back with a cigar in his mouth and his boots against the tavern balusters.

Such an one was Oliver, Junior. It may appear strange that when at length by distant approaches, the old man broached the project to the Colonel, it was not at once rejected. But consider the circumstances: here was a scheme which would make ample provision for his beloved daughter, and wipe away all his own losses. True, Oliver, Junior, could not have been educated like his own son, Stephen; but neither had Julia. As for the difference in rank, he flattered himself his daughter could gather around her what society she chose. The young man did not dress in the best taste; but what is there in dress? There was also much in his air and manner which, had he appeared to him under any other relations, would have been very disagreeable—but then the whole arrangement seemed so nice that all minor particulars would surely come out right. Thus the Colonel's ardent imagination so occupied him with the view of what after all could only be the means of happiness for his child, that he altogether neglected the end.

The old men came to an understanding. They talked it over and hob-a-nobbed success to the young couple one cold November day, with hot slings of Julia's preparation, while she was hinted out of the parlor by pretence of private business. The thing was fixed upon—decided; nothing remained but to put it into execution.

Accordingly, old Mr. Jones, the next time he came, brought over the Junior in his old fat chaise, and the two old fellows manoeuvred to bring the young people into immediate intimacy. But they (like most old folks who attempt such games) opened too roughly, and showed their hands too soon; they forgot that Henrietta was by, with perceptions as delicate,

compared with theirs, as a fairy's; and they were incapable of suspecting that such a quiet creature as she had any resolution or any power. Herein they could not possibly have made a greater mistake.

For of the two, Henrietta was a far more dangerous witch than Julia; the latter might call up very potent spirits, but the first could waken the Love which dwells with Life and Death. She knew how Ide and Julia stood affected toward each other; and also how she esteemed them both, and more than all, how dear to her was Stephen. She saw, with the quickness of instinct, what were the Colonel's designs, and she had experienced enough from his growing infirmities to catch alarm. What she could never have done for herself she could not help doing for another. In her own nature yielding and reserved to the last degree, she could encourage her friend in resolution, which, had it not been for her, might have broken and melted away in tears.

Within an hour after the departure of old Mr. Jones and his young Hopeful from their first visit, the cousins had conferred together, and Julia had written a letter to Harry Ide in Boston, which Henrietta was to give Wilber Wells in the evening, for the post-office; that gentleman, by the way, having long entertained the profoundest respect for Ide, and hardly less for "the tall one."

I should have mentioned that Harry and Stephen were now both settled in the city, the former just working his way into a fair practice as a physician, the latter a head clerk and junior partner in a large manufacturing firm. Both visited West-hill every week or two, and they generally came together; their ancient friendship had remained unbroken, save by some little miffs, which, in bantering each other, occasionally served to turn a jest.

When Ide received Julia's letter, informing him what they had to fear, he went to a famous restaurant, and ordered a good dinner, as the first step in the business, and considered what was to be done. He loved Julia Blanding with all his heart and soul; but in order to do anything it was necessary to preserve his nerve. He thought her father a fine old gentleman, and had no desire to thwart or cheat him. But he held to that natural

and inalienable right of a freeman, to marry any lady who loves him, and the equal right of any free woman to choose her own husband. He regretted that necessity should force him into proceedings out of the common way, but he was willing to go far to sustain a principle; and, in short, he was no less fixed in the opinion that Julia Blanding should *not* be the wife of any but him, than were the old men to the contrary. To use a legal phrase, the pleadings had now reached a direct issue.

Harry was not a man to do things underhandedly. He was no intriguer, but one who wrought in the daylight. His first step, therefore, was, to go to Stephen and open his whole heart to him, in a friendly and brotherly spirit. They had never touched the subject before, though each had a suspicion that his secret could not but be known to the other.

Stephen met his confidence by a frankness equal to his own; he had seen the Junior Oliver, and he now turned pale as he declared, that he would, rather than see his sister married to such a low-bred scoundrel, behold her pretty face beneath the coffin-lid. He saw the letter Julia had written his friend, merely a plain, brief one, informing him of the treatment she had reason to expect from her father, and urging him to come soon and pay them a visit. The truth was, the old ones had opened the campaign so vigorously, and young Oliver had been made a confidant by his father so soon, and was so sure of success, that the garrison were a little disposed to overrate the hostile force. The letter was superscribed in the hand-writing of Henrietta, and the slight flush which went across the face of Stephen when he saw it, was remarked by Ide; a little circumstance, but it made the latter smile. In conclusion, they agreed to go out together and spend thanksgiving at West-hill, which would be in about a fortnight. Wilber Wells was accordingly informed to that effect by the stage-coachman, who passed next afternoon.

The two weeks tardily wore away, and found our two friends, one dreary afternoon, seated on the box by the side of the same daily messenger. But they did not anticipate precisely such a reception as was in store for them.

For in the meanwhile, the Colonel ha

held a conversation with Julia, in which he disclosed to her his plans and wishes. She, in her guilelessness and confidence in her affections, had thought to overcome her father by frankly avowing the truth to him, and appealing to his tenderness for her; she thought when she told him how *long*, how *dearly* she had loved Harry Ide, how constant had been his regard for her, and all the bright hopes awakened in them by the strength of their attachment, that then her father would forbear and relent, and change his mind. In this she was wholly in error.

The old man, to do him justice, really wished and felt that he ought to yield, but he could not. For what, if he did yield, would become of his *parental authority*? The moment this notion took possession of him, all he underwent in going against his natural kind feeling for his daughter was set down by him as so much sacrificed to duty. Thus the more he felt he was acting against her wishes, the more determined was he to continue to do so. He accordingly put on a Roman firmness. His duty as a parent required him to overcome his feelings as a man. He regretted he was not more hard-hearted, and that it should cost him so much trouble to do what many men would go through with quite easily.

So have I seen a mother hector her child into disobedience, flog it therefor, and weep that *she* should be obliged to do it; and all really on account of there being a cold morning. So have I known a man who took credit to himself for spoiling his appetite, under a notion that the Christian religion required him to eat his dinner from a sense of duty. The disease of glorying in self-denial *for its own sake*, is probably older than the Puritan rigor, or than monkish penances.

The Colonel grew stern and awful. Under the impression that he was playing the martyr, he, in reality, was acting like a very foolish old man. He put on the magnificent, and wished to know if his only daughter was going to disobey her father, and marry a poor doctor, when an eligible match had been contrived for her advantage; things were come to a pretty pass if daughters were to undertake in this way, to provide for themselves, against the wishes of their natural guardians. He de-

sired to hear no more of it. He thought he knew what was best, and intended to be master in his own house.

He intended to be, but he was not, for there was a pair of dark flashing eyes worn by Miss Henrietta about this time, which he dared not look at. There was also in Miss Julia's manner anything but humility manifested. In fine, the self-sacrificing father only made himself and the house thoroughly miserable.

The two friends arrived just as the family were sitting down to dinner; they were received, Stephen cordially, and Ide grimly, by the Colonel, and we can imagine how by the young ladies. A few guests had been invited for the holiday, otherwise it is probable the Colonel would have proceeded to extremity, and forbidden Ide the house at once. Among others was Fogger, who had been engaged with the old gentleman all the morning in drawing papers, for he being the only man of law in the vicinity, political and personal considerations yielded to those of business. Oliver Jones, Junior, was also present, as a matter of course, seated next to Julia, on the Colonel's left flank.

That promising youth wore, on this occasion, a pair of De Meyer check pantaloons, and a beautiful gold breast-pin, with a short chain hanging to it. His hair had been frizzed that morning by the village barber, and altogether he was very fine, except his hands.

He did his utmost during dinner, seconded by the Colonel, to make himself easy and agreeable, but it was, as he himself afterwards remarked, "no go." He did not know exactly what to say, his range of conversation being chiefly confined to bar-room jests; he would have been much more at home, notwithstanding his pantaloons and chain breast-pin, seated on a beer barrel in a grocery, cutting a chip and flooding the floor, while the talk was of dogs and horses, and the same stale witticism was ten times iterated. He began to doubt whether he would marry Miss Julia after all; she was a kind of incomprehensible creature, whom he did not seem to get on with at all.

Stephen, on sitting down, put the old housekeeper into a side seat and took the foot of the table, but instantly remarking that Ide should be more familiar with

carving, made him take that seat and do execution upon a thanksgiving turkey. Ide, nothing loth, took the chair, and vis-a-vised the Colonel with such determined hilarity, that the old gentleman could have found in his heart to have kicked him out doors. With him and Stephen, and the young ladies, and guests, conversation went on smoothly, and all was high and bright; but whenever Oliver, Junior, would fain have joined in it, the chariot wheels of the young ladies' tongues were off, so that they drove them heavily. But a stranger at the dinner would only have thought it a merry occasion, where all was unmixed enjoyment. For when the wine came in, even the Colonel forgot, for the time, his duty as a parent, and yielded to the animation of the company.

But he bethought himself before the conclusion of the repast, and when they rose from the table after dark, he requested Stephen with an air of solemn authority to join him presently in the back apartment or sitting room, to which he usually retired for business. The rest of the company adjoined to the parlor, where by and by tea and coffee were handed round, and soon after they began dancing and other evening amusements. But before the tea, and after Stephen had only found time to stand for a few moments by the side of Henrietta, and mention with a meaning look that his father was expecting him, he left the parlor and joined the Colonel.

What passed in that conversation between the wrong-headed old man and his hitherto in all respects quiet and obedient son, was never accurately reported, and I believe is not now remembered even by the parties themselves. As far as Ide could judge when Stephen returned to the parlor, it had been of a very grave and important character, for he never saw on his friend's countenance so little expression in his life: the muscles of his face were like marble, only his eyes appeared actually burning. He observed him after a while in the corner of the room speaking in a low tone of voice with Henrietta, but of the purport of what they said he could tell nothing, except that in a few moments her face reflected the fixed expression of his and her eyes gleamed with a lustre almost supernatural. Harry paid little at-

tention to this, for he was dancing with Julia, and this, with what they were making opportunities to say to each other, left him no time for observation. He expected a quarrel with the Colonel, but he was secure in his love and had no doubt of ultimately winning the old man over. Hence he did not suffer himself to be very unhappy.

Thus the evening wore on. Fogger and young Oliver struck up a great friendship, the former being anxious to do business for so promising an heir, and the latter glad to talk with any one, since he made so little progress with Miss Julia. Stephen and Henrietta sang an old duet, rather tremulously but with great feeling; Harry and Julia said and did more things than there is here space to tell of; they danced till Anne Smith said she could play no more without resting her fingers. One old lady went about declaring they were the best looking and best appearing couple she had ever seen in her life, till the Colonel wished her where all sinners go to. At the same time he could not but secretly admit that she said nothing but the truth.

Late in the evening, just as happened three years before, it was all at once discovered that the weather had changed and blown up a storm—a violent sleety rain, pitch dark, and the wind a tempest—an unfit night to be out in. The same disposition was made of the company as had been on the former occasion; but no persuasion could induce Fogger to remain. Ide and Stephen both pressed him warmly, but much to the former's diversion, he was immovable, evidently determined not to tempt Providence again.

But as fate would have it, the unfortunate Oliver Jones became the occupant of the chamber where the lawyer had received that solemn admonition from the other world which time could not make him forget—and the heir of so much expectation was destined to a no less uncomfortable lodging than his predecessor.

Harry Ide, partly to relieve the poor fellow's superstitious apprehension, and because he was growing too old to take delight in such boyish jests, had long ago confided to Wilber Wells the secret of the talking tube, and showed him how he might use it if he pleased to play upon

the fears of Sally the housemaid. But there was a tender passion in that quarter which prevented our coachman from using his knowledge that way, and as the room was never occupied except on some accidental occasion like the present, he had no chance to play off the trick. But he thought he might as well keep his knowledge to himself, and accordingly threw the key of the stable room into the bottom of his chest, where it had remained along with his Bible, pack of cards and razor strop ever since.

But Wilber was not so simple in many respects as he was thought to be; he saw what was passing in the family, and knew very well "what he was about." Sally remembers how slyly he operated that evening to find who slept in that particular chamber.

A long while after midnight, and when all within the house was still, the doomed Oliver was torn from his balmy slumbers by the most horrible imitation of an Indian yell that ever saluted mortal ears!

What was that? What *could* it have been? He listened—broad awake. Nothing could he hear but the pelting of the storm. He lay down his head again and breathed more easily. Suddenly there came an appalling cry:—

"*Oliver Jones! Oli—ver Jo—nes!*" He had no power of motion.

"*You're no business here!—marry Pol—ly Car—ter!—Cut them checkerboards!—go home! Be off!—out—oo—woh!*"

The poor Junior screamed with terror. He found the door and rushed into the hall roaring in extremity of agony. The whole house was roused. Lights were brought; but by that time the sufferer had recovered his senses enough not to tell what he had heard. He only desired to *go home*—he could not speak—it seemed he could not get his trembling limbs into "them checkerboards" fast enough. Every one wondered, and thought the poor fellow subject to fits. Finally, seeing nothing could be done with him, the

Colonel sent for Wilber Wells and told him to go home with him.

When they were gone, and the house a little quieted, it suddenly occurred to Ide, who had retired first, that Stephen must have slept very sound, and on going back to the room he found that he had not been in bed at all! Hardly had he discovered this when there were loud inquiries from up stairs for Miss Henrietta.

We shall not fatigue the reader's imagination by attempting to describe what followed when it was clearly ascertained that these two birds had flown. How the Colonel stormed, worse than the storm outside; how his horse and chaise were gone; how Miss Julia was not afraid of him; the wonder of the guests; the general commixtion of the elements—all these are beyond mortal pen.

Suffice it that the next that was heard of the lovers was through a respectful letter from Stephen to his father, inclosing their card, and dated at the Astor House.

Poor Oliver Jones came near going off in a fever, and when he recovered, his aversion to the proposed match was so strong his father ceased to press it.

The two fathers again laid their heads together, and formed a new resolution, to let the young people have it all their own way, since it was out of their power to prevent them.

Accordingly Stephen and his bride came home and were forgiven in time to dance at Julia's wedding; and about the same time poor Polly Carter, who, as Wilber suspected, had an indefeasible title to the hand of Oliver, had her claim duly honored.

The stock in which the Colonel invested so largely has since risen in value, and the land has more than redeemed itself by the passage of the railroad through the estate.

The old gentleman suns himself up and down State street, and spoils his grandchildren, whom he thinks his sons disposed to bring up too strictly.

"Parental authority must be preserved," he says, "but there is reason in all things."

G. W. P.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE trials of the London Chartists have terminated, most of the accused parties have been sentenced to transportation, and there appears to be but little political excitement at present in England. The quarterly statement of the revenue to October, shows an increase over the receipts of the July quarter, of £703,061, of which the duties in corn form a considerable part. The increase on the corresponding quarter of last year is £772,996 in the customs, and in the excise department there is also an increase of about £34,008. Upon the whole year, as compared with the preceding, there is a decrease of £308,183.

The Asiatic cholera, which for the last few months has ravaged the whole eastern part of Europe, and has lately prevailed in Hamburg, made its appearance in England in the early part of October. On the 4th, two patients were admitted into one of the hospitals in the middle of the city, and about the same time the disease appeared in the western districts of the metropolis bordering on the river, and at Woolwich. The number of cases during the week was 27. A favorable change in the weather appeared to arrest the disease, and altogether the total number of deaths from all causes was considerably below the average of corresponding seasons. Simultaneously with its appearance in London, it was reported in Sunderland, Hull and Edinburgh; in the latter town, out of 25 cases, it terminated fatally in 20. An order in Council was issued, placing in quarantine all vessels arriving from infected places, but on the report of eminent medical men, sent by the government to Hamburg to investigate the disease, the restriction has been abandoned; the idea of its being contagious being considered erroneous.

By the decease of his father, the sixth Earl of Carlisle, the title devolves on Lord Morpeth, his eldest son, well known and much respected here and in England. The late Earl was educated at Eton and Oxford; was a member of the liberal administration of 1806; and again under the short ministry of Mr. Canning in 1827; and also had a seat in Lord Grey's cabinet in 1830, from which he retired to private life shortly after the passage of the Reform Act. He died at the age of 75. The grandfather of the present Earl was the guardian of the poet Byron.

The state of railway property in England is at present a great cause of uneasiness. The continued calls, by forcing into the market the

stock of holders who are unable to raise the requisite money, has had the effect of depressing prices to a ruinous extent; while expensive management and an absurd practice of paying dividends out of capital before the lines were even completed or earning money, has still further decreased the value of shares. The capital expended on railways now open for traffic, is stated at £148,400,000, of which £17,200,000 is reported to be unproductive. The revenue on the capital during the past half year amounted to £4,772,419, and the working expenses to £2,341,770, leaving a profit of £2,380,949, or 1.81 per cent. for the half year on the capital: deducting about 24 millions of unpaying capital, the dividend averages about 2 per cent. for six months on the residue.

The trial of Mr. Smith O'Brien for treason commenced at Clonmel, on the 28th September, and the entire day was consumed in disposing of objections raised by his counsel, as to his right to a copy of the jury panel and a list of the witnesses to be produced against him; on which points the court decided that the law of treason in Ireland differed from that of England, and overruled the objections. An inquiry was then proceeded with to ascertain whether the jury book had been made up according to law, and whether the panel of jurors summoned for the trial, had been fairly and impartially made up: on both of which points the triers decided in the affirmative, and a jury was called and sworn. Eight days were consumed in the trial, in which Mr. O'Brien's participation in the outbreaks was fully proved. The ground of defence urged by his counsel, Mr. Whiteside, was that the evidence only showed that Mr. O'Brien had excited the peasantry to take arms to protect him, Mr. O'Brien, from arrest under the warrant issued against him by the Lord Lieutenant, under the late act of Parliament, suspending the Habeas Corpus in Ireland, and that although the facts proved him to have been guilty of an infraction of the law, there was no evidence of an intent to subvert the government, and therefore he ought not to be convicted of treason. This view of the case was urged with great force and ingenuity, but the jury returned a verdict of "guilty," and on the 9th of October, the usual sentence of death in cases of high treason was pronounced against him, amid the most profound sensation of his friends and political opponents, by whom the court was thronged. His conduct throughout this trying occasion

was calm and manly, and although no doubt was entertained of the justice of the verdict, he met with universal sympathy. On the occasion of being called up for sentence he said, "My Lords, it is not my intention to enter into any vindication of my conduct, however much I might have desired to avail myself of this opportunity of so doing. I am perfectly satisfied with the consciousness that I have performed my duty to my country—that I have done only that which in my opinion it was the duty of every Irishman to have done, and I am now prepared to abide the consequences of having performed my duty to my native land. Proceed with your sentence."

The jury by which Mr. O'Brien was tried accompanied their verdict with an earnest recommendation of the prisoner to the merciful consideration of the Government, the jury being unanimously of opinion that, for many reasons, his life should be spared. Strong and influential recommendations of a like character from parties of all political opinions in Ireland and England were likewise sent in, and the Government, at a council called for considering the subject, and for which the Lord Lieutenant proceeded from Dublin to London, commuted the sentence in the cases of Mr. O'Brien and the other prisoners convicted of treason, to transportation for life.

The other persons convicted of that offence, are Terence Bellew McManus, Thomas Francis Meagher and Patrick O'Donohue. There was no attempt made to interfere with the course of justice, and had the Government arrived at the painful conclusion, that public necessity demanded a sacrifice of the lives of these individuals, there is no doubt the sentences passed on them would have been carried into effect; but this political calm, being the best proof of the hopelessness of their efforts, and of the entire absence of anything like an organized resistance, has had the good effect of mitigating their punishment, to one more in accordance with the feelings of the present age. Another good effect arising from this absence of political movement is, that the Lord Lieutenant has discharged on bail several persons arrested for being connected with the late disturbances: others, however, who were more prominent as leaders, remain in custody, among whom is Charles Gavan Duffy, awaiting his trial in Dublin, for treason.

The whole of France is at present agitated with the question of the election of a President, which is fixed to take place on the 10th of Dec. The candidates at present spoken of are Gen. Cavaignac, Lamartine, Thiers, and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. The latter has openly declared his pretensions from the tribune; Lamartine, under pretence of a visit to his estate, is on an electioneering tour, while the two others are battling in the Assembly. Ledru-Rollin is also perambulating the provinces,

stirring up the fires of Communism, and red-republicanism, and using his utmost efforts to swagger into favor at the head of the mob.

A spirit of encroachment and grasping at power, which was one of the distinguishing characteristics of all elected bodies in their great revolution, and which was lately so much displayed by those who constituted themselves the Provisional Government, appears to have taken hold of the present National Assembly. This body, elected to frame a constitution, having nearly completed that work, discovered their right, as well as the absolute necessity, of holding fast their powers until they shall have passed what they shall consider organic laws, for the government of the Republic. Having been originally clothed with the entire powers of government, executive as well as legislative, it will become a delicate question how far the newly elected President has a right to infringe upon their prerogative, and as what are to be deemed organic laws will be a matter for their determination, the President, unless backed by military power sufficient to enforce at least an armed neutrality, will be completely in the hands of the Assembly and compelled to do their bidding. Should the office be filled by a man of determination, and who can command the military force of the nation, the Assembly will have to succumb; so that in either case one of the powers of the government will be paralyzed.

The partisans of General Cavaignac, aware that his chance of election was daily deteriorating by his waning popularity out of doors, made a strenuous effort in the Assembly to prevent the election of the President by the people, and to confine it to that body. This, however, the whole executive influence was insufficient to effect, and the Assembly decided by a vote of 602 to 211, that the President should be elected by direct and universal suffrage, by ballot and by an absolute majority of all the electors of France and Algeria. In the event of no absolute majority, the National Assembly will elect the President by ballot, and by absolute majority, from among the five candidates who may obtain the largest number of votes.

The state of siege has been raised in Paris, but a law is under consideration and has been agreed to in committee, affording the Executive increased powers over the Press. Several Socialist Banquets have been held in Paris and at other places, where the usual sentiments have prevailed, but no disturbances have ensued.

The capital of Austria has been the scene of fresh disturbances, in consequence of which the Emperor has again quitted, and has taken up his abode in Olmütz. On his leaving, the Diet assumed the government, but the city appears to be in the greatest confusion, and an attack is threatened by the Slavonic and Austrian troops who side with the Emperor; the local authorities, on

the other hand, are vigorously arming the inhabitants and National Guards to sustain their opposition, and repel the threatened attack. Count Lamberg, who was sent by the Emperor to take command of all the troops in Hungary, and effect a pacification of the hostilities between the Hungarians and Croatsians, was barbarously murdered by a mob of the former, after his authority had been set at naught by the military. In consequence of this act, the Emperor has dissolved the Hungarian Diet, and anew appointed Jellachich (Ban of Croatia) to be commander in chief of all the forces in Hungary, and placed that kingdom under martial law. It appears that Jellachich has all along been supported by the Emperor, and was in his confidence to put down the radical rule

in Hungary. The departure of troops from Vienna to join the Croatsians was the cause of the *émée* which induced the flight of the Emperor, his minister of war Count Latour having been murdered. This state of affairs induced the insurgent Viennese to rely on the assistance of the Hungarians, but the Diet has refused to sanction their troops leaving the kingdom, and the inhabitants of Vienna are left to their own resources. For the purpose of putting down the insurrection in the latter city, Jellachich has for the present removed his troops from Hungary and joined the Austrian force in the neighborhood of Vienna, which is now surrounded by an army of altogether about 100,000 men.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Home Influence: A Tale for Mothers and Daughters. By GRACE AGUIAR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

This story is intended to be illustrative of "a mother's solemn responsibilities." Its author is a Jewish lady, "the author of Jewish works, and an explainer of the Jewish Faith." She fears "some Christian mothers may fear that the present work has the same tendency, and hesitate to place it in the hands of their children. She, therefore, begs to assure them that as a simple domestic story, the characters in which are all Christians, believing in and practising that religion, all doctrinal points have been most carefully avoided, the author seeking only to illustrate the spirit of true piety, and the virtues always designated as the Christian virtues thence proceeding. Her sole aim, with regard to religion, has been to incite a train of serious and loving thoughts towards God and man, especially those with whom he has linked us in the precious ties of parent and child, brother and sister, master and pupil."

This seems well intended, and we find nothing exceptionable in looking hastily over the story, which is in a flowing style, without so much power as seriousness.

A religious novel addressed to Christian mothers, by a Jewish lady, who denies the *Saviour of Mankind*, is an anomaly upon which it is deemed unnecessary to comment. Such a work, so addressed, by some learned Chinese lady writer, (of whom there are not a few,) would be far less remarkable.

Essays on the Progress of Nations in Productive Industry, Civilization, Population, and Wealth. Illustrated by Statistics of Mining, Agriculture, Commerce, Banking, Revenues, Internal Improvements, Emigration, Mortality, and Population. By EZRA C. SEAMAN. New York: Baker & Scribner.

Of the hundreds of editors and politicians who write and converse, and sometimes think, upon topics of political economy and finance, there are probably few who are really at the pains to acquire real information on such topics. If it should ever occur to such persons that a little accurate knowledge is worth a volume of talk, they may be led by that reflection to spend a few shillings to buy knowledge. The work before us contains an immense and well digested store of real information. Mr. Seaman's work is well known and recommended. As a book for school libraries, there is nothing to fill its place.

William the Cottager. By the Author of *Ellen Herbert, or Family Changes*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848.

A story of the temptations and trials of a humble and pious cottager. The style simple and elegant; the manners of English cottage and palace life brought together in the relations of charity, and piety.

Historical and Miscellaneous Questions. By RICHMAL MAGNALL. First American, from the eighty-fourth London edition, with large additions: embracing the Elements of Mythology, Astronomy, Architecture, Heraldry, etc., etc. Adapted for schools in the United States, by Mrs. Julia Lawrence. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848.

This is an excellent edition of a standard school book. The improvements are judiciously made, and the work is in every respect admirably adapted to its purpose. Without going into an extended critique, for which with regard to books intended only for a particular class, and not interesting to general readers, our pages afford but little space, we desire to be understood as heartily recommending it to the attention of teachers.

The Thousand and One Nights. Illustrated by six hundred beautiful designs on wood. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1848. [Part VIII., to be completed in 12 parts.]

This is Lane's translation of the Arabian Nights. We greatly prefer it to all others. The present number contains a story that we do not remember to have seen—the story of the City of Brass, of the Battles of Solomon, in which were matured the evil spirits that rebelled against God, and of the wars of the birds, beasts and Genii, related by the Afrite Danhash, in his place of torture in the pillar of brass. It is by far the wildest of all these stories, and probably contains more of the supernatural and of the peculiar sentiment of the East, than any other of these wonderful fictions. Lane's translation is particularly valuable to critics and persons of taste, as it gives the spirit and style of the original, with all the quotations from the Arabic poets, &c. &c. The illustrations are in the best taste, correct in costume and architecture.

Fairy Tales and Legends of many Nations. Selected, newly told and translated, by C. B. BURKHARDT. Illustrated by W. Walcut and J. H. Cafferty. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1849.

This is as appropriate a gift-book for little readers as could be desired. The stories are mostly new and interesting, and the printing and illustrations are very neat. Mr. Burkhardt has been very happy in the selection of a motto from Wieland for his title-page—

"Believe me, there is ne'er so light a fairy tale,
But that a man may gain in wisdom by it."

The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, to which are added those of his companions. By WASHINGTON IRVING. Author's revised edition. Vol. I. Small 8vo. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway, and 142 Strand, London. 1848.

It is only necessary here to announce the appearance of this elegant edition of Washington Irving's Columbus, revised by his own hand. After an interval of many years, we read it again with renewed delight, and thank the author for providing us a mental entertainment so elegant and so instructive as this history.

The Iliad of Homer, translated into English prose, as literally as the different idioms of the Greek and English languages will allow. With Explanatory Notes. By a Graduate of the University of Oxford. First American from the fourth London edition. Thoroughly revised and corrected; with additional notes. Princeton: Published by George Thompson. 1 vol. 8vo.

The reading of this translation has renewed for us old enjoyment. It leaves the same impression upon the mind that is left by hearing Homer translated aloud by a good literal scholar. Readers who wish to renew their acquaintance with the greatest of poets, but who have no leisure to review their Greek, may rely upon this translation. It is of course a necessary addition to the library of the solitary student, whose means or opportunities do not afford him the aid of a private tutor.

We value our own copy beyond all other translations. It is full, free, and spirited.

Hobart's Analysis of Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature. With Notes. Also Crawford's Questions of Examination. Revised and adapted to the use of Schools. By CHARLES E. WEST, Principal of Rutgers Institute in the city of New York. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A small, cheap edition of Butler's Analogy.

A Treatise on the Diseases and the Hygiene of the Organs of the Voice. By COLUMBAT DE L'ISERE, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, &c., &c., &c. Translated by J. F. W. LANE, M.D. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co.

A work containing in a very small compass all the important facts concerning the mechanism of speaking and singing, and of the various diseases which affect these functions. The book is both curious and valuable.

The Works of Washington Irving. New Edition. Revised by the Author. Vol. II. The Sketch Book. New York: George P. Putnam. 1848.

The style of this celebrated collection of essays, seems rather to gain in vivacity and richness, like good wine, as it grows older. It is, perhaps, the most perfect example of a pure Addisonian English, produced by an American. Of the interest of the "Sketches," as works of fancy and feeling, the world is well informed already. The volumes of this series are elegant, but not expensively got up.

Observations on the Pathology of Croup, with Remarks on its topical Treatment. By HORACE GREEN, A.M., M.D., &c., &c. New York: John Wiley. 1849.

This little work is important for containing a description of the new method now in use of curing inflammation of the pharynx and throat generally, by the application of a solution of nitrate of silver, applied by the sponge: a great improvement. A plate of the instrument used is given.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The past month has brought the commencement of the opera season, and has also been fruitful in concerts. The merits of the principal vocalists of the opera company have been discussed and settled. Truffi, the prima donna, is a singer of much excellence, but is on the whole perhaps quite as much indebted for her success to her dramatic powers, as to those she possesses as a mere vocalist.

The orchestra this season is admirably conducted by Mr. Maretzek, formerly chorus master, we believe, at the Queen's Theatre in London. They accompany with precision, but in general much too loudly for our taste.

The donna seconda, Madame Laborde, is a vocalist of great merit—one of the best studied artists we have lately had among us; her voice is not large, but she manages it with so much skill that she is already a favorite with the opera audiences.

We hear nothing but the most confident assurances of a successful season at this establishment—which if Mr. Fry accomplishes, he will achieve a task of so much difficulty that he will deserve to be decreed a triumph, or at least an ovation.

Besides the opera, the city has produced many interesting concerts, and there has been an influx of foreign artists quite unparalleled in our musical history, and not a little alarming to our resident performers, who find themselves in prospect of being brought in competition with the first of their art in Europe.

Young Ikelheimer, a violinist of uncommon promise, gave a concert which did not attract in proportion to his merit. He was assisted by Miss, or Fraulein, Valesca Kletz, from Berlin, a very unassuming and unexceptionable singer; she has a pure quality of tone, and is well studied, but wants those striking qualities, which, whether good or bad, seem to be necessary to win the public.

The Germania band have continued to give concerts, all, with the exception of one got up for their benefit by many of the best artists and amateurs of the city, at a loss. At that they were assisted by our two pianists, Messrs. Scharfenberg and Timm, who played a brilliant duet by Chopin. Generally the music played by this company has not been either classic or popular, but dry German waltz music. Had they boldly produced none but good music from the first, and put themselves on that ground, we cannot but think they would have been more successful. As it has been, they have given so large a mixture of poor stuff that people would not go to hear it. Once or twice they gave the beautiful *Midsommer Night's Dream* of Mendelssohn, a piece in which the composer seems to have caught the very spirit of Shakespeare's poem. They gave also Beethoven's wonderful C minor symphony, in a style in which was never before heard in this country.

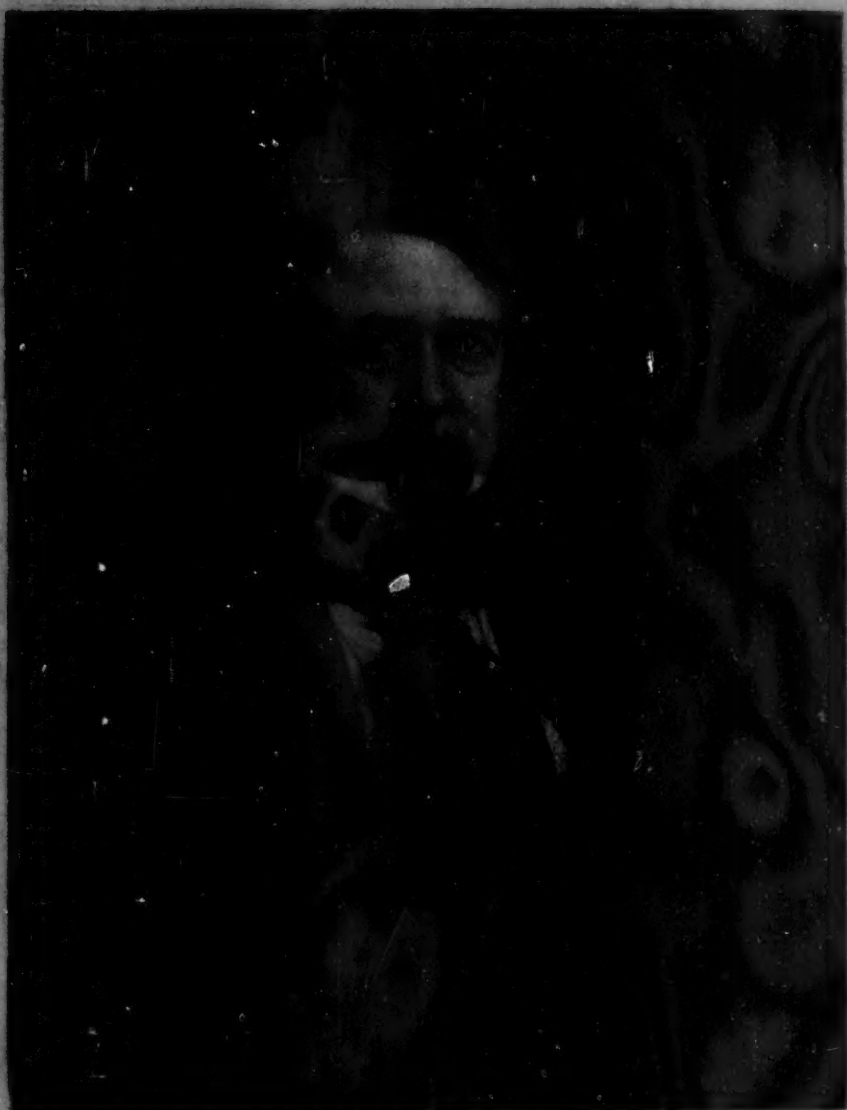
In private, at Mr. Pirsson's, a number of them played a quartet of Beethoven's, Op. 18, a quintet of Spohr's, a sextuor of Bertini's, and two movements of a septet of Hummel; they were assisted by Mr. Timm and Mr. Joseph Burke, who played Mendelssohn's unique violin concerto—why is it that artists are so very fearful of letting the public hear such music as most of this was?

In addition to the Germania we have another similar band, of it is said equal merit, from Berlin, under Josef Gungl, and another from Dresden; the Distin horn family, (excellent performers, we are told,) from England, have their pictures in the music store windows; a brother and sister, violin and piano, also are there seen, and we hear of more soloists and infant prodigies on their way here than there is room to enumerate.

Meantime our music dealers say that the best class, and indeed all classes of purchasers buy nothing but Ethiopian melodies. The prospects of the art are anything but encouraging.

The Philharmonic have in rehearsal for their first concert, Mozart's Jupiter symphony, and a new symphony by Gardé, a protégé of Mendelssohn's, which showed more power of invention in the ideas than in their treatment.

At the theatres nothing has transpired worthy of special note since the departure of Mr. Macready. The Placides at the Park have drawn good houses, but their version of *Dombey* was very little to our taste.



Eng'd by A. H. Ritchie, Sen. & Daguerre

Mr. L. Dayton.

U. S. SENATOR FROM NEW JERSEY